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THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS







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NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.





E. Ad. Sluhy.

ARABIAN STORY TELLER.

THE
NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

SELECT TALES,

NOT INCLUDED BY GALLAND OR LANE.

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Translated and Edited by

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PREFACE.



WHEN Galland translated the "Thousand and One Nights," he had only a small portion of the original work before him ; and as all the English editions now obtainable, except that of Lane, are simply translated from Galland's version, they are equally incomplete. The masterly edition of Mr. Lane, made from the best Egyptian editions, would, however, leave nothing to be desired if he had not been limited for space, which forced him to omit several highly interesting stories. Again, different versions of the original book include very different tales, and therefore it occurred to the Editor of the present volume that a series of the best fairy tales which Galland and Lane have not included, might not be uninteresting to English readers ; and should this volume be favourably received, ample materials exist for a second series of equal interest, without touching the stories which are, properly speaking, novelettes rather than fairy tales. It may be mentioned that since this volume was first projected, a new and

complete translation from the Arabic of the entire work has been announced as nearly ready for publication; but it is obvious that, apart from its bulk and costliness, the new work is intended for scholars only, and by no means for the general public.

Of the six stories in the present volume, the first two are derived from Weil's German version, and are believed to have never appeared in English before. The remainder were translated by Jonathan Scott at the beginning of the present century, the first from an Indian and the remainder from a Syrian manuscript. It now remains to make such preliminary remarks on each of the tales here published as appear to be absolutely necessary.

I. *The Adventures of Zaher and Ali.* This story is remarkable for its moral tone, which is far higher than customary in Arabian tales, as well as for the friendly manner in which Christians are mentioned in it. There can be little doubt, from the description of the island to which Zaher was carried by the genius after leaving King Amrad, that we have a hyperbolical though not wholly incorrect description of the Island of Teneriffe, probably written long before it was known to Europeans.

II. *Joodar of Cairo and Mahmood of Tunis.* Joodar's meeting with the Moors is almost the same adventure as that related in Lane's "Story of Joodar"; but the present tale presents us with no other points of similarity. The accounts of enchanted

cities and underground passages, etc., in the "Thousand and One Nights" appear to reflect the impression made by the fading glories of Egypt upon the Arab conquerors.

III. *The Labourer and the Chair.* In the collection of Eastern Tales by Petit de la Croix, called the "Thousand and One Days," there is a similar story of an impostor with a flying box, who passes himself off as the Prophet Mohammed. But he is more unfortunate than the labourer, for he burns his box with fireworks, and is thus prevented from ever returning to the princess.

IV. *Mazin of Khorassan.* This story is nearly the same as Lane's "Hasan of El Basrah"; but the account of the hero's adventures after setting out in search of his wife differs so much that it has been thought worth while to include Scott's story in the present volume. After the first few pages, Mazin is always spoken of, without any explanation, as "Mazin of Bassorah." It therefore seemed better to add a few words transferring the scene of the flight of Mazin's wife to Bagdad, a more appropriate locality than either.

The Islands of Wah-wak, seven years' journey from Bagdad, in the story of Hasan, have receded to a distance of a hundred and fifty years' journey in that of Mazin. There is no doubt that the Ara Islands, near New Guinea, are intended; for the wonderful fruits which grow there are birds of Para-

dise, which settle in flocks on the trees at sunset and sunrise, uttering this very cry.

V. *Abu Neut and Abu Neuteen.* This story is chiefly interesting as combining three others; viz., "Aboo Keer and Aboo Seer," "The Envier and the Envied," and "The Jealous Sisters." But though containing incidents borrowed from all three, it has no more than a general resemblance to any of them.

VI. *The Fisherman's Son.* This story has been included because it contains the nucleus of the well-known story of Aladdin, the original of which has not yet been discovered, while doubts have even been thrown on its being of Oriental origin at all.

Although the Arabs frequently undertook long voyages, they never seem to have ventured into the open sea willingly, but merely to have coasted along from one country or island to another.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that translations made from Tunisian and Syrian MSS. of the "Thousand and One Nights" appear to resemble each other more closely than the standard Egyptian MSS. It is possible that they more nearly represent the original form of a work current throughout the East, while the more artistic Egyptian editions represent a later and more modernized form of the work.

W. F. KIRBY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADVENTURES OF ZAHER OF DAMASCUS AND HIS SON	2
ALI	I
JOODAR OF CAIRO AND MAHMOOD OF TUNIS	1. 124
STORY OF THE LABOURER AND THE FLYING CHAIR	4 272
STORY OF MAZIN OF KHORASSAN	3. 296
ABU NEUT AND ABU NEUTEEN	5 366
THE FISHERMAN'S SON	6 384



THE ADVENTURES OF ZAHER, OF DAMASCUS, AND HIS SON ALI.

 ZAHER was a rich merchant who lived at Damascus, and was highly esteemed by his fellow-townsmen for his uprightness and virtuous qualities. He was in the prime of life, and notwithstanding his wealth and popularity, he was still unmarried.

One night Zaher beheld a beautiful girl in a vision. She was fairer than the full moon, her lips were like coral, her teeth when she smiled were like pearls, her hair was as dark as night, her cheeks were like anemones, her eyes like those of a gazelle, and her arched eyebrows were painted with antimony. Zaher was charmed at her appearance, and cried out, "Praise to the Creator of so adorable a being! O beautiful lady, are you one of the daughters of men, or of the genii?" But she replied, "How should the daughters of the genii compare with Princess Farha, the daughter of King Mutar, who rules over the Coral

City, on an island of the Black Sea, which adjoins the Green Sea? My father's city abounds in pearls, corals, sapphires, and other precious stones, and many powerful kings and wealthy merchants have sought my hand in marriage, but I found none worthy to become my husband. My father has therefore given me permission to travel through the world, but until I beheld you I saw no one whom I should desire to marry. If you think me as beautiful as you say, you must journey to the palace of my father, King Mutâr, in the Coral Islands."

With these words she vanished, and Zaher started from his sleep. He lay awake for the remainder of the night pondering over the vision ; but he rose up the moment the dawn appeared, and ordered his servants to pack up merchandise, and to prepare everything necessary for a journey to Bagdad. Zaher completed his preparations with all possible speed, and left part of his property behind in charge of a steward. He reached Bagdad in safety, where he remained for ten days, exchanging his goods for whatever merchandise is most prized in India, and he then took his passage in a vessel bound for the East.

When Zaher left the harbour the wind was favourable, and drove the ship forward like an arrow from a bow for the space of three months, but on the first day of the fourth month the whole sky became



One night Zaher beheld a beautiful girl in a vision.



suddenly overcast, the sea rose, and the wind seemed to blow from every direction at once. The sailors began to weep and to cry to God for help, when all at once a succession of great waves broke over the ship and crushed her to pieces. All were swallowed up by the furious sea except Zaher, who bound himself to a plank and was driven along by the waves for three days, until the wind and the sea became calmer.

Zaher was completely exhausted, and prayed to God for deliverance, when lo! a fine ship with large sails steered past, and the captain saw him and cried out, "Now we have attained our end! Throw this unfortunate man a rope-ladder." Zaher caught the ladder and was helped on board, but he was so overcome with fatigue and with joy at his rescue that he fainted, and remained insensible till near sunset. On opening his eyes he found himself in a splendid cabin, lighted by two wax candles of enormous size, while a delicious odour of ambergris and aloes wood arose from a fire burning in a brazier. A youth sat by the couch on which Zaher was lying, clothed in silken robes, embroidered with gold. Round his waist was a golden girdle set with a variety of large and costly jewels, and he held a sceptre of emerald in his hand. Zaher was dazzled by so much splendour, and was about to close his

eyes again, when the youth perceived that he was awake, and said, "O Zaher, why is your mind so troubled? Know that we have been searching for you for ten days past, over all mountains and seas; and the powerful King Mutar, the lord of the Coral Islands, has despatched nine other ships besides ours in search of you, and has offered ten thousand dinars to any one who would bring you to him. But praise be to God that we have found you at last!"

Zaher was much surprised, and said, "I entreat you to tell me how you knew that I was coming here, and how you know my name." The youth answered, "Know that I am an officer of King Mutar. He sent me to Syria in search of you, and when I heard that you had gone to Bagdad, I followed you there, but found that you had already sailed for India. I heard afterwards that the ship had been wrecked; and when I informed King Mutar, he immediately despatched ten ships in search of you, and ordered the commanding officers to treat you with marked respect." He then presented Zaher with the robe and girdle which he himself had worn, and ordered a table to be prepared, loaded with the choicest roast and baked meats and sweets.

When Zaher had finished eating he went on deck, and saw a great light in the distance. The officer said, "That must be the ship of King Mutar, who is

aware that we have found you, and is anxious to welcome you himself." When they approached the large and brilliantly illuminated vessel of the king, he smiled a friendly greeting, and summoned Zaher to follow him to shore. When they landed, Zaher threw himself at the feet of the king and thanked him for his rescue. The king welcomed him in the most friendly manner, and commanded two noble horses to be brought. They rode side by side through the city, where the inhabitants received them with joyful shouts. On reaching the courtyard of the palace all the officers and attendants dismounted, but the king made Zaher ride by his side up to the very door of the palace itself. Here Zaher saw a splendour and magnificence greater than he had ever seen in his life. The king led the way to a great hall, where a throng of attendants awaited his commands. He sat down on his throne and made Zaher sit beside him, and when a table was set before them covered with various dishes, the king said, "In the name of God!" and picked out the best morsels for Zaher, who kissed his hand in acknowledgment.

When they had eaten, the attendants handed them water in golden basins to wash their hands. Presently the king said, "Do you know, Zaher, why I have brought you here and showed you so much favour? I have a daughter so beautiful and amiable that the

sun has never risen on her equal, and she has become so skilled in magic through the instructions she has received from an old nurse, that if she pleased she could fly through the world from east to west in a single night. Envoys were often sent from distant countries to ask her hand in the name of kings and princes, but she always replied, 'I must first see my future husband with my own eyes.' She would then absent herself for a short time, and when she returned she would say, 'I do not like him, and you can dismiss the messengers with some excuse.' I would then answer, 'Do as you please, my daughter; I will not compel you to marry any one against your will.' One day she went to see a prince residing at Damascus, but as he did not please her she went to the bazaars and into the town, passing from house to house by her magic art, until she met with you. You alone have won her heart, and pleased her so much that she desires to marry you. She was almost able to calculate the moment of your arrival; and praise be to God who has preserved you and brought you here at the appointed time."

Zaher replied: "O mighty king, I am less than one of your servants; but how should I oppose the will of your daughter if it is also pleasing to yourself!"

The king then retired to a private room, and after a time he returned smiling, and called for the kaid

and witnesses. The marriage contract was drawn up, gold and silver was scattered about, and presents were made to the attendants, as well as to the kadi and witnesses.

The king then rose up, and all the company withdrew, after which he led Zaher through seven passages and seven halls, in each of which stood a thousand pages clothed in silk. At length they reached the innermost hall, in the midst of which a fountain was playing. At the upper end stood an ivory throne set with pearls and jewels, and covered with satin, embroidered with gold. As they approached the throne, two doors opened, one on the right side of the hall, and one on the left, and slave-girls stepped forth, carrying vases of perfume set with jewels, which filled the whole hall with the odour of musk and ambergris, and Zaher thought that the gates of Paradise had opened. Presently a hundred slave-girls, like moons, entered from a side chamber; but there was a maiden who shone like the sun, in the midst, who was so beautiful that no words could describe her; and when Zaher saw her, and recognised the maiden who had appeared to him in a dream, he almost lost his senses with delight. He forgot all the dangers through which he had passed, and praised God, the creator of so beautiful a creature.

When the king saw the impression which she made

upon Zaher, he smiled and said, "Take my daughter, and may God bless you!" He then withdrew, and the slave-girls also retired with Farha, but soon brought her back wearing a dress still more splendid than the first. They led her backwards and forwards till they had displayed her to Zaher in seventy-two magnificent costumes, each of which seemed to enhance her incomparable beauty more than the last.

When at length they were left alone, Zaher exclaimed: "O Light of my Eyes, how little do I regret leaving home and friends, and incurring the danger of death on thy account!"

"I too," replied Farha, "have passed many sleepless nights, and I underwent much trouble and anxiety for your sake. I was compelled to contend against kings of men and kings of the genii in order to obtain news of you every hour until your arrival. But praise be to God who has granted us our present happiness! Let us forget all that we have suffered; but as no one is secure from the reverses of fortune, give me at least the ring on your finger as a token of remembrance." Upon this, Zaher drew off the ring which he had inherited from his father, and gave it her, and she gave him a costly bracelet in return.

Zaher did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens, but what was his consternation to find him-

self in a horrible desert where no living thing was visible, nor was there even a blade of grass to refresh the eye, and no sound was heard but the howling of ghouls, and the cries of evil genii! He rose up in despair and looked around, but could distinguish nothing but sky and sand, upon which he uttered the sentence which saves from evil him who pronounces it, "There is no strength nor protection but in Almighty God!" He then raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "O Lord, who knowest what is secret as well as what is revealed, pity me for the love of Mohammed, and look upon me with Thine unsleeping eyes!" He had scarcely spoken when he fell senseless, overcome by the burning sun, and remained insensible till evening, when a cool breeze refreshed him. He rose and walked on in darkness, without knowing where, but soon fell down exhausted with hunger, thirst, and weariness, and fell asleep again, when he heard a voice, in a dream, crying, "Fear not, Zaher, for help is near." He awoke strengthened and comforted, and walked straight on in one direction till daybreak, when he saw something in the distance which looked like fire. As he drew nearer he perceived that it was a lantern, set on the tower of an old, strong, and very lofty monastery. The monastery itself was lit up with a thousand lamps and candles, and appeared to contain a great num-

ber of inhabitants. When Zaher came up close to the walls, a very old monk clothed in black opened a window, thrust out his head, and exclaimed, "O Lord, Creator of the seven earths and the seven heavens, the salt dews and the rivers of sweet waters, the darkness and the light ! O Thou who makest the dead to live and the living to die ; Ruler of this world and the next ; O God, blessed be Thy holy name ! Thanks be to Thee for Thy protection and help in the trials which Thou hast decreed. In Thee alone is a sure refuge to be found, as when Thou didst restore his son Joseph to Jacob ! Thou alone art the true Benefactor, therefore forgive all who have been disobedient to Thee, and send Thy heavenly aid to all the unhappy !"

When Zaher had listened to this prayer, he lay down at the gate of the monastery, and slept again from exhaustion. When he awoke he found himself surrounded by monks whose language he was unable to understand, nor did any one understand his own language, except the old monk who had prayed at the window. He returned Zaher's salutations, and said, in Arabic, "My friend, by the Messiah, we have all lived in this desert since we were seven years of age, and we are now from seventy to eighty years old ; but up to this time we have never seen either a man or a genius here. This island

is surrounded on all sides by the sea, and the cliffs are so high that no ship can land. It appears to those at sea like a white cloud, and the mountain which surrounds it is called the Diamond Mountain, but it is as steep and inaccessible as an upturned bowl. How was it possible for you to reach it?"

When Zaher heard this, he said, "By the religion which you profess, I entreat you to tell me how far it is from here to Damascus?"

"Damascus!" replied the astonished monk. "You are now upon an island of the Black Sea, which encompasses all other seas, and flows within Mount Kaf. According to the reports of travellers, it is a ten years' voyage before you arrive at the Blue Sea, and it takes full ten years to traverse this again to reach the Green Sea, after which there is another ten years' voyage before you can reach the Greek Sea, which extends to inhabited countries and islands."

Zaher asked the monk how they could obtain food and drink in so desolate a region. The monk invited him into the monastery; and on entering the courtyard, Zaher beheld a spring of water sweeter than honey and as clear as crystal. Fruit trees were growing on the banks, and birds were warbling in the branches. The monk then led Zaher to the terrace of the monastery, when he was surprised to see the darkness of night all around

at about the distance of a day's journey, though the sun was shining brightly overhead. "What you take for night," said the monk, "is the Black Sea ; but let us now take some refreshment." The dining-room was a noble hall, where a golden table stood, decorated with pearls and jewels, and more magnificent than any in the palace of the Governor of Damascus. On the table stood four golden dishes filled with meat, fish, confectionery, and delicious barley bread. When the monk thought that Zaher had satisfied his hunger, he offered him fruit, different in appearance, as well as in smell and taste, from any he had ever seen before.

"You tell me yourself," said Zaher, "that this island is inaccessible ; how then can you obtain this great variety of meats and fruits?"

"Tell me first how you came here yourself," said the monk, "and then I will answer your question." When Zaher had finished his story, the monk laughed, and said, "Friend, if you were not predestined to something extraordinary, you never could have traversed the distance between Damascus and this place. The island of King Mutar lies between the Green and the Greek Seas, and therefore at an immense distance both from here and from Damascus. As for your question respecting our circumstances, follow me."

He led Zaher back to the courtyard and through a short subterranean passage. When they came out again into the open air, they found themselves treading on a soil which shone like silver, and close to a small lake of delicious water. On the banks grew beautiful flowering shrubs, and the finest fruit trees, in the branches of which the birds were warbling the praises of Almighty God in their own language. Zaher was bewildered at all this loveliness, and almost intoxicated by the odour of the flowers.

“Have you any such pleasure gardens in your own country?” said the monk.

“No, indeed,” replied Zaher; “there is nothing so beautiful anywhere else in the world.” Looking back, he saw something like a cloud in the sky, and asked what it was.

“That is the mountain on which our monastery stands,” said the monk; “it is so far off that it looks only like a cloud from here, but at night it resembles a star from the number of lamps with which we illuminate it. Our corn and fruit come from this country; and occasionally the sea which surrounds us rises to this height, and when the waters subside they generally leave a quantity of fish behind them, as well as pearls and jewels which abound in this sea. We are now at a distance

of ten days' journey from the monastery by any other route than by the subterranean passage."

They remained sitting by the lake till evening, when the lights of the monastery began to shine out above them like small stars. They rose up to return, when they were alarmed by a terrific cry which shook the whole island. "By the Messiah!" said the monk, "I have passed many nights here alone and never heard the least noise. Some strange sea-monsters must have landed on the island and attacked the wild animals which inhabit it. Let us climb this high rock by the lake."

They then saw that the air was filled with small flying lights, which mutually extinguished another, and armed figures were contending with swords and lances. After this, two bodies of cavalry rushed on each other with such a shout that the earth quaked; and the battle continued for some time. At length the two armies separated, and a venerable old man, blind of one eye, stationed himself between them, and cried in a loud voice, "Spare your blood, you foolish people! Why should you fight about a stranger who is not even a king or a prince, and of no exalted position?" The leader of one of the armies, who was as huge as an elephant, and whose name was Tood, stepped up to the old man, and said,—

"Father, I swear by the seal of our lord, Solomon, the son of David, that our master, King Mutar, is guiltless of this calamitous war. All the mischief has been caused by this accursed devil Shulahek, who invaded our country, violated our sanctuary, and carried away a stranger named Zaher, whom he left on this island. All we desired was to carry this stranger back to the Coral City, by command of Princess Farha, when we were attacked by the army of Shulahek; and you have witnessed the battle which ensued."

The old man, whose name was Abu Tawaif, replied,—"King Tood, Shulahek is not to be so lightly blamed as you imagine. Princess Farha, who has bewitched so many men and genii with her beauty, drew both Shulahek and his brother Shallook into the snare of her love. They fought together from jealousy, and Shulabek slew his brother after a long struggle. But when he made his suit to Farha, she rejected him, and preferred a stranger from Damascus; so he watched his opportunity, and carried Zaher away to this desolate island. He did not venture to kill him, lest Farha and her father should avenge his death; but why should you fight about so insignificant a creature?"

"You are right," answered Tood; "but Zaher is altogether innocent, and as a stranger, he deserves

our assistance and protection. I only wish to execute the commands of my mistress, Farha, and I should be glad if you could make peace between us; but I ask you all, by the seal of Solomon, the son of David (on whom be peace!), who among you would give up a guest to an enemy?"

On this all exclaimed,—“We would never do so; but why should we fight any longer for the sake of one man?"

“True,” said Abu Tawaif; “the man has brought much evil upon us, but as his bitterest enemy was unwilling to take his life, it would be doubly wrong for us to kill him; bring him here to me.”

Upon this a messenger sprang towards Zaher, and stationed him before Abu Tawaif.

“Are you aware,” said Abu Tawaif, “that a whole army of genii has been slaughtered on your account? How could you presume to marry a wife whom so many kings of men and of the genii have sought in vain?” But when he had heard Zaher’s story, he exclaimed, “I beseech you, Tood and Shulahek, to desist from strife, and dismiss your armies, for you know the power and artifice of Queen Farha. This poor man is wholly innocent, and I will send one of my servants to carry him to his home.”

“I cannot permit this,” said Shulahek, “for although I did not like to kill him, my mistress would

soon rejoin him if I allowed him to return to his own house. Let us throw him into the sea, and if God pleases He may save him, and if not let him sink. If Queen Farha threatens us with war, we can tell her that he took to flight when he saw the battle, and fell into the sea."

This proposal met with general approval, and was about to be carried into execution, when suddenly innumerable lights appeared in the distance, and a tremendous voice exclaimed, "Forbear, forbear, for Queen Farha is aware of your design, and has sent King Sysam to rescue Zaher!" When Abu Tawaif heard the name of Sysam, the King of the Valley of Idols, he turned pale, and said to Shulahek, trembling, "Did I not tell you that Queen Farha would shrink from nothing to regain her lover? She has now sent my dear son Sysam to his aid, who will slay you all if you do anything to injure him." "Do what you think right," said Shulahek, "but I could not endure that Zaher should return to Farha." Abu Tawaif then advised Sysam to allow Zaher to be carried back to his home; but when they sought for him and could not find him, Sysam said to Shulahek, "You have certainly ordered one of your servants to carry him away, and put him to death secretly!" But Shulahek swore by the seal of Solomon that he did not know what had become of him, and sup-

posed that Sysam himself had sent him back to Queen Farha. This quarrel would have led to another battle, if Abu Tawaif had not besought them to refrain until they could discover what had become of him, adding, "I will myself punish the offender, though he were my own son!"

While the kings were discussing the fate of Zaher, one of the refractory genii, named Dalhood, who was indignant at his having been the cause of so terrible a war, carried him away to his castle, which was situated on an island in the Sea of Darkness. Here he loaded him with chains, and cast him into the deepest dungeon; and every evening when he was sitting over his wine, he sent for him, and beat him for the amusement of his guests, or compelled him to stand in the corner of the room, exposed to all manner of contumely and insult. But Zaher was not quite comfortless, for his gaoler, Mifraj, pitied him, and instead of putting him to the torture, as Dalhood had commanded, did his best to relieve his sufferings and to comfort him.

One day Mifraj said, "I should like to carry you back to some inhabited region, but we are separated from the world of light by a distance of ten years' journey, which could not be traversed without very great danger; and even then we should never be secure from this infidel king, who would follow us to the ends of the earth."





A fiery arrow struck Mifraj and consumed him.

The Adventures of Zaher and his Son. 13

But at this moment Dalhood suddenly entered the prison, and swore by the Prince of Darkness, that Mifraj should now suffer for Zaher, and immediately sentenced him to receive a thousand lashes. Mifraj pretended to be insensible till Dalhood left the prison, when he started up suddenly, unbound Zaher, and seizing him in his arms, flew with him above the clouds all night, and in the morning he said,—“Do you know, Zaher, that we have already traversed a space of ten years’ journey?” Zaher was so amazed that he forgot that his guide would be destroyed by the mention of the name of God; and cried out, “There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet!” He had scarcely uttered the profession of the faith when a fiery arrow flew from heaven, which struck Mifraj and consumed him; but Zaher fell to the ground uninjured.

The unknown country upon which he fell was a desert, but he wandered on in one direction for half a day, when he arrived at a fertile and well-watered district. Here he saw a man on the banks of a stream performing the ablutions preparatory to prayer, upon which Zaher did the same, and prayed by his side, after which he turned to his companion, and asked in what country he had arrived. “Know,” replied he, “that this island is inhabited by genii who have been instructed in the Koran by the

prophet Khidder. It is called the Diamond Island, and is surrounded by the Green Sea, which extends to Mount Kaf. Here, too, is the meeting-place of the angels who wander through the earth every day, to fulfil the commands of God."

"What is Mount Kaf formed of?" asked Zaher.

"It consists of a single green pearl. The noblest creatures of God dwell there, and it is guarded by mighty angels on every side. No one can pass it without the special permission of God. But let me now introduce you to our king."

Thus speaking, he led Zaher to a magnificent and strongly fortified city. The gates were guarded by angels having genii under their command who paced up and down with gold and silver arrows in their hands. Zaher expressed his surprise at seeing no minarets, and his guide explained: 'When the time for prayer arrives, a pillar of light rises from the mountain under which the city is built, and a thousand angels proclaim with a loud voice, 'God is great! O creatures of God, bear witness that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is His prophet!'"

Thus conversing, they arrived at the palace of King Amrad, with which nothing that Zaher had yet seen could be compared for a moment. Here his guide left him, but returned immediately, and informed him that the king wished to hear his own

The Adventures of Zaher and his Son. 25

account of his arrival in a country which no man had ever visited before. He then ushered Zaher into the presence of King Amrad, who was sitting in full divan, surrounded by his viziers, counsellors, and generals.

Zaher made his obeisance to the king, and commenced his story, but he had not quite finished when a tremendous noise was heard, and an innumerable number of lights and flames appeared in the air. Immediately afterwards one of the king's lieutenants entered, and announced: "O mighty king! a vast army has encamped before the city, whose numbers God only can estimate. I have posted our troops around the city, but would not do more until I received your orders."

"We must first send an envoy to ascertain whether they are friends or foes," replied the king, and he went out on the terrace before his palace. Perceiving that the army was less numerous than he had expected, he ordered his chief vizier, Dilhat, to go on an embassy to the leaders of the army, to discover who they were, and what was their object in invading his dominions. Dilhat mounted his horse and rode out of the city, accompanied by a few attendants, and requested one of the foreign soldiers to lead him to the generals. The soldier answered, "The army before you is headed by the four kings,

Shulahek, Tood, Sysam, and Dalhood. Abu Tawaif, the most crafty of all the kings of the genii, is with them, and you will find them at present assembled in his tent, which is pitched in yonder green meadow." Dilhat at once proceeded to the tent, where he was admitted as an envoy from King Amrad.

We must now go back a little in our story, and explain that when Dalhood entered the prison on the day after Zaher's flight, intending to offer him as a sacrifice to the Prince of Darkness, he found no one there, and concluded that Mifraj had attempted to escape with Zaher. He immediately started in pursuit, and flew across all the seas and islands till he reached the Diamond Island, where he heard one of the inhabitants say to another, "I have seen a great marvel to-day. A genius was carrying a man through the air, when he was suddenly consumed to ashes, but the man escaped unhurt, and is now in the king's palace." Dalhood was glad to hear of the death of Mifraj; but as he knew that he could not defy the power of King Amrad, and seize Zaher, he flew back homewards. But he found his castle surrounded by an army as numerous as the sands of the sea, and thought, "By the night and the darkness, something very unusual has happened, for I have never seen so many troops assembled together in my life. I have

never seen a genius from the world of light here before, nor has any one previously attempted to besiege my castle." He then asked a soldier for information, and learned that the army consisted of three divisions, led by Shulahek, Tood, and Sysam, and that Abu Tawaif was also with them.

"How do they know that Zaher was brought here?" asked Dalhood.

"They heard it from the wife of Mifraj," replied the soldier, "who besought King Sysam's protection for her husband and Zaher."

"Well," thought Dalhood, "as Zaher is still alive, I have nothing to fear," and he went straight to Abu Tawaif, whom he thus addressed: "You were rightly informed that I carried Zaher off, hoping to bring your quarrels to an end, and to punish the man who has been the cause of so much evil; but my gaoler betrayed me, and Zaher is now in the Diamond Island, under the protection of King Amrad. But as you attach so much importance to Zaher, I will accompany you thither with my troops." Abu Tawaif accepted his offer, and the united forces encamped before the city of King Amrad, as already related.

When Dilhat entered the tent he saluted the kings respectfully, introduced himself as an envoy from King Amrad, and requested to know their business, adding, "We doubt not that you come with friendly

intentions, for even if you should overcome the armies of King Amrad, he could always retreat to Mount Kaf, where the flaming arrows of the angels would prevent you from pursuing him any farther, so that you would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by making war."

"We are anxious to keep on good terms with your master," replied Abu Tawaif, "but we demand that he shall surrender to us a man of Damascus, who is now with him. Queen Farha loves this Zaher, and many genii have already perished on his account."

Dilhat then returned to King Amrad, and informed him of the names of the confederate kings, and the object of their visit. Amrad immediately summoned his council, and laid the whole affair before them, adding, "By the brightness of our Prophet Mohammed! averse as I am to war, I will never surrender a true believer who has sought my protection, to these infidel genii! I will call Zaher, and if he is unwilling to go with them, let them try to carry him off by force, if they dare."

When Zaher was informed of everything, he hung down his head for a while, and after due consideration he replied, "If I should speak truth, great king, I long most for my friends and relatives at Damascus. I should not be displeased to remain here, where the true God is worshipped, whom I

also worship; but I have such a horror of these infidel genii, that I would not willingly accompany them, even if they promised to reunite me with Queen Farha."

The king then sent Dilhat back with a positive refusal to surrender Zaher.

When the confederate kings heard this reply they were enraged, and cried out, "What, does King Amrad threaten us with war on account of this miserable fellow? We cannot submit to such an insult; let us sack his city, and kill or make prisoners of all the inhabitants."

But when their first wrath had expended itself, Abu Tawaif thus addressed them: "Know, my children, that King Amrad is not so easy to overcome; he is himself a hero, and his army is like the raging sea. It will be best for us to withdraw from the country, and to tell the king that we only came at the desire of Queen Farha, who was afraid that her husband might meet with further ill-usage; but as the king favours him so much that he is prepared to wage war rather than to surrender him, she need be under no further anxiety on his account. But we will leave some invisible genii behind, with orders to carry Zaher away the moment they find him alone. Thus we shall attain our end without risking a battle."

This proposal was received with acclamation, and a messenger was immediately despatched to King Amrad to inform him of the proposed withdrawal of the troops. But Amrad had already been informed by an angel of the treacherous designs of Abu Tawaif, and having sent for Zaher, he said to him privately, "Your life is in danger here, for you are surrounded by invisible genii, who are ready to carry you away on the first opportunity. I will, therefore, order one of my own servants to carry you back, either to your own home or to Queen Farha, whichever you prefer."

"Gracious King," answered Zaher, "I have suffered so much on her account since I left Damascus, and she has shown herself so little able to protect me from her unruly servants, the evil genii, that, much as I love her, I fear to expose myself to so dangerous and uneasy a life again. I would rather return to a country inhabited by men like myself."

The king immediately called one of the flying genii, and ordered him to carry Zaher to his home, and to give him a sufficiency of wealth to last him for his whole life. The genius flew with him for half the night, and then gave him a bag full of jewels, and left him on the top of a high mountain, saying, "I must return home before daybreak, but you had better remain here till daylight, and when

you descend the mountain, you will find a great city, from whence you will easily be able to reach your home." But Zaher would not wait so long. He set off immediately, and wandered farther and farther from the right path until, when morning broke, he found himself among fearful cliffs and precipices, where he could penetrate no farther. He then fell on his face, and prayed to God who had so often preserved him: "O God, who hast delivered me from the hands of the unbelieving genii, if my life is at an end, hasten my death, and let me not wander any longer among these barren mountains; but if Thy mercy grants me a longer life, then show me a way of deliverance, for there is neither a blade of grass nor a drop of water to be seen here." When he raised his head, he saw two sleek foxes near, which convinced him that there must be some fertile district in the neighbourhood. He followed the foxes over the rocks till they disappeared in a cavern. Here Zaher found a flight of stairs hewn in the rock; and as he descended, he soon lost sight of the opening through which he had entered. Although he was now in total darkness, the stairs were so broad that he was able to advance in perfect safety, and he soon saw daylight shining through an opening in the opposite direction to that in which he had entered. When he emerged from the cavern he found himself

overlooking the sea, and in the midst of a most beautiful and fertile country.

After refreshing himself with fruit and water, both of which were abundant here, he went up to a copper statue which he saw near him, which stood on a marble pedestal sixty feet in height. The right hand of the statue was extended, and held a gold tablet bearing the following inscription: "In the name of the most merciful God! If any wanderer should read this, let him know that he is at the extreme limits of the habitable world; here begins the region of the genii. This oceanic island is the base of one of the highest mountains in the world, except Mount Kaf. When Solomon, the son of David (on both of whom be peace!), was travelling through the world, and observed that the summit of this mountain was so barren and desolate, and its lower slopes so fertile and beautiful, he said to his attendant genii, 'Would that there were a path through this mountain, so that if a man lost his way in this desolate region, he might not perish with hunger and thirst!' One of the genii replied, 'O Prophet of God, all mountains have branches and hollow cavities like trees; and this mountain like others has a great cavity which extends from the summit to this island. At thy command, I will enlarge it, and make it a convenient path.' Solomon consented, and the work was exe-

cuted ; and he also caused a large harbour to be constructed in the neighbourhood, where ships may anchor in safety during the most violent storms."

When Zaher read this, he went on his way to the harbour rejoicing ; for he reflected that the genii would never have built the harbour unless ships sometimes visited the neighbourhood. He had not long to wait before a ship with sails like the wings of a great bird drew near, and dropped anchor ; and the sailors landed. But they were startled at the sight of Zaher, whose long hair, beard, and nails made him look more like a wild beast than a man. At last one, more courageous than the rest, observing that his feet were of human shape, took his sword in his hand, and went boldly up to Zaher, saying, "If you are a genius, I command you to depart in the name of God ; but if you are a man, then peace be with you." Zaher returned his salutation, saying, "Why should you fear me ? I am a man of Damascus." "Enter the ship, then," said the captain, "and tell us what brought you here." After hearing Zaher's story, the merchants told him that he might return to Syria with them, for they had been driven out of the Mediterranean into the ocean as they were trying to sail from the west towards Latakia. They provided Zaher with everything needful, and he rewarded them liberally from the purse that King Amrad had given him. They

reached Latakia without any serious accident, and after amusing himself there for a short time, Zaher returned to his friends and relatives at Damascus, who received him with the greatest joy.

In the meantime Princess Farha had given birth to a son, whom she named Ali, and reared with the utmost care. The king, his grandfather, who loved him as if he had been his own son, chose the best masters to teach him reading, writing, philosophy, history, and astronomy. When Ali was still quite young, he could not fail to observe the deep distress of his mother, who would often embrace him tenderly, look him in the face, and say with tears in her eyes, "You remind me too much of your father", but when Ali asked who was his father, she always evaded the question.

Ali was one day beating a slave of his mother's, whom he always hated, and was scolding him for not getting out of his way when he saw him coming, when the slave cried out, "I am only a black slave, as you say, but every one knows my parents, who were slaves like myself. But do you know that your father was a fellow who was drawn up out of the sea, and whom nobody knew? May it be your fate to wander comfortless among strange people who have as little compassion on you as you have shown for me." At this the slave fled from Ali, who pursued

him with his drawn sword, but could not overtake him, or discover whether he had sunk into the earth or ascended to heaven.

Ali then went to his mother, who received him with joy, but he remained gloomy and thoughtful, and at last exclaimed, "I cannot live longer, without knowing who was my father, and if you will not tell me, I will slay both you and myself with this sword, for I have heard a saying which has turned my hair grey."

The princess wept, and being unable to keep her secret any longer, she answered, "My son, your father was one of the best and noblest of his people. Sheath your sword, and calm yourself, and I will tell you everything." She then related all she knew, up to the time when Zaher sought the protection of King Amrad, adding, "Since that time I have never been able to obtain any tidings of him, for King Amrad is more powerful than I am, and will not permit any of the genii to come near him. I have nothing of his but a seal ring, which he exchanged with me for a bracelet on our wedding evening."

When Ali heard the story he answered, "If such be the case, there is nothing left but for me to go in search of my father. Let me go to Syria immediately."

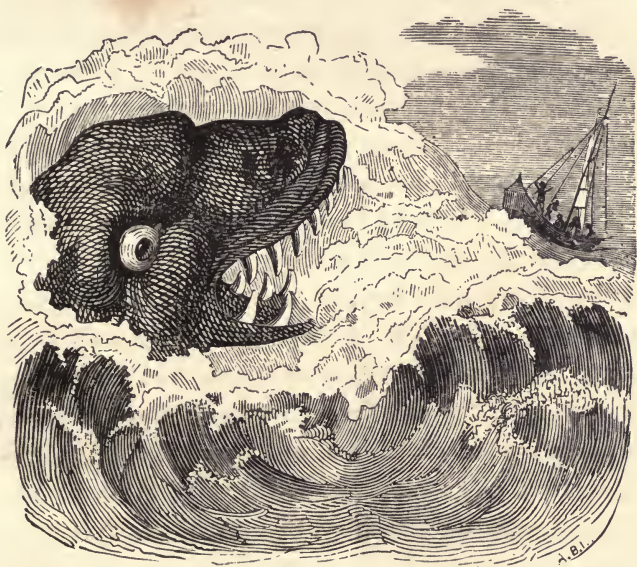
But Farha said, "My son, I cannot bear to separate

from you, and I fear lest some misfortune may happen to you on so long a journey."

Ali was angry at her refusal to let him go, though he was glad to have heard something of his father. He had not left his mother's room long before his grandfather, King Mutar, sent for him, and peremptorily forbade him to think of his proposed voyage. He then returned to his mother, saying, "Could you not see that I was only jesting? I have never seen more of the world than this castle; and how should I venture on a journey to Damascus alone? I only wish to wear my father's seal-ring as a remembrance of him."

"Ask anything that I possess, my son," returned Farha, and gave him the ring. But Ali went immediately to a friend of his, named Zaher, like his father, and told him all that had happened, adding, that he would never rest until he had found his father. Zaher agreed to accompany him, and they went to the port together and engaged a vessel secretly. Ali then sent Zaher on board with some clothes, and a purse of gold and jewels which he had obtained from his mother; and on the following evening they set sail. For the first two days the wind continued favourable, but on the third day it gradually died away, till there was a complete calm, and the vessel lay as motionless as in the calmest

land-locked haven. The captain was greatly alarmed, and said to the crew, "Be on your guard against the terrible marine monsters which abound in these seas, and which sometimes climb on board a vessel, and devour the crew. Station yourselves round the ship,



sword in hand, and drive them back." On the following night, while half the crew were sleeping, those on watch saw something like a great mountain approaching the ship, and the captain exclaimed, "We are lost, for neither sword nor lance can pierce the skin of this monster. If they find one of them dead they

make shields of his hide." In the meantime Zaher and the others drew their swords, and attempted to terrify the animal by their shouts and gestures. They thought at first that they had succeeded in driving it off; but it returned immediately with more than two hundred of the same kind, whereupon they took leave of each other, and commended themselves to God, being convinced that their last day on earth had arrived. The animals surrounded the ship, and were on the point of leaping on board, when a strong wind suddenly arose, and carried the ship beyond their reach. All on board were amazed at their unhopèd-for escape, and the captain actually tossed up his turban for joy. The next thirty days passed very pleasantly. The wind was favourable, and some sang, while others composed poetry or told tales. But after this a black spot appeared in the heavens, no bigger than a drachma, and the air became piercingly cold. The black point extended till it covered the heavens, so that they thought the last day had arrived, when a terrific storm of thunder and lightning broke over the vessel, and the rain poured down as if from a waterspout, while the boiling sea drove the ship round and round in eddies. All were now busy in baling out the ship, when they were driven from the deck by a terrific fall of hail, and four waves, like mountains, overwhelmed the ship from different

sides, crushed it to atoms, and everything sank into the abyss of the sea. But Ali contrived to grasp a sack of a peculiar kind of flour, which has the property of floating on the surface of the water for a period of forty days, and was driven about for two days and two nights, sometimes being lifted up to the stars, and sometimes engulfed in the abysses of the sea. On the third day, he was so exhausted with hunger and thirst and cold, that he could no longer retain his hold of the sack. Nevertheless he kept himself afloat till evening, and was just on the point of ceasing his struggles and allowing himself to sink, when he saw something like a great fire in the sea. Ali made fresh efforts to reach it, and he presently perceived that it was not a fire, but a large golden castle, borne by four giant genii, and so brilliantly lighted, and set with such a profusion of dazzling jewels that it shone like the noonday sun. As Ali approached, he heard some cry out, "Help this unfortunate man!" and immediately a genius flew from the castle and carried Ali to it.

- Ali immediately fainted, and did not recover his consciousness till the following morning, when he found himself lying on a bed covered with red satin, a gold-embroidered silken robe was placed by his side, and a pan of charcoal stood on the marble floor, which emitted the fragrant odour of aloes. A table

stood near, covered with the choicest viands. As soon as Ali rose up, two servants who were standing at the door came forward, washed him with rose water, and helped him to dress. Ali, who was almost starved, then sat down at the table and ate till he was satisfied, when the servants brought him all kinds of fruits, and sweetmeats, and then water, with perfumed soap. Afterwards four maidens, resembling moons, entered, and inquired who he was ; and when they had heard his story, one of them observed, "Thank the Creator, who has sent you here, where there is nothing but peace and joy." Ali then asked where he was, and why this castle had been built in the midst of the sea ; and the maiden related as follows :

"Know, my friend, that you are now on the great ocean which flows round the whole world, and from which all other seas spring. But this sea is also inhabited, and there is a round island near us, which lies between two immense mountains. On their summits rise castles with golden walls, which shine in the sunlight like stars. On this island grows the best aloes-wood ; and there is a spring of dark blue perfumed water, which contains fish of many different colours, without bones, but with golden yellow eyes, and sharp-pointed ears, with which they could break the hardest rock. Sometimes a thick scum gathers

on this spring, which is driven into the Blue Sea by the wind blowing from the mountains. Here the merchants collect it, and call it ambergris. The town which stands upon this island surpasses all the other cities of the world in wealth and magnificence, and is called Asaf (Alas), for every traveller who beholds it exclaims, 'Alas, how poor is the rest of the world in comparison!' The city is surrounded with walls of gold, and the battlements are of ruby. The horsemen who guard it are armed with long silver lances, pointed with emerald. In the middle of the city is a castle, ornamented within and without with the most precious jewels. Among other wonderful things, it contains a square hall, supported by four golden pillars; and in the midst, a fountain of red coral sheds a sea of perfume around. Many golden cages, with silver locks and emerald keys, hang in this hall, and the birds warble continually in the sweetest tones. At the end of this hall stands a throne covered with green silk, on which sits the most beautiful maiden whom the Lord has created, the powerful Queen Turaia, daughter of King Farkad, surrounded by men and genii.

"But there is another island near, still larger, and very populous, where King Canas rules. He has a daughter called the Blue Queen, who is amazingly proficient in magic. She is very fond of conversing

with foreigners, and has stationed spies everywhere on the borders of her dominions, who give her immediate notice of the arrival of any stranger. She then sends one of her genii to bring him to her presence, and she gives him a very friendly reception, and talks with him till she is tired of him, and then she either puts him to death, or changes him into some animal or bird by enchantment. In order to save as many unfortunate travellers as possible from falling into her hands, Queen Turaia has built this castle on the frontiers of her empire, and God be praised that you have been saved in this manner!"

The slave girls then took Ali in a boat to the city, and brought him to the palace appointed for strangers, which was so magnificently built and furnished that it was fit for the habitation of the most powerful king in the world. It was dark when they arrived, and the interior was lit up with innumerable tapers and fires of aloes wood; and a table covered with the choicest viands stood in front of a very convenient and beautifully decorated divan. The slave girls waited on Ali while he ate, after which they retired, and he lay down on the divan, and slept soundly all night. On waking in the morning, he saw a beautiful maiden, in a gold-embroidered robe set with pearls, sitting near, and asked her if she was Queen Turaia?

“How can you ask such a question?” she replied. “I am the meanest of her slaves, and await your orders, for I am in charge of this apartment. Queen Turaia never comes here herself, but after three days she will send for you, and inquire into your birth and circumstances, and will treat you according to your rank. But beware of concealing anything from her, for the genii inform her of everything beforehand, and if you lie to her, you are lost.”

But at this moment four hundred pages entered, clothed in satin, with golden girdles round their waists, and drawn swords in their hands. The foremost saluted Ali respectfully, and said, “My lord, Queen Turaia has sent us to conduct you to her presence.”

The slave girl was astonished, for she had never known the queen send for a stranger till three days after his arrival, and again cautioned Ali respecting his behaviour at court.

Ali then left the palace with the pages, who brought him a mule, the trappings of which were worth a kingdom, and conducted him to the castle through seven courtyards, each guarded by thousands of genii. When Ali entered the hall of audience, the queen welcomed him, and all the viziers and generals rose up to receive him. After Ali had returned her salutation, and prayed for the continuance of her life

and prosperity, the queen said, "I know who you are, and know your mother very well, and it is on this account that I desired to see you. Tell me first what has happened to you since you left home."

After hearing his story, she welcomed Ali still more heartily, and said, "Look upon my empire and people as your own." Then she rose up, took the hand of Ali, and led him to her father's castle.

"Why do you visit me so late to-day, dear daughter?" said the king.

And she answered, "The youth whom you behold is the cause of my unusual delay."

The king, who saw that his daughter took an unusual interest in Ali, made him sit by him, and eat with him. Queen Turaia helped him to the best, and he tucked up his sleeves, and ate with the tips of his fingers till he was satisfied. After they had eaten, and washed their hands in golden basins with rose-water and scented soap, fresh and dried fruits, with wine and sweetmeats, were placed on the table, and presently the king ordered the singing-girls to be summoned. Upon this, a hundred gorgeously dressed young girls entered, each of whom carried a gold-embroidered satin bag in her hand, with green silk strings, and a diamond key. They ranged themselves round the hall, took out their instruments, and began to play and sing, so

that the whole hall seemed to shake. This lasted for some hours, and when they were alone again, the queen asked Ali if he would be her husband. And Ali, who had fallen in love with her at first sight, answered that it was the dearest wish of his heart.

After King Farkad had consented to the marriage, and blessed the betrothed pair, they returned to the queen's castle, when Turaia took a sword and a loaf of bread, and a Koran, and swore never to take another husband than Ali, whether present or absent, or alive or dead ; and she required Ali to take the same oath with regard to her.

On the following morning, the queen left Ali to visit her father, warning him not to quit the castle till her return. When she was gone, he wandered from one room to another, until he arrived at the terrace, which commanded a delightful view of the entire city, and the sea beyond. He was about to return when a large bird pounced upon him, bore him to the clouds in its talons, and flew with him all day. Towards evening, it descended with him upon a very fertile and thickly populated island, and changed into a handsome young man, in royal apparel. Ali was astonished, and asked him what creature he was? and he answered, "I am a man like you. I am Tarad, the son of Anan, the King of the Smoking Mountain ; and if you will come with

me, I will tell you my whole history." He then led Ali to a castle, before the doors of which stood attendants with golden staves, and pages with Indian swords, who all bowed themselves before the prince. They sat down together on a divan in one of the large rooms of the castle, and Tarad related his history as follows :—

"Know, my friend, that my father, the powerful King Anan, has twelve sons besides myself, each of whom rules over a mighty kingdom. But I was always my father's favourite from my youth, and my brothers envied and hated me. As my father was afraid lest my brothers might do me some injury in his absence, he sent for one of the kings of the genii, named Dahish, who was subject to him, and who ruled over a vast company of powerful genii, and said, 'After this day you are not to serve me any longer, but my son Tarad. Fulfil all his commands, even if he should order you to tear up a mountain, or to dry up a sea ; and protect him from the evil designs of his brothers.' As I was now relieved from all trouble and anxiety by the guardianship of the genii, I gave myself up entirely to the study of magic, of which I had always been exceedingly fond. I made such progress that I thought I was able to contend with the most skilful enchanters. When I had grown to manhood, I called Dahish, and said,

‘I do not care to live alone any longer, but wish to marry. But I will marry no one but Turaia, the Queen of the Island of Musk ; for, according to all that I have heard and read, she surpasses all other women in beauty, power, wisdom, and learning. Go to her from me, and say, “ King Tarad, the son of King Anan, the Lord of the Smoking Mountain, offers you his hand. If you consent, you shall be the happiest queen in the world ; but if you refuse, he will lead armies of men and genii against you, who will ravage your country, and make you a prisoner.” ’

“ But Dahish answered, ‘ Do you not know, great king, that Turaia is so powerful that she could overturn Mount Kaf ? All the kings of this sea are her allies, and even Abu Tawaif fears and obeys her. How is it possible for me to insult her with such a message ? ’

“ But I answered angrily, ‘ Do what I command you. I am not afraid of her magic arts ; nevertheless you had better take a thousand of the most powerful genii with you as a bodyguard, and return to me with her answer.’

“ Dahish refused no longer, and immediately flew to the Island of Musk with his attendants. When Queen Turaia heard of their arrival, she sent one of her attendant genii to inquire their business. The

genius flew to Dahish, and saluted him, but Dahish did not return his greeting, on which the envoy concluded that the strangers must be infidels. One of them then asked rudely, 'What do you want here?' The genius answered, 'I am an envoy sent by the great Queen Turaia to inquire who your are, and what is your business?' Dahish then said, 'I have come in the name of King Tarad with an offer of marriage to Queen Turaia.' When the messenger returned to the queen, she sent him back to invite Dahish to visit her alone in her castle, to deliver his message more fully.

"But when Dahish received the message, he was enraged, and cried out, 'You dog, how dare you bring me such a message? Who is your mistress, that I should go to her castle unattended, instead of her coming out to receive me herself?' Upon this, he drew his sword, slew the envoy, and then marched against the castle with his troops.

"Dahish already made certain of victory, when Queen Turaia came to meet him, and cast him to the ground by calling on the sacred name of God. Her genii now assembled round her by thousands, and many of the attendants of Dahish were burned, and the others taken prisoners, and put in chains. The queen then seated herself on her throne, and ordered Dahish to be brought before her. He came

forward in his chains, trembling, and abasing himself in the dust, when she exclaimed 'Woe to you, why did you slay my envoy? Nevertheless, let me hear your message.'

"'Pardon me, O queen,' cried Dahish in a trembling voice; 'Tarad, the son of Anan, the King of the Smoking Mountain, sent me here to ask if you would deign to grant him your hand.'

"'What more?' asked Turaia.

"Dahish bowed his head to the ground, but made no answer.

"'Did he say no more?' asked Turaia again, and as Dahish still refused to speak, she ordered his head to be struck off, and all his followers to be put to death. As soon as this was done, she summoned Kharoob, one of her officers, and said, 'Bring Tarad, the son of King Anan, here.'

"Kharoob immediately assumed the form of a monstrous bird, carried me away from my tower, and brought me before Queen Turaia.

"'Welcome to my bridegroom!' said she; 'you shall serve as a warning to all the kings of these islands, so that no one shall dare even to mention my name again!' She then said to one of her genii, 'Cast him into the dungeon, and guard him well until I return from visiting my father, King Farkad, who will advise me how to treat this dog.'

“But at this moment King Farkad himself entered, and asked his daughter what had hindered her from visiting him at the usual hour, and why she seemed so much agitated. When she told him the story, he exclaimed, ‘May God ever grant you the victory over all your enemies! But where is King Tarad? I should like to see him.’ When Turaia pointed me out, he added, ‘Is that the king who would marry my daughter? Why, he is trembling like an old woman.’

“He then spurned me from the hall with his foot, and called for the executioner. I had already given myself up for lost, when one of the king’s officers entered, and announced, ‘King Anan, with Abu Tawaif and other powerful kings of the genii, has arrived with an immense army to rescue King Tarad, and have sent an envoy who waits without.’

“‘Show him in,’ said Farkad; and an old man entered of such venerable appearance that Farkad gave him a friendly reception, made him sit by him, and then politely inquired his business.

“The old man replied, ‘I am a messenger from King Anan, who will soon follow me in company with Abu Tawaif, to beseech your pardon for his thoughtless and foolhardy son, whom he still loves tenderly, in spite of all his faults.’

“Farkad immediately ordered one of his servants

to take me into one of the halls of the palace, and also to show the envoy into an elegant apartment, and to appoint two genii to wait upon him.

“When he was alone with Turaia, he said, ‘My dear daughter, although King Tarad is well worthy of death, yet we must not forget that he is a king, and the son of a powerful king, and clemency would only exalt us still more in the eyes of our equals; and, moreover, it would be imprudent for us to involve ourselves in a war with King Anan and Abu Tawaif on account of a headstrong youth; don’t you think so?’

“‘I agree with you,’ answered Turaia; ‘but we will first await the arrival of King Anan, and see how he behaves to us. If he acknowledges his son’s guilt, and asks for pardon for him, we will grant it; but if he threatens us with violence, we will stand upon the justice of our cause.’

“A few days after this decision, an officer of King Farkad entered, and announced the arrival of King Anan, accompanied by Abu Tawaif, and other kings of the genii. Farkad and Turaia immediately mounted their horses, and rode to meet them, accompanied by an escort of flying genii, whose wings were as brightly coloured as those of a peacock. They met King Anan at the gate of the city, who immediately dismounted, and bowed down before Farkad,

who was likewise about to dismount, but King Anan would not permit it. Turaia declared that she would not suffer King Anan to walk, and at last he allowed himself to be persuaded to remount, and to ride to the castle between Farkad and Turaia. Every preparation had been already made to receive Anan and Abu Tawaif, and a banquet was set before them such as could only be prepared by the most powerful kings of the genii, who know where to obtain the best of everything which creeps, and runs, and swims, and flies. During the banquet they conversed only on indifferent subjects, and it was not until the dessert that Abu Tawaif rose, and said,—

“The great King Farkad has already been informed by our messenger of the reason which has brought King Anan here ; may I have the pleasure of informing the anxious father that his son will be restored to him ?’

“Upon this Duha, the vizier of King Farkad, the most able man of his time, rose up, and requested permission to speak. This being granted him, he spoke as follows :—

“It is well known that King Farkad is one of the most peaceably disposed rulers of these islands ; but Tarad made a violent attack on Queen Turaia, contrary to all justice, and without a shadow of provocation. He himself has fallen into the pit which he

dug for others. He is now the prisoner of the queen whom he thought to carry off by violence; and, although he has been guilty of so great a crime, she would nevertheless be willing to pardon him at the request of his father and the venerable Abu Tawaif. But who will be our security that this foolhardy youth may not attempt to revenge himself upon the queen, and devise new plots against her, as soon as he is set at liberty?’

“Abu Tawaif rose up, and answered, ‘His father and I will both be security for his good behaviour, and we ourselves will undertake to chastise him, if he ever ventures to give the noble Queen Turaia any further annoyance. Bring him here, and I will speak to him myself.’

“I was then brought from my room, and ushered into the hall where my father, Abu Tawaif, Farkad, Turaia, Doha, and several other viziers and kings of the genii were all assembled. I bowed my head to the ground, overwhelmed with remorse, vexation, shame, and love, and would have preferred a thousand deaths. I looked so miserable that all pitied me, but presently Abu Tawaif spoke.

“‘Do you not know, perverse boy, that good is always rewarded with good, and that it is best for him who takes the initiative; and that evil is likewise rewarded with evil, which falls heaviest on the evil-

doer himself? Did you think so little of Queen Turaia, who is feared and respected by all, as to suppose that you could insult her so grossly with impunity? But as you are only a presumptuous boy, she has taken compassion on you. You must, however, swear in our presence, never to annoy her again, nor come near her country, nor even mention her name, for our honour is pledged for your good behaviour. Remember that the invisible God is witness to your oath, and that if you break it, you are lost both in this world and in the next!’

“Upon this I swore by Him who raised the firmament like a tent, and spread out the earth like a carpet, and who clothed the day with light, and the night with darkness, that I would never approach the queen again, nor pronounce her name. I had scarcely uttered this terrible oath when I fainted, and remained insensible all night, and when I recovered my senses in the morning, my father came to me, and commanded me to follow him. I was obliged to return with him, without seeing the queen again, and during the whole journey, he heaped reproaches on me for my folly, which were even harder to bear than the loss of my love. When he left me, I was again compelled to swear that I would completely forget Turaia; but I was no sooner alone than I thought the more of Turaia’s charms, which surpassed all

that I had heard reported. I therefore assumed the form of a bird, and flew round her castle every day in hopes of seeing her ; and when I saw you on the terrace, I was seized with the desire to take you with me, in hopes of hearing some tidings of my love. I am very anxious to know how you arrived at Queen Turaia's island, and what brought you to her castle."

When Ali heard this, he reflected that if he said he was Queen Turaia's husband, the rash and unprincipled youth would slay him out of jealousy, and he therefore answered that he was the son of Queen Farha, the friend of Queen Turaia, and had come to pay her a short visit at his mother's request. But when Tarad heard this he said, "Woe to me if Queen Turaia should miss you and discover that I carried you away ! She would certainly send to my father and to Abu Tawaif, and denounce me as a perjured king, and not only my honour, but even my life would be in danger ! It will be better for me to send you back, and I implore you to beseech her pardon." But he had scarcely spoken when an officer entered hastily and announced, "A messenger has arrived from Queen Turaia, accompanied by more than a hundred black genii, and he desires to speak with you." As soon as Queen Turaia's name was mentioned Tarad began to tremble so much that he was hardly able to stammer out,

"Show him in." When the messenger entered, Tarad rose up before him, saluted him respectfully, and inquired what message he brought. The envoy handed him a sealed letter, which he opened hastily, and when he had read it he broke out into reproaches against Queen Turaia saying, "No one would treat a king in such a manner, no matter how grievously he might have offended!" Ali was afraid that Tarad would discover his secret, so he took this opportunity to escape from his castle, and wandered about in the island without knowing which way to turn. After wandering some distance from the castle he lay down on the ground in despair. He thought of his father, and of the anxiety which his mother and Turaia must suffer on his own account; and he began to weep aloud, and to cry to God for aid. Presently he heard a voice above him saying, "Fear not, Ali, for help is near." On lifting his eyes he perceived a genius in the form of a great bird, whom he asked to rescue him from his danger, and to tell him to what race of genii he belonged.

The bird flew towards him and replied, "I am one of the genii of King Tarad, flying from the slaughter to which we were exposed by the wrath of Queen Turaia. Soon after your flight from the castle of King Tarad we perceived a red glow in the atmosphere, which increased till we thought that the whole

heaven was wrapped in flames. These were the flaming armies of Queen Turaia, who surrounded the castle like a cloud of locusts or a swarm of ants, and slew or made prisoners of all its inhabitants. The queen herself, who was at their head, rushed on Tarad with her drawn sword, and cried out, 'Where is Ali, the son of Queen Farha?' But Tarad swore that he did not know what had become of him, for he had not seen him since the arrival of the genii, and supposed that he had hidden himself or taken to flight from terror. But Turaia called him a liar and perjurer, spurned him with her foot, and ordered one of her officers to make him a prisoner. God be praised that I have found you! I will take you back to Queen Turaia, who is overwhelmed with anxiety about you, and if you assure her that Tarad has done you no harm, she will no doubt pardon him again."

"Do so, friend," said Ali, "and Turaia, Tarad, and myself, will all be greatly indebted to you."

He then flew up with Ali to within a hand's breadth of heaven, and descended on the peak of a high mountain, where he shook him off, and assumed the form of a raven, with the head of a lion and the claws of an eagle. Torrents of fire rushed from his mouth, and his eyes, which were cleft in the middle, emitted sparks; his voice sounded like thunder, and a suffocating odour spread around him. "What

means this?" cried Ali; but the bird struck him a heavy blow in the face which stunned him, and when he recovered, he found himself alone on the summit of a lofty mountain, with so large a stone resting on his breast that he could not move one way or the other, and could scarcely breathe. Ali lay thus for the whole day, and was forced to cover his face with his hands to protect it from the rays of the sun. But when he looked up towards evening, he saw four maidens before him, whose dress, adornments, and general aspect left no doubt in his mind that they were princesses. Their appearance dazzled him still more than the sun, from whose rays he had previously suffered, and he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep. One of the maidens asked presently, "Who is this handsome youth, and who has brought him to the top of this mountain and laid a great stone upon him?" Another replied, "This youth is Ali, the son of Queen Farha, and the husband of Queen Turaia. King Sarech, who himself passionately loves Turaia, has left Ali here to perish of hunger and thirst, but by the seal of Solomon we will save him, even if Sarech were as powerful as Asaph, the son of Barachia, the vizier of King Solomon, on whom be peace!"

On this, the maiden went up to Ali and lifted the stone from his breast. He opened his eyes, and as



The bird struck him a heavy blow.



The Adventures of Zaher and his Son. 61

soon as he had recovered himself a little he thanked his preserver, and asked how she had been able to climb this inaccessible mountain, and who she was? She answered, "My name is Johara, and I am the daughter of the Blue Queen, who rules over the White City. The other three maidens are my sisters. Samarda is my own sister, and Marjana and Yakuta are my half-sisters. No land is too distant, no mountain too high, and no sea too deep for us to explore, for we fly like birds in the air, and dive like fish in the abysses of the sea. But we came to this mountain only on your account, seeing you lying helpless as we were passing by. Come with us, and refresh yourself a little after all that you have suffered, and afterwards you may return to Queen Turaia."

She then took the arm of Ali and flew with him like lightning to a majestic city lying in a beautiful valley. She descended on the terrace of a castle, and led Ali down a marble staircase to a hall which was as large and splendid as that of Queen Turaia. Night had already fallen, but the hall was more brilliantly illuminated than if the sun had been shining. Johara presently ordered the slave girls who were in attendance to prepare supper, and they immediately brought in some elegant little tables laid out with golden dishes, crystal plates, and silver

spoons. The viands were quite strange to Ali, but he thought them delicious ; and after supper wine was placed on the table, with a great variety of fresh and dried fruits. The wine was poured out by a hideous old housekeeper, who looked like a speckled snake, and whose name was Firusad. After this she called the singing-girls, who came in and accompanied themselves on all manner of instruments.

Presently Johara and Samarda began to talk over the adventures of the day, and Samarda claimed to have saved Ali's life because she had seen him first.

"No, indeed," cried Johara, "I rolled the stone off his breast, and carried him here ; and I alone saved his life." This led to a quarrel, and then to a fight, and in the meantime the other sisters warned Ali that he had better escape with them, lest the infuriated combatants should turn upon him. As soon as they were in the open air, Marjana took him on her shoulders and flew to her own castle, followed by Yakuta.

But presently the old woman, Firusad, arrived, and informed them that having separated Johara and Samarda with difficulty, and reconciled them to each other, they had missed Ali and their sisters, and were about to lead an army against Marjana's castle, when Firusad persuaded them to wait while she demanded the surrender of Ali, whom they

would not permit to leave them without saying adieu. Both Marjana and Yakuta declared that they would never consent to his return, for he had thrown himself upon their protection, and bitterly reproached the old woman for bringing them such a message. Firusad excused herself, and promised to do her best to avert a war ; but she thought that cunning would serve her purpose best, and after acquainting Johara with her sister's reply, she washed herself with the decoction of a root which made her appear like a born negress. Then she dressed herself like one of Marjana's slaves and returned to her castle, where she mixed unperceived with the negresses who were in attendance.

Soon afterwards, Ali went out into the courtyard, when she followed him, and muttered a spell, upon which a frightful genius rose from the ground, whom she ordered to carry Ali to Johara's castle. But when Ali was half way between the two castles, he cried out, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet !" The genius was instantly consumed to ashes by a fiery dart, and Ali fell into the sea. He sank deep, but the sea was so rough that he was soon cast up to the surface, and was able to keep himself afloat for a whole day. Towards evening he was so exhausted that he could scarcely move his arms, and he was about to sink into the abyss of the ocean,

where neither men nor genii would ever have found his grave, when a large dead fish floated past upon which he scrambled, and was thus driven along by the waves for the first portion of the night. But about midnight, sea-monsters rose from the deep, many of them larger than an elephant. They surrounded the fish, and began to devour it, until at last only the part on which Ali sat was left. Ali was afraid of being eaten too, so he leaped off, and swam for some distance till he touched something hard, to which he clung till morning, when he found he was clinging to a rock, not far from a great city, and a fine harbour where ships were lying at anchor. Ali thanked God for his deliverance, and hoped that some one would see him from the shore, and bring him to land. He was not mistaken, for a fishing boat soon left the harbour, sailed towards him, and took him on board. Ali thanked the fisherman, and asked where he was? The fisherman answered, "This is the White City, which is also called the Kingdom of Pillars, because so many private houses, as well as the royal castle, are supported by pillars. The city and the island on which it stands are ruled over by the Blue Queen. She is one of the most powerful queens in the world, and rules her subjects with great harshness, but is very hospitable to strangers." The fisherman then gave Ali a piece of bread, and a draught of fresh

water ; and they sailed about together all day, till the boat was filled with beautiful fish. As they were approaching the harbour in the evening, the fisherman said, " I must take the fish to the queen to-morrow, for I am her favourite fisherman, and will tell her that a young foreigner, whom I found clinging to a rock, helped me to catch them ; and I will ask leave to present you to her." But they had scarcely landed, when some of the queen's servants came up, and said to the fisherman, " Let us have the fish which you have caught at once, for they are wanted for a banquet to-night." The fisherman handed over the fish to the servants, and accompanied them to the queen, to inform her of his meeting with Ali, and she immediately commanded him to bring him to the palace.

When Ali entered the palace, he bowed himself to the ground, and remained standing, but the queen received him in a friendly manner, and invited him to sit down. Ali replied that his respect for the queen would not allow him to remain seated in her presence, whereupon she pretended sickness, and excused herself to all her other guests. When she was alone with Ali, she made him relate his adventures, and then said, " Poor fellow, you have suffered enough to turn the hair of a child white ; but be of good cheer, for you are now in a house of peace and comfort." After a magnificent supper, Ali was shown into a splendid

sleeping apartment, such as he had never seen in his life. He lay down on a soft, silken divan, and slept soundly till the sun was high in the heavens ; and after he had completed his ablutions and devotions, four slaves came to his chamber, and said, "Will it please our lord to enter the bath." Ali rose up, and followed them into a splendid bathroom, and after washing him till his skin shone like silver, they arrayed him in a magnificent robe, put a girdle set with jewels round his waist, and placed a golden crown on his head, adorned with all manner of precious stones. They then led him into the presence of the Blue Queen, who made him sit by her on the divan, and asked how he had passed the night. Ali kissed her hand, saluted her and the viziers who were around her, and thanked her for her kindness. They sat conversing till noon ; and Ali overheard the queen say to one of the ladies of the court, "I have never seen such a handsome young man in my life." After the midday prayer they sat down to table ; but when the wine was brought, and the other guests had departed, the queen confessed her love to Ali, and asked him to marry her, and to remain with her for ever. But the image of Turaia floated before his eyes, and he remembered the great oath which he had sworn to her, and met the queen's advances with coldness. She was highly indignant, and exclaimed, "What,





She ordered her slaves to bring her a pan of coals and a bowl of water.

should a queen like myself stoop to your love, and you despise her!" Then she murmured some unintelligible words, and thrust Ali out of the room, saying, "Quit this shape, and assume that of a toothless dog of miserable appearance!" When Ali heard the words, he began to shake and tremble, and instantly found himself changed into an ugly toothless dog, and unable to speak a word. He then ran about the streets, but the other dogs perceived something strange in him, and pursued him, barking at him, and worrying him, and driving him from street to street, till he fled at last into a small passage which had no outlet. More than a hundred dogs rushed upon him and began to worry him, but he howled so pitifully that a woman who lived in the lane took compassion on him, and fetching a stick drove the other dogs away. Then she looked into Ali's eyes, and said, "This is not a dog, but an enchanted man." She then took him by the ear, and led him into the house.

The woman's name was Diarda, and she was more skilled in magic than even the Blue Queen. As soon as she came into the house, she ordered her slaves to bring her a pan of coals and a bowl of water; and after fumigating and sprinkling Ali, she pronounced some magic words, and said, "By virtue of these holy names, return to your original form!" She had scarcely spoken when Ali became a man as before,

and she led him to her daughters, who covered their faces with their sleeves, and asked, "Where does this young man come from, for the house door is closed?"

"I found him in the street in the shape of a dog," said Jarda, "and we will take him to the queen to-morrow; but now give him something to eat, for he must be very hungry."

The daughters then spread a plentiful meal, and afterwards Diarda fetched wine, and they drank together for a time. At length Ali reflected that he was in just as much danger from these people as from the queen, since they proposed to take him back to the palace in the morning. He therefore made the excuse that he wished for a little fresh air, and fled from the house. He wandered about the town for some time, until he found a convenient stone bench covered with a mat, in front of a handsome house, and he laid down and fell asleep. But he had scarcely closed his eyes when he was roused by a handsome young man of aristocratic appearance, who said, "Why do you sleep on this hard bench? Come into the house with me." Ali found the house beautifully constructed, and elegantly furnished and decorated; and after passing through many large halls where fountains were playing, they arrived in a small and neatly furnished room, where the young man made Ali sit by him on a silken divan, and then inquired

into his history. When he had heard all, he exclaimed, "Thank God that you have escaped from the Blue Queen, and from the yet more dangerous and malicious Diarda! You must remain concealed in my house for a few days, for I am expecting some foreign merchants from the neighbourhood of the Smoking Mountain. They will perhaps bring us some news of King Anan and Queen Turaia, and we shall then be able to decide on what is best to be done."

Ali remained three days with this young man, who treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration. On the fourth day a venerable old man arrived, and the youth gave him a hearty welcome, saying, "I have been expecting you a long time, Maher, and your wares are all ready; what has delayed you?"

"Our whole country is so full of soldiers," replied Maher, "that travelling is very dangerous. King Anan and many allies are marching against Queen Turaia, who will not release his son Tarad, until she finds her husband, a certain Ali, the son of Princess Farha."

"If so," said the master of the house, "go quickly to Queen Turaia with this young man, who is Ali himself. Perhaps you may arrive in time to avert the impending war."

"I will set out early to-morrow," replied Maher.

On the following morning, before sunrise, the young man presented Ali with a purse filled with gold and jewels, four slaves, two mules loaded with provisions, and a horse whose trappings were worth half a kingdom. He accompanied Ali beyond the limits of the city, where Maher was waiting for them, with a numerous company of mounted men. He then again commended Ali to Maher, took leave of them, and returned to the city. Ali and Maher rode on for three days through a barren and desolate country, but on the fourth day they reached a pleasant valley, with beautiful flowers, murmuring brooks, and singing birds. Ali proposed to Maher to pitch a tent, and to rest here for the day. He immediately dismounted from his mule, and ordered his servants to pitch a large silken tent by the side of a stream, the water of which resembled the tears of a despairing lover. Here they spread carpets on the ground, and arranged divans of ostrich feathers. After Ali had rested awhile, he went into the valley to praise the Creator of the World, who knows both the number of the rain drops and the number of the grains of sand. The cooing of the doves sounded like the sighing of home-sick wanderers, and the branches of the trees waved towards each other like friends who meet after a long absence. All nature seemed

alive, and everything was so delightful that Ali wandered on without knowing where, till he was surprised by the shades of evening. He sought in vain to retrace his steps, and, when the night grew darker, he climbed a tree, thinking that he would thus be safe from wild beasts, and that he could find his way back in the morning, or his companions would search for him. While Ali was in the tree he saw two men approaching, one of them riding an elephant and the other a lion, and many servants followed, mounted on horses and camels. They halted near the tree, and one said to the other,—

“Shall we pass the night here, Madyad?”

“If you please, Khydar,” answered the other, “for we are safe from further pursuit.”

“What means the royal tent which we passed just now?”

“I saw it too; we will send one of our servants to spy out to whom it belongs. Perhaps we may find something to our advantage there.”

Ali, hearing this, trembled like the leaves of the tree on which he sat, and held his breath lest he should be discovered.

Khydar then sent one of his servants to find out everything about the tent in the most cautious manner. He soon returned, and reported,—

“The tent belongs to a man from the country

of the Smoking Mountain, who is escorting Ali, the son of Farha, to Queen Turaia; but Ali has been missing all the evening, and is supposed to be somewhere in this valley."

When Madyad heard this, he cried out, "What an extraordinary event! God grant that we may discover Ali!"

As he spoke, he raised his eyes to heaven, and saw Ali in the tree, behind which the moon was shining. Ali was so frightened that he almost fell from the tree, but Madyad called out,—

"Come down, Ali, and fear nothing. Praised be God, who has spared us any further trouble and danger on your account."

Ali then descended, and asked them who they were and what they wanted, and begged them to lead him back to the tent. They called the servant who had brought the news, and they accompanied him to Maher's tent. When they arrived, Ali again asked who they were, and Madyad answered,—

"We are the sons of King Anan, and the brothers of Tarad, who carried you away from the castle of Queen Turaia. As soon as she missed you, she led a great army against Tarad, and took him prisoner. When my father demanded his release, she answered, 'I will not release him until Ali is restored to me.' It was useless for

my father and Tarad to swear that they knew nothing of you. She only answered, 'I require you to restore him to me, even if he were beneath the ground.' My father and we all have been seeking for you everywhere, and have sent messengers to every part of our kingdom; but as all search was vain, my father wrote to Queen Turaia, that if she would not release the innocent Tarad, he would march against her with all his allies. But the winged genius who carried the letter did not return; and all at once my father saw nothing but wings in heaven and feet on earth. They were the flying genii and other troops of Queen Turaia, who attacked his castle at once, both from above and from below, took him prisoner, and carried him away. I and my brothers were just returning from a journey when this happened, and we were obliged to take to flight. But God be praised that we have met with you so unexpectedly, for we will now go together to Queen Turaia, and when she is convinced of the innocence of my father and brother, she will set them at liberty."

On the following morning Ali took leave of Maher, and travelled on with the brothers of Tarad to the Smoking Mountain, where Turaia still occupied the castle of Anan. On the road they had several severe combats with robbers, and also with genii,

sent in pursuit of Ali by the Blue Queen and the enchantress Diarda, and if some genii of Queen Turaia's army had not come to their assistance they would have been overpowered; but on the eighth day after parting with Maher they reached the castle of King Anan in safety. Turaia was beside herself with joy at Ali's return, and he also forgot all the dangers he had suffered since their separation, and sank fainting in her arms. When Ali recovered, Madyad said to Turaia,—

“You see now, great Queen, that neither my father nor my brother have done your husband any harm. Let him tell you himself how Tarad treated him, and how he was carried away from you for so long a time, and then act justly towards my father, and mercifully towards Tarad.”

Turaia then took Ali into a room by themselves, and begged him to relate all that had happened since their separation, and to conceal nothing.

After Turaia had heard the whole story related several times, she went to her father, and having told him the story, inquired what should be done with Tarad and Anan. King Farkad immediately sent for Anan, Tarad, and Abu Tawaif, and said to Anan,—

“As you are wholly guiltless of the troubles which have come upon the unfortunate Ali, we

can only regret that the folly of your son has involved you in such a calamitous war. We cannot undo the past, but everything which we have taken from you shall be restored to you. As for Tarad, although he himself has done Ali no harm, yet he has been the cause of all the misfortunes which have come upon these countries. Besides, he broke his oath by coming to the terrace of my daughter's castle, and carrying away her guest. We cannot overlook his offences a second time, nor can we accept any pledge from you and Abu Tawaif for his good behaviour. I will keep him in honourable confinement, and treat him otherwise like a king. I will also keep the Blue Queen and her daughters in prison, for they pursued Ali with their armies almost to our own territories."

Farkad then sought to persuade Turaia to return home with him; but she could not make up her mind to leave this beautiful country, for all travellers agree that the Island of the Smoking Mountain is the most delightful country in the world; and Solomon himself stayed here for a time when he was on his travels, and called it the Island of Paradise. Turaia therefore allowed her father to return with his prisoners and the greater part of the army, and promised to follow in a short time with Ali.

A few days afterwards, as Turaia, Ali, and Anan

were walking together in the country, they suddenly saw something like a white cloud descending from the sky, and encompassing them on all sides. As it approached, they perceived that it consisted of an army of more than two thousand white-winged genii, headed by the Blue Queen, King Tarad, the old woman, Firusad, and the enchantress, Diarda.

As soon as Firusad and Diarda heard that the Blue Queen was taken prisoner, they hastily assembled an army in the White City, and fell upon the rear-guard of King Farkad's army by night, which consisted of only a few hundred soldiers who were guarding the prisoners. They slew the guard to a man, without any intelligence reaching Farkad, and then returned to the island of the Smoking Mountain and fell upon Turaia.

When Turaia saw herself thus surrounded with enemies, she fought like a lioness, and slew more than a hundred with her own hand ; but at length she was enclosed by genii, like a finger by a ring, and was compelled to surrender. Anan, who attempted to defend her, was made prisoner, and carried off by his son, Tarad, while Ali was seized upon by Firusad, who carried him to the top of a high mountain, and said, "Lest you should cause dissension between the Blue Queen and her daughters, O destroyer of populous cities, assume a form which shall mislead no one."



They suddenly saw something like a white cloud.



She then took a little earth, murmured something over it, and threw it in Ali's face, saying, "Quit this form, and assume that of a hideous raven, which wanders about the peaks of the mountains ; and let no one pity thee till the day of resurrection." She had scarcely spoken, when Ali found himself transformed into a raven, as black as night, and he spread his wings and flew away.

When Queen Turaia was brought before the Blue Queen, the latter said to her, "Woe to you, impudent woman, to choose for your husband the handsomest youth in the world, and to lay waste whole kingdoms on his account ! If I had yielded to my just resentment, you would have been slain on the spot ; but you will not find it very pleasant in my capital !"

She then ordered some of the genii to bind Turaia and carry her to the White City, whither she would follow immediately. As soon as the Blue Queen reached home, she entered the bath, and seated herself on a golden divan in the greatest splendour, with her daughters and nobles around her, and ordered Queen Turaia to be brought before her in chains.

Turaia bent her head to the ground with shame, for this was the first reverse which she had ever experienced in her life ; but then she stood up haughtily before the Blue Queen, and said, "Truly great monarchs are compassionate after war, and you

cannot boast of your victory, for you attacked me suddenly with an overwhelming army. Your victory is neither due to your strength nor to my weakness ; nevertheless, God has so ordained it, and no one can strive against His decrees. But, remember, that as soon as my father learns that I am a prisoner here, he will come upon you with an army which you will be unable to resist. If my hands and feet were only free from these chains, I myself would fight out my quarrel with you !”

When the Blue Queen heard this, she said to her daughters, “I think Turaia must have lost her reason, or she would not dare to speak to me in her present condition. Take her chains off ; I am not afraid of her, and would like to see what she means to do.”

Johara had scarcely unfastened her chains, when she stamped with her foot, and instantly wings appeared upon her, and she flew homewards through an open window. But the Blue Queen also assumed the form of a great bird, and followed her until she seized her feet, and cried out, “Woe to you, false woman, did you think it was so easy to escape me ? I will now put you into a cage from which you will have no further desire to escape.”

But Turaia instantly changed herself into an ant, fell to the ground, and crept into a hole. The Blue Queen immediately took the form of a cock with a

large beak, and turned up the earth till she found the ant. But just as she was about to pick up the ant, it changed into a flash of fire, which burned the wings of the cock, and then rose into the air and fled away. The Blue Queen then called her daughters and friends, assembled her army again, and pursued Turaia until she overtook her.

Turaia was fighting with Firusad and Johara, when she suddenly saw herself surrounded by enemies, among whom was the Blue Queen, with cheeks as red as fire with delight, who exclaimed, "Woe to you, base woman, for your last hour has arrived!"

But Turaia cried out with a loud voice, "There is no strength nor power but in Almighty God!" and, behold, her father, King Farkad, came up with a great army to rescue her from the hands of her enemies; for after waiting some days in vain for the arrival of the troops who should have followed him with the prisoners, he returned, and found his troops slaughtered, and the prisoners escaped.

This made him tremble for his daughter's safety, and he returned with all speed to the Smoking Mountain to protect her.

When Turaia saw her father she fell on his neck, and exclaimed, "Praise be to God that you have arrived; for if you had come a little later, I should no longer have been among the living!"

They then urged on their army to the battle, and the genii of the Blue Queen were speedily slain or taken prisoners. The queen herself was pursued by Turaia to her capital and slain, but her dominions were given to King Anan, for Turaia said, "I will only remain here till I have found Ali, and we will then return home together."

In the meantime, Ali was flying about in the shape of a raven, without knowing which way to turn, or where to obtain food and drink. After three days he was so exhausted that he fluttered wildly about among the trees and rocks, and at length fell senseless to the earth. Upon this, more than a thousand ravens assembled round him, who beat him with their wings, and pecked him, and pulled his feathers out, while he lay as helpless as a sparrow in the claws of an eagle. After thus torturing him to their heart's content, one of the ravens, thinking Ali was dead, flung him into a fowler's net, and flew away. Ali thought he was now out of danger, and endeavoured to free himself from the net, but was unable, and when the fowler returned, he seized him by the legs, saying, "Here is a hideous raven, the friend of desolation and separation, who frightens the other birds away from my nets!" He then took a pair of shears from his pocket, cut his wings, tied his legs with a string, and carried him away. But he soon found that he had made a good catch,

for Ali enticed many birds around them as they went along, which fell into the fowler's nets. When they arrived at an inn in the evening, he stroked Ali's feathers, saying, "You have been very useful to me, for I have caught more birds to-day than I ever caught before in a whole week."

On the following day, seeing that Ali was exhausted, the fowler took him on his camel, and as often as the camel stopped, Ali pecked him with his beak till he went on again. The fowler laughed very much, and said, "You are a very clever bird."

In the evening they arrived at the city of Nishran, where the fowler lived. It was a large city, surrounded with beautiful gardens. The king was named Riham, and his three daughters were more skilled in magic than the angels, Harut and Marut.

When the fowler entered his house, his wife was astonished to see him come back so soon. However, he only said, "My speedy return is due to this raven, who has helped me to great success. Take good care of him, while I go to the bird-dealer's and sell what I have brought."

The fowler's wife brought Ali into a large room, and gave him food and water. He ate and drank, hopped about the room, and played with the woman and her daughters, until the return of the fowler, when Ali bowed to him, and remained standing respectfully

before him. The fowler and his family soon became so fond of him that they would not go out without him. Ali's chief amusement in the streets was to tease the dogs. Sometimes he beat their faces with his wings, and sometimes he pecked them on the back, and when they barked and turned round to seize him, he jumped away. He teased the cats, too, till at last they all kept out of his way. He soon became the talk of the whole town, and many people visited the fowler to see him and play with him; and everybody brought him something good to eat. In the course of time, the king heard so much of his performances, that he sent one of his servants to ask the fowler to bring him to his castle. The fowler then took him under his arm, and carried him to the castle. Ali bowed three times before the king, as subjects are accustomed to do, and all the viziers and officers exclaimed, "By Allah! this is a wonderful bird!"

When the king stretched out his hand to Ali, Ali kissed it with his beak, but remained sitting respectfully at his feet till the king lifted him up on his lap, stroked his feathers, and ordered some sweetmeats to be brought, saying, "Now, clever bird, eat with me." Ali shook his head to imply that he was unworthy of such an honour, but the king said again, "Eat away, friendly raven." Ali then ate till he had had enough, when he wiped his beak on his feathers. The king

was so delighted that he bought the raven, wishing to keep it always near him.

One day the king went to his harem rather later than usual, and the queen asked why he had left her alone so long.

The king answered, "I have a raven which is the cleverest bird that I have ever seen, and he amused me so much to-day that I quite forget the time."

The queen replied, "Why don't you show me the bird? I have heard so much about him that I should like to see him very much; but I did not wish to ask you till you mentioned him yourself."

The king ordered a slave-girl to fetch Ali, and when she returned, he said to Ali, "Will you not amuse these ladies a little?" Ali then began to play all sorts of tricks, he kissed the cheek of one, pulled away the ribbons from the neck of another, shook the curls of a third, and danced on the knee of a fourth, till they could scarcely sit upright for laughing at his antics. The queen was so pleased that she sent a slave to call her daughters to see the fun. In a short time three beautiful and majestic maidens entered, and the eldest had no sooner caught sight of the raven than she said to the two others, "By Allah, this raven is an enchanted man!"

The maidens looked sharply into Ali's eyes, and

answered, "You are right, dear sister ; but this is a strange thing !" They then asked their mother to allow them to take Ali to their own room, and when she gave them permission, the eldest princess said, "Follow me, and I will show you something worth seeing, that ought not to be forgotten to the day of resurrection !" They led Ali to their old nurse, who was of the race of the Amalekites, and who had instructed them in magic, and said to her, "Venerable mother, we bring you a raven whom some evil-disposed person has enchanted ; will you not try to help him ?" The old woman asked them to light some candles, as her sight was failing, and it was already growing dusk. She then pulled out some of Ali's feathers, examined his skin, and cried out, "I recognise the work of old Firusad, who taught magic to the Blue Queen. There is no doubt that the queen loved him, and ordered him to be enchanted because he rejected her." She then took Ali into an adjacent room where she kept her magic apparatus, poured some yellow water out of a sealed flask into a copper basin, and murmured some unintelligible words over it, upon which it began to boil up and to foam. She then said "Stop !" and the water, which was about to overflow, sunk below the edge of the basin. She then set the basin on the ground, and a green plant with

yellow flowers sprang up from the floor around it. She gathered a handful of the flowers, and rubbed Ali's feet and beak with it. She next sprinkled his head with the water from the basin, and uttered a fearful cry, upon which Ali recovered his shape, when the old woman asked him with a friendly smile what was his name, and whether he did not know the Blue Queen? Ali begged her to tell him if he was far from the Island of Musk. "What do you mean?" answered she; "you are now close to the regions of darkness, where lies the sea of the two-horned Alexander, and the Fountain of Life. I should advise you to stay here under my protection. I will introduce you to the king as my nephew; and after my death, you may inherit my property, and travel where you please." Ali knew from bitter experience that he could do nothing against the will of an enchantress, and although he was most anxious to return to his wife, notwithstanding the distance, and the danger, he thanked the old woman for her kind offer, and consented to remain with her, secretly hoping that God would open a way of escape for him. He was not wrong in his decision, for she only observed, "If you had opposed my request, you might have fallen into a worse misfortune than before." She then led him into her own room, from which there was a pleasant

view over the city and harbour, and ordered her servants to prepare a feast for him, and she herself brought him a bottle of wine, which restored his health and spirits. He then entered the bath, and put on the rich clothing provided for him, and when he returned to her afterwards, his appearance was so much improved that she hardly knew him again.

In the evening, the princesses came to see what had become of Ali. They admired him very much ; one said that he was like one of the kings of the genii ; and another that he was handsomer than Joseph. He was about to rise up when they entered, but the old woman would not allow it, and said, "A prince like you need not rise before any one. Ladies, this is Ali, the son of my friend Farha, the daughter of King Mutar. Remain here, and converse with him." The princesses sat down, and talked for some time, till the old woman said, "You had better go now, for your father would be angry if he knew that you had passed the whole evening in company with this stranger."

The princesses then retired, and Ali, feeling weary, asked permission to rest. He was shown to a comfortable room, where he soon fell asleep. He dreamed that Turaia appeared to him, as slender as a swaying willow, and with eyes like a young gazelle. Tears ran down her cheeks, like dewdrops

on a rose ; she tore her hair, and exclaimed in a broken voice, "Art thou like other men, Ali, and canst thou forget me so soon ? Do not rejoice our enemies by allowing an old witch to keep you back from me. Thou knowest what I have suffered on thy account ; break away from the obstacles which surround you, and strive to meet me again !"

Ali started up, and went back into the other room, where he saw the old woman asleep. He opened the door quietly, and escaped through an outer door into the city. He ran all night, heedless whither, and when morning dawned he found himself in a vast desert, where there was not a blade of grass nor a drop of water. The sun soon became so hot to his head, and the earth became so hot under his feet, that he was unable to go farther ; and was obliged to lie down on the ground. He lay thus for the whole day, but when the sun set, a cool breeze sprang up, and Ali ran on again all night in the darkness. On the following morning, he saw before him a mountain so lofty that no bird could fly to its summit. Fruit-trees clothed its sides, and the most beautiful birds sang their morning song in the branches, and many brooks meandered round, or fell in cascades from vast precipices. Ali bathed in the waters of a brook which was whiter than milk, cooler than snow, and sweeter than honey,

and sat down under a lofty tree, with such thick foliage that the rays of the sun could not pierce through. Ali was so exhausted that he soon fell asleep, but the old woman appeared to him in a dream, with a drawn sword in her hand, and looking still more hideous than she was in reality. She raised the sword to kill him, when he started up in terror, and as he found it impossible to sleep again, he walked on, and began to climb the mountain, when he suddenly saw two hideous and gigantic forms before him. Their eyes were in the middle of their faces, and divided longitudinally, and they had projecting teeth like the tusks of an elephant.

Ali stood still, and heard one say to the other, "Misham, did you see the young man who was sleeping here just now? What can have become of him? I never saw any human creature on this mountain until to-day."

"Yes, Barari, I saw him," said Misham: "he is a young man as beautiful as the full moon, and whoever sees him, loves him."

"He is Ali, the son of Farha," observed Barari.

"If so," returned Misham, "I am at the end of my troubles, for know, my friend, that I am sent here by Queen Turaia to seek for Ali, and have sworn not to return without news of him. I have been wandering for a long time through all inhabited



The old woman appeared to him in a dream, with a drawn sword in her hand.



and desert countries, through towns and villages, and among mountains and valleys everywhere asking men and genii if they had seen him. At last I heard that the nurse of the princesses in the neighbouring city had restored a raven, who was an enchanted man, to his proper shape. I inquired at the castle after the stranger, but was informed that he had departed secretly, none knew whither. Let us hasten to find him lest he should escape us again."

Ali then cried out, "Stay where you are, for I am Ali, the son of Farha, whom you seek. Will you take me back to my loved one, Queen Turaia?"

"Not yet," replied Misham, "for this would impede my flight, and I must take news of you to the queen as quickly as possible, lest she should die of grief and anxiety. Stay here with my friend Barari. I will hasten to Turaia, and will soon return with her."

As he spoke, he spread his wings, and disappeared in an instant. When he was gone, Barari told Ali not to go far from the spot, and flew away too. In the evening he came back, bringing some provisions with him. On the following morning he again left Ali alone. Soon afterwards, one of the flying genii descended, took Ali on his back, and flew up into the air with him. Ali fainted with fear; and when he recovered, he found himself in a royal

castle, where a lady was seated on a throne of gold and jewels ; and attendants stood all around.

The lady said softly to a friend, " This youth is certainly not worth the furious wars which my sister Turaia wages with the kings of the genii on his account. Look how dull are his eyes, and how pale his cheeks, and how insignificant his whole appearance ! If I had known that this was the famous Ali, I would never have troubled myself to bring him here ; but as he is now in my power, he may aid in effecting a reconciliation between myself and my sister." She then said aloud to her attendants, " Which of you will fly quickest to my sister Turaia, who is still in the White City with the daughters of the Blue Queen, and inform her that Ali, the son of Farha, is with me here ? "

Upon this a hideous and gigantic genius named Humarik rose up and answered, " Great queen, I only await your orders to fly to her like the wind."

She immediately called for paper and ink, and wrote a letter to her sister, which she gave to Humarik, who kissed her hand, and set out on his journey.

But the queen soon repented that she had written to her sister, and sought an occasion to quarrel with Ali, that she might put him out of the way. She therefore entertained him royally for that day ; and

on the following morning, after Ali had performed his ablutions, and prayed, an attendant entered his room, who announced,—

“The queen wishes to speak with you, and is waiting for you outside the city.”

Ali left the castle with his guide, and found a mule waiting. He rode out of the city, and presently found the queen sitting with an old woman on a Greek carpet, under the shade of a tree. She asked Ali to sit down, and gave him something to eat and drink which she had brought with her, and then said, “Come with me a little way, for the old woman will take care of everything for us.”

The queen guided Ali to a green valley, where they heard nothing but rippling brooks, singing birds, and rustling branches.

“What a beautiful valley!” he exclaimed, “let us rest here awhile, great queen.”

“If the valley pleases you so much, you need not leave it very soon,” she replied, and when Ali dismounted, and sat down, she also got down from her mule, and sat near him. Then she turned to Ali, and exclaimed, “Are you not ashamed, Ali, to eat my food, and drink my wine, and yet to desire to leave my court immediately, to return to my sister?” She then struck him in the face, and breathed on him, saying, “Ali, son of Farha, become a marble

statue, speechless and incapable of showing any signs of life!"

Ali fainted; and when he recovered his senses, he heard the old woman say, "Great queen, it rests entirely with you whether Ali shall remain a statue till the day of resurrection; but what will you say to your sister, Queen Turaia, when she comes?"

"What have I to fear from Queen Turaia?" answered she, haughtily. "Is not my army like the grains of sand in the desert, or as the raindrops that fall from heaven for multitude; and are not the most powerful kings of the genii in the island my allies?"

The old woman saw that her words made no impression, and only said, "You know better than I, mighty queen; do what you think right."

Then the queen ordered two of her servants to carry the statue to a part of the valley where the trees grew so thick that not a ray of light could pierce through the shade; and forbade them on pain of death to mention the affair to any one. "If Turaia asks after him," she said to the old woman, "we must say that he went out alone against our wishes, and did not return."

In the meantime Queen Turaia was on the point of starting with Misham to the place where he had left Ali, when Humarik arrived with the letter from Queen Shuba. She opened it hastily, and imme-

diately asked the messenger if he had seen Ali with his own eyes? He swore solemnly that he had seen Ali himself at the court of Queen Shuba. She then gave him a friendly reception, and commanded her troops to prepare to accompany her to the neighbouring island where Queen Shuba reigned, as she wished to visit her sister. This amazed every one, as there had been bitter enmity between Turaia and Shuba from their earliest youth. They were their father's only children, and each wished to be his favourite. Each of them, too, aspired to be most proficient in magic, in which they had been instructed by his orders. Their mutual jealousy at length resulted in a duel, in which Shuba was severely wounded, and carried senseless into the castle. Farkad, who had just returned from a journey, sent hastily for the best physicians, who scattered a powder over the wound, and administered wine. This revived Shuba; and after a few weeks she perfectly recovered. But she thought that every one knew that she had been defeated by the sister whom she hated, preyed so much upon her mind that she could neither endure to appear in public, or to remain at home. She therefore begged her tutor to seek for a distant island, where she and her adherents could found a new kingdom. The tutor immediately summoned the kings of the genii who were subject to him, and

they traversed the whole world without finding any suitable uninhabited island, but one, which they called the Island of Perfection, from its fertility and its charming situation. When they brought this news to the tutor, he ordered them to prepare their troops for a journey, and he went to King Farkad, and said, "If the life of your daughter Shuba is dear to you, you must permit her to leave the country. You can perceive that her health and strength are gradually failing; she requires change of air, and I have already found a place of abode for her where, if God wills, she may recover her health."

The king answered, "You know, revered Professor, that my daughter Shuba is my life and my soul, and that it would be very painful for me to part with her; yet I love her so well that I would rather hear that she was well and happy at a distance than see her sick and suffering. I will therefore put no difficulty in the way of her departure."

He immediately sent for his treasurer, and gave the tutor as much money as he required; and he ordered the admiral to prepare the best ships for his daughter.

On the deck of the ship chosen for Shuba herself, he erected a tent of aloes wood, and spread the floor with rich carpets. When all was ready, he summoned the captain, and begged him to use every

effort to secure his daughter a safe and comfortable voyage, and not to allow the sailors to make any unnecessary noise, lest they might disturb her. He then took leave of his daughter, and the ships set sail. The captain only spread the smaller sails as long as the ships were in sight of the harbour, and the king was still looking after them ; but afterwards he spread the main-sail, and the wind was so favourable that they soon arrived safely at the Island of Perfection. Shuba was delighted with her tutor's choice, for she thought the island a real paradise. She then selected the most beautiful spot in the whole island for her castle, and her tutor designed the plan. A city soon sprang up around it, for the fertility of the island, and the abundance of precious stones which it contained, attracted emigrants from all parts of the world, and Shuba became a mighty queen, whose power continually increased, until she thought herself the equal of Turaia.

When Turaia arrived, she sought for Ali everywhere in the palace, but in vain, and she did not like to ask her sister about him. She passed a sleepless night, and when the great men of the empire and the captains of the army assembled to do her honour, she was so exhausted that she was scarcely able to reply to them. When she was again alone with Shuba, she asked her to take a walk ;

and as soon as they had left the city she said, "My dear sister, although this island is incomparably beautiful, and I would like much to stay longer with you, yet my own imperial duties forbid it, nor must I leave our father too long alone. I must therefore ask you where is Ali, the beloved of my heart, whose arrival at your court was announced to me by your messenger? I long to see him very much, and desire to return home with him."

"Dear sister," replied Shuba; "a few days after the departure of my messenger, Ali rode out, and has never returned. I have made inquiries about him throughout the whole island, but no one has discovered any trace of him. I was then sorry that I had despatched my messenger, but I could not call him back."

"Do not reproach yourself, dear sister," said Turaia; "it seems that Ali's troubles are not yet ended, or he would have remained here. Perhaps he has missed his way in the forest, and will soon return. I will wait here for him a few days longer."

On the following day Turaia rose up early, and went into the mountains to search for Ali herself, but she rode about all day calling his name without receiving any answer. In the evening she was quite exhausted, and fell on the ground, and cried, weeping, "O God, Thou hast decreed that Ali and



“Perhaps he has missed his way in the forest.”

I should suffer from this unhappy love, and that so many troubles should befall us. This has separated me from my home and my father ; but I have no hope now. I seek Thy aid, for nothing in heaven or on earth is hidden from Thee. I implore Thee, for the sake of Thy messenger Mohammed (peace be with him !) to show me the place where my beloved Ali is concealed, and reunite us." As soon as she had finished her prayer, she heard a voice reply, "You will soon meet you husband again. Queen Shuba has changed him into a marble statue, which lies in this valley. When she sent for him first she thought to have effected a reconciliation with you through his means ; but after she had written to you, she repented of what she had done, so she changed him into a statue, which she ordered to be thrown into the wood where the trees are most thickly interlaced."

Turaia then plunged deeper into the wood, where she heard two genii contending for the possession of her beloved. One was Sader, whom she herself had sent in search of Ali ; and the other was Duha, a friend of Queen Farha.

Now Sader had searched the hills and valleys from east to west, for several weeks ; and when he arrived at the Island of Perfection, he had lost all hope of finding Ali, and was about to return to

Turaia, when he saw Duha, who appeared very much agitated, looking all about her, and running first one way and then another, and she was so much heated that fire flew from her nose.

Sader stopped her, and asked her who she was, and where she was going?

She answered, "I am Duha, the daughter of a great king who lives near the Coral Island. I left my father because he wished to marry me against my will to an ugly prince from the Island of Lions, and I fled to Queen Farha. I found her in great trouble, and when I asked her the reason, she said, 'I am grieving for the loss of my only son. I do not know if he is alive or dead, and I dare not inquire after him, because my father swore when he heard of his flight that he would cease to acknowledge me as his daughter if I ever mentioned my son's name again. I have mourned for him in secret for a whole year, and dare not speak of my grief to any one, for every one here fears my father, and would probably betray me to him. The Lord be praised who sent you here, for I feel sure that you will take pity on me, and bring me news of my son!' She then wept bitterly, and fainted, and I pitied her so much that, as soon as she recovered, I promised her that I would set out immediately in search of Ali, and would not return until I brought

him back, or brought news of him. I flew from one island to another till I arrived in this island, where I heard that Ali had been changed into a statue by Queen Shuba. I searched the whole forest in hopes of finding the statue, in order to take it back to Queen Farha, who could easily restore her son to his former shape, but two genii, whom I take to be the guards of the statue, rushed upon me in such a threatening manner that I was obliged to take to flight, and I am still in terror lest they should overtake me."

When Duha had ended her story, Sader observed, "By Allah, our meeting here is a wonderful coincidence! We are both seeking the same object; for Queen Farha is lamenting the loss of her son; and Queen Turaia, who is mourning for the loss of her husband, has sent me in search of him. As we are engaged in the same quest, we had better remain together, for we may be useful to each other; and when we have once found Ali, we can set the minds of both queens at rest."

"We may attain our end at once by an easy stratagem," said Duha; "bind me with cords, and lead me back to the two genii who are pursuing me. Then greet them in a friendly manner, and say, 'Brothers, here is the fugitive who has just escaped you. She seems to have some evil design, for she

tried to avoid me also, and refused to answer my questions; but I struck her in the face with my wings, and felled her to the ground, and now I bring her back to you, to be dealt with as she deserves.' Thus you will gain their confidence, and it will be easy for you, if needful, to protect me from any excessive punishment."

Sader admired the trick, and immediately threw a rope round the neck of Duha, and led her to the hill where the two genii were standing. As soon as he saw them, he cried out, "Dear brothers, I bring you here the suspicious character who has just fled from you. She wished to avoid me, and refused to tell me who she was, so I knocked her down, and bound her fast."

"We had ceased to concern ourselves about her," said one of the genii; "but as you have taken the trouble to bring her back, she shall be punished as she deserves; come with us to the caravansera."

Sader followed them, leading Duha by the rope, until they reached a very magnificent castle, with innumerable apartments; it lay between two high mountains. When they arrived, the two genii ordered food and wine, and ate and drank with Sader. In the course of their conversation, Sader ascertained that they had really been stationed there by Shuba to prevent any one from approaching the statue.

This gave him an opportunity to ask to accompany them next day. Duha was still bound, but she presently began to weep, and knelt down before the two genii, saying, "If you wish well to Shuba, you must not treat me as an enemy, for I am one of her friends whom she desired to send to her father that he might protect her against Turaia, if she heard of what she had done to Ali; but if you will send another messenger, I would gladly stay with you, and serve you."

The genii, who were now in a good humour, believed Duha's story, took the cord from her neck, and allowed her to accompany them to the wood next day. When they sat down near the statue, Sader said, "What can the poor fellow have done, that Queen Shuba should have changed him into a stone, which still feels heat and cold and hunger and thirst but is incapable of movement?"

"I don't know his offence," answered one of the guards; "perhaps he forgot his station, and made love to the queen."

"That is absurd," said Duha, "for Ali loves Queen Turaia, and has suffered the greatest dangers on her account; it is more likely that Shuba was jealous of Queen Turaia, for Ali is said to be the handsomest man in the world."

"If so," said the guard, who was himself in love

with Shuba, "Shuba may keep watch on him herself, if she likes," and he and his companion walked off.

Sader immediately went to the statue, took it on his back, and was about to carry it to Turaia to disenchant, but Duha interposed, saying, "Not so; I must bring him to his mother Farha, for Ali was rescued by my artifice. Besides, the sorrow of an unhappy mother for a lost son is more bitter than that of a wife for her husband."

"I think you must have lost your senses," answered Sader; "do you suppose that after I have sought for Ali so long through all countries, I am going to give him up to you, when I have found him? Come with me to Turaia, and afterwards we will all visit his mother Farha together."

But when Duha saw that Sader would not yield, she rushed upon him like lightning, struck him a blow in the eye with her wing, which knocked him down, and exclaimed, "Woe to you, you dog; I will teach you not to behave like this to a lady!"

She snatched the statue out of his hand, and was about to fly to Queen Farha, when Turaia arrived on the scene, and cried out, "Halt there, or die!"

Duha turned round, and seeing Queen Turaia, answered, "Pardon, gracious queen! By the seal of Solomon, I would have done Ali no harm, but only wished to fulfil my oath by taking him to his

mother Farha. Forgive me, and remember that I have only done my duty as the servant and friend of Queen Farha."

"You have done your duty," said Turaia, "but now give Sader the statue, that he may carry it to some place where we may be safe from interruption; and you may either go at once to take Queen Farha news of her son; or you may come with me, until Ali is restored to his former shape."

"Mighty queen," said Duha, "I will send a messenger to my mistress immediately; but I myself will remain with you for the present."

They then went to a cavern, whither Sader had already carried the statue. Turaia stroked her hand over its face, took a little earth which was sticking to it, pronounced some sacred names, and scattered the soil on the ground; whereupon a green plant with a red flower sprang up immediately. Turaia gathered the flower, and squeezed an oily juice from it, which she rubbed over the statue, and said, "By the power of these holy names, and the influence of this wonderful plant, return to your former shape!"

Upon this, Ali's tongue was loosed, and he cried out, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet! God is Almighty, and He raises the dead again by His will!"

When Turaia saw that her husband had regained his proper form, she ordered Sader to carry him to her apartments, whither she and Duha followed. They spent the greater part of the night in feasting and rejoicing, and in relating their mutual adventures; and it was long past midnight when Sader and Duha withdrew, and they retired to rest. But when Ali awoke, he found himself between heaven and earth on the shoulders of one of the flying genii. He immediately pronounced the sentence which protects all who use it: "There is no strength nor power but in Almighty God!" and then asked his bearer, "Who are you, and whither are you carrying me?"

She answered, "Fear nothing, I am Duha, the friend of your mother Farha, to whom I am carrying you. I only followed Queen Turaia from policy, that I might seize the first favourable opportunity of stealing you from her again; for your mother suffers too much from your absence. But as soon as we are in safety, I will send a messenger to Queen Turaia, to ask her to follow us."

When Ali recognised Duha, he was satisfied, and allowed her to proceed on her journey without opposition. He was already rejoicing in the idea of soon seeing his mother again, and at the approaching end of all his troubles, when they came to the Island of Lions, above which they were obliged to pass.

Suddenly a host of flying genii, with King Jahak at their head, surrounded them as closely as a ring surrounds a finger.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Duha, "for this is the prince to whom I was betrothed, and from whom I fled to your mother. We are alone and unarmed, and cannot escape him. May God take pity on us and on your mother!"

She had scarcely spoken when two genii, as large as the highest mountains, rushed upon her, and bound her hands behind her back with a heavy chain. Then they seized on Ali, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Ali, the son of Farha," he answered.

"If you are Ali," said they, "it is on your account that so many countries have been devastated, so many kings dethroned, and so many genii slain! By the seal of Solomon, you shall pay dearly for the mischief which you have wrought!"

A genius from Mount Kaf, at a nod from King Jahak, was already on the point of putting Ali and Duha to death, when suddenly a terrific tumult arose. Two officers rushed forward to reconnoitre, and then exclaimed to the king, "Fly this instant, or you are lost; your best troops are already slain or made prisoners, for Queen Farha has fallen upon them as suddenly as the lightning from heaven, to rescue her son!"

But before Jahak could resolve on anything, Farha herself appeared, surrounded by numerous kings of the genii. Jahak was led into his capital, loaded with the same chains with which Duha had been bound, and Farha carried her son thither in her own arms.

The unexpected arrival of Farha happened in the following manner. When Duha's messenger informed her that Ali was with Queen Turaia, she feared that he would be so strongly guarded that Duha would have no opportunity of carrying him away. So without informing her father, she set out on the road to the Island of Perfection with an escort of several thousand genii; and she came near the Island of Lions just at the time that Jahak and his followers had seized Ali and Duha.

When they arrived at King Jahak's palace, Queen Farha made Ali sit by her side in full court, and relate all his adventures. But before he had finished, Duha entered, and announced the arrival of Queen Turaia, with an army of genii. When Turaia awoke in the morning, and missed Ali, she thought at first that her sister Shuba had played her another trick; but when she found that Duha had also disappeared, she concluded that she had carried Ali away to his mother. Apart from this, she found her stay with her sister was disagreeable, so

she summoned her followers who had escorted her, and commanded them to accompany her to the Coral Island. When she heard that Farha had rescued Ali and Duha from King Jahak, she followed to Jahak's palace, and announced her arrival. Farha sent Ali to welcome Turaia, and he rushed out to meet her, and introduced her to his mother as his wife. They all praised God for this wonderful meeting; and they rewarded Duha for her faithful service by presenting her with the throne of King Jahak.

They remained together all day, but towards evening, Ali, who wished to be alone with Turaia, asked her to walk with him a short distance from the town, leaving Farha and Duha behind. They were so happy together that they wandered a great distance through the gardens surrounding the town, and the moon had long been shining in the heavens before they thought of returning. In endeavouring to return to the town in the darkness, they lost their way, and wandered about till they saw a magnificent tent pitched, but no one near. Ali then said,—

“Let us pass the night in this tent rather than in the open air, for we shall not easily find our way back to the town in this darkness.”

Turaia agreed, and they entered the tent, which

they found beautifully furnished with carpets and divans. It was illuminated with perfumed wax-lights, and the tables were loaded with delicate food and choice wines ; in short, everything was fitted to rejoice the heart of a weary traveller. But they had scarcely sat down when two men entered ; accompanied by four flying genii. They were Jahak's brothers, who had fled from the town after the defeat in the morning, and had pitched their tent here, intending to fly farther on the following day. As soon as they recognised Turaia and Ali, they laid hands upon them, exclaiming, "Now we can avenge our brother." Ali was handed over to one of the genii, with the words, "This fellow brings ruin and desolation wherever he goes. Carry him beyond Mount Kaf, that the curse of God may fall upon him !"

The genius took Ali on his back, and flew with him so high that the smallest stars seemed like great mountains, and he heard the angels singing the praises of God in heaven. Upon this, he cried out, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet!" He had scarcely spoken when a fiery arrow struck the genius, and reduced him to ashes. Ali was driven about in the air by the winds for a long time, but at length he fell on the terrace of a house in Damascus. The noise



AT LENGTH HE FELL ON THE TERRACE OF A HOUSE.



of his fall awakened the master of the house, and as his premises had lately been broken into, he roused his servants, who accompanied him to the terrace. When they saw Ali, they supposed him to be a thief, so two on each side rushed upon him at once, and they bound him with cords, and left him in the courtyard till morning.

"We have certainly caught the thief who robbed me the other day," said the master. The police sergeant asked Ali who he was, and when he answered that he was Ali, the son of Farha, the Queen of the Coral Island, he laughed, and ordered him to be beaten until he should confess his real name, and should restore the property which he had stolen. But at this moment Zaher himself entered, and recognising the seal ring which he had given to Farha on his wedding night, he started, and inquired, "Who is this young man?"

"He is a thief," answered the police sergeant, "who was seized in the act of breaking into this man's house."

"But the young man does not look like a thief," persisted Zaher; "have you asked him his name, and residence?"

"He calls himself Ali, the son of Farha, the Queen of the Coral Island," said the sergeant, laughing. At this, Zaher fell on Ali's neck, ex-

claiming, "He has spoken truth, and he is my son; I know him by his seal ring." Zaher then asked Ali to inform the police how he came upon the terrace. He narrated the history of his life; and Zaher reproached the sergeant for his hasty sentence, and took Ali to his own house.

On the following day, Zaher introduced his son to the king, who took such a fancy to him that he immediately offered him an important post. Shortly afterwards, Ali was out riding with the king and talking about the genii, when the king said, "I should like to see them very much; what are they like?"

"My lord," replied Ali, "they are of different forms; some are like wild beasts, others like birds, and others again like men."

Ali had scarcely spoken when the king exclaimed,—

"Look, Ali, what a dark cloud has suddenly appeared in the distance, and the sun is already hidden behind it!"

Ali looked, and replied, "That is no cloud, great king, but an army of the flying genii which is approaching!"

Presently the army separated, and surrounded the city, and a company of about a hundred approached the gate. Ali went up to the leader,

and asked him what he wanted in Damascus? He answered,—

“I desire to announce the arrival of Queen Farha and Queen Turaia to the king.”

“Here is the king,” said Ali, and he then asked permission to go to meet the queens.

The king consented, and rode back alone to the city, when Ali was conducted to the queens. They both fainted with joy, when they saw him again, and after he had revived them by sprinkling them with rose-water, he asked how they had come to Damascus to search for him.

“Know,” replied Farha, “that when you and Turaia remained out so late at night on the Island of Lions, I asked Duha to take some powerful genii, and go to look for you in the direction in which you had gone. She flew about in the gardens for a long time, till at last a pitiful cry guided her to a handsome tent where Jahak’s brothers were beating Turaia. Duha immediately overthrew the brothers, and her companions bound them fast, and brought them to me. I then heard that they had ordered you to be carried beyond Mount Kaf. I had little hope of ever seeing you again, but I begged the faithful Duha to follow you at once, in case she might possibly overtake you before you reached your destined place of imprison-

ment. She obeyed, and flew with all her speed in the direction of Mount Kaf. As she was passing over Syria, she met an old friend who asked her what brought her so far from home?

“‘I am pursuing a genius,’ replied Duha, ‘who is carrying Ali, the son of Farha, beyond Mount Kaf.’

“‘If that is your quest,’ said her friend, ‘you need not go farther, for a genius who was carrying a man has just been burned by a fiery arrow, and the man fell into Damascus. Go and inquire after him there, for it is probably this Ali of whom you are in search.’

“Duha immediately went to Damascus in a human form, and passed by a coffee-house, where she heard the people talking of the arrival of the son of Zaher from the Coral Island. She immediately returned to us with the joyful news, and we resolved to follow you here.”

Ali then related to his mother how the wonderful arrival of his father had rescued him from the beating, under which he would certainly have died. After this, they went to the king, who had already informed Zaher of the arrival of his wife, and had invited him to his palace. Zäher burst into tears, when he saw Farha again, and lamented that they had been separated so long; but she reproached

him bitterly for never making any attempt to return to her. The king gave them all a magnificent reception, and sympathised heartily in their happiness. He succeeded in reconciling Farha to her husband, and she consented to remain three days at Damascus, but was unwilling to stay longer, on account of her father's anxiety. But Turaia determined to stay permanently, and contented herself with sending a messenger to King Farkad to inform him of her intention. She lived with Ali in the greatest happiness, until death took her from him.

When Ali related this story to the Caliph Abdelmelik, the son of Merwan, the Caliph asked if Turaia had left him any family; upon which he introduced his two sons to the court. The Caliph gave each of them a costly robe; and to Ali he gave a robe of honour, and an important office, and sent for him to tell him stories whenever he felt dull.

This is all which has been related to us concerning the history of Zaher, of Damascus, and his son Ali. Praise be to the only God, and honour to our Lord, His apostle Mohammed, with his relations and companions, until the Day of Judgment!

JOODAR OF CAIRO, AND MAHMOOD OF TUNIS.

ULTAN ZAHER BYBARS was loved and honoured throughout all Egypt for his justice and other good qualities, and especially for the solicitude which he exhibited for the prosperity of all his subjects, whether rich or poor, noble or insignificant. He appointed a police-inspector to watch over Cairo, who surpassed all his contemporaries in craftiness and ability. He rested neither night nor day, but watched over the peace and safety of the city without intermission; and permitted no good deed to remain unrewarded, nor any crime to escape punishment.

One day, when he was with the Sultan, who was sitting on his throne, and surrounded by the greatest dignitaries of the state, five old men with beards as white as snow entered the divan, and requested an audience.

"Who has wronged you?" asked the police-inspector.

They kissed the ground before him, and one of them replied : "Know, O my master, that we have a strange complaint to make, which compels us to appear in a court of justice for the first time in our lives. We are five brothers, and live together in one house near the Lake of Elephants. We lived formerly in great prosperity, but our property dwindled away little by little, till we became very poor. One evening, when we had just eaten the last scrap, and had come to the sad resolution that we must go and beg on the morrow, a young man rode up to our door, on a mule. He dismounted, gave the mule to his servant to hold, and came to speak to us. He wore a green robe, red silken trousers, and a turban such as they wear in Yemen. After friendly greeting and salutations, we asked if we could be of any service to him.

" 'I am your neighbour,' he answered ; ' I live on the other side of the Lake of Elephants, and wish to be your guest this evening.' "

"We replied that he was very welcome, but that we had nothing to offer him this evening, and would therefore wish him to defer his visit till to-morrow.

"At this he smiled and said : ' By Allah, you must be my guests to-night, and come home with me.' "

"We put our trust in God and went with him, though he was a stranger to us. He stopped in front of a handsome house and knocked gently at the door, which was immediately opened, when he bade us enter in God's name. He led us into a hall which was furnished with the richest divans and carpets, and said: 'Consider this house as your own, and myself as your servant.' We kissed his hands and feet, and answered: 'We are ready to accomplish all your wishes, and you have only to command us.' He then went to a closed door on the right of the hall and called, upon which it opened, and an Indian slave-girl appeared, with black Babylonian eyes, beautifully arched eyebrows, cheeks like roses, lips like coral, and teeth like pearls. As the poet says, 'If an idolater saw her, he would abandon his idols and worship her only, and the monk who saw her in the west would forget to pray towards the east and follow her.'

"This beautiful girl said sweetly to the young man: 'What does my lord desire?'

"And he answered: 'These men are my guests; bring them something to eat.'

"The slave-girl disappeared, and soon came back with fowls, rice, and confectionery, and invited us to eat.

"When we had eaten enough and had thanked God,

the maiden brought us a gold basin and a silver jug, filled with rose-water ; and after we had washed, she brought a bundle containing five robes for us to put on. The young man then invited us to sit on the divans, but they were of such costly material and so richly ornamented, that we said : ‘Such divans are for kings, and are not suitable for poor people like us.’

“But the young man only gave us a friendly look, and said : ‘Sit down, and do not waste so many words.’ He then went to another door and called, upon which a Greek slave-girl, looking as if she had just come from Paradise, entered from an adjoining room. Her beauty was indescribable, but we especially noticed her slender figure, and her proud and yet graceful carriage. When she stood before the youth she said : ‘My lord, we have not enjoyed much of your company to-day ; where have you tarried so long ?’

“‘My guests have taken up much of my time,’ he replied ; ‘bring them something to drink.’

“She then retired, but returned immediately, accompanied by two slave-girls carrying golden cans, silver goblets, crystal glasses, and Chinese cups.

“The Greek filled the goblets with wine, the glasses with all sorts of odoriferous flowers, and the cups with the choicest dried fruits. We were so amazed at all

this luxury that we bit our fingers and thought, 'Are we asleep or awake?' Then the young man went to another door and called, when a maiden appeared resembling a moon; with a shining forehead, delicately tinted cheeks, a glance more piercing than the sharpest sword, and a form as slender as a willow. She was adorned like a bride, and held an Indian lute in her hand.

"'What does my lord desire?' she asked.

"'Sit down and play something to my guests,' he answered.

"Then she began to sing and play so that the whole house shook. After this the youth called four other maidens, each of whom brought a different musical instrument, and we passed the night with wine, music, and singing, such as we had never enjoyed in our lives before. But what was still more extraordinary, when we were about to take our leave, the young man presented us with a golden and a silver dish, filled with the choicest provisions and fruit for our family, and he gave us another invitation for the following evening. We kissed his hands and feet, thanked him for his sumptuous entertainment, and promised to come again. On the following evening we carried the dishes with us under our cloaks, and went back to the rich young man's house. He gave us as friendly a reception as on the first day, and

entertained us again in the same manner. This went on for fifty-eight days, which we shall never forget, for he always entertained us with still more costly provisions, better wines, and the voices of yet more beautiful maidens, whose ornaments were worth more than all the revenues of Egypt. The young man made such a display of wealth before us that at last we became suspicious, and thought no one but a thief or a magician could possess such riches. Therefore, noble Emir, we come to call your attention to this young man's extravagance."

The police-inspector asked them to show him the house, and on the following day he stationed a hundred soldiers round it, while he himself and an officer entered and requested the young man to accompany him to the presence of the Sultan.

"Willingly," replied he; and he locked up his house, put the key in his pocket, and went with the police-inspector.

On the way the latter said: "If you will tell me your history, and how you became possessed of such vast wealth, I will stand your friend with the Sultan."

"I thank you for your friendly intentions," returned the young man, "but I would rather relate the whole history of my life to the Sultan himself."

When they arrived in the Sultan's presence he commenced his story as follows:—

Know, O mighty Sultan, that when my father was sixty-five years of age he was attacked with a dangerous illness, and said to my mother: "O mother of Joodar" (for I was his only child), "know that my death is near (praise to Him who alone lives for ever!), and I quit this transitory world to pass to a better and everlasting home. I thank God who has kept me strong and well until now, and has always enabled me to provide for you and for my son Joodar. Unfortunately I have not been able to save much, but I have saved one hundred and ten golden dinars. Give the hundred dinars to my son, and use the ten for the necessary funeral expenses. Let my son employ the hundred dinars in some business, lest he should become poor, for he who has no money is despised in Egypt. But if Joodar should become poor, let him become a fisherman, for this will bring him good luck. He will find a fishing net in a box in the cupboard." My father died three days afterwards, and we mourned for him and buried him, and my mother fulfilled all his instructions. But as soon as I received the hundred dinars I spent one day at Boolak, and another on the island of Rhoda among the sailors. I did no work, and passed my time in feasting and idleness, notwithstanding the warnings of my mother, until at the end of three months I had nothing left. Then I went to my mother and

complained of my poverty and distress. She replied :
“ How is it that you would always keep bad company,
notwithstanding all my warnings ? ”

“ No one can avoid what is decreed for him,” said
I ; “ what has happened, has happened ; but now
give me some money to buy something to eat.”—

“ I am as poor as yourself,” said my mother ; “ I
have not enough to buy a morsel of bread, or even
a mustard-seed, and I have nothing whatever in the
house, so you must obey your father’s wishes, and
become a fisherman.”

I opened the box which my father had left for me,
and took out the net, saying, “ We proceed from
God, and to Him do we return.”

I took leave of my mother, went to Old Cairo, got
into a boat, and pushed off, trusting in the protection
of God. I cast the net several times, but it always
came up empty, although I tried several places which
were seldom without fish. I was much distressed
on account of my poor mother, and nearly cried
my eyes out of my head. I then folded up my net,
and endeavoured to sell or exchange it among the
fishermen ; but no one would give me anything for
it. But as I could not make up my mind to beg,
I went to the little Lake of Karoon, which is some-
times very shallow. But this time I found it full of
water to the very edge, and it boiled and foamed like

the water in a boiling kettle. I thought I might be more fortunate here than in the Nile, and cast my net again. But when I drew it up it was filled with nothing but stones and rubbish. I cleaned it with much difficulty, and cast it again, but I found nothing in it at all. I then thought that I would try my luck just once more, and if nothing came up this time, I would give up fishing altogether. But when I drew up the net for the third time, I brought up a fish which weighed three pounds. I then folded up the net, took the fish to my mother, and told her that I had met with no success in the Nile, but had found unexpected good luck at the Lake of Karoon.

“So is it, my son,” said she, “that God provides for men in the vicissitudes of life; but a very wise man has said: ‘O man, when your future looms before you, cease vain efforts, for you will attain nothing but what is decreed. Wealth and happiness often fall to the lot of him who does not seek them, while they fly from him who pursues them.’ Thus you see that no one should lose courage, for God never forgets any one.”

My mother then cleaned and cooked the fish, and we ate with much appetite, and thanked God. On the following morning I took my net on my shoulder, and was about to go to Boolak, but my mother said:



“ I brought up a fish which weighed three pounds.”

"You had better go to the Lake of Karoon again, and if you should catch only one fish, it will be enough, till God helps us in some other way, or decrees our death."

I followed my mother's advice, and went to the Lake of Karoon, and cast my net. When I drew it up, it was again full of stones, bones, and broken crockery. I then thought, "What an evil fate pursues me; I think that if I wanted to drink the water of the lake, it would turn to fire; if I rejoiced in the course of the sun, the sun would stand still; and if I wanted to sail down the river, the river would flow back to its source."

I sat down in despair on the banks of the lake, resting my cheek on my hand, when a Moor rode up to me, mounted on a mule. The mule glided along like a sparrow; and although its legs were as thick as the pillars of a temple, it seemed to float in the air like a bird. The Moor was very fashionably dressed, and looked like an Emir. He dismounted, and saluted me, saying :

"Peace be to my lord the pilgrim !"

I answered : "May the peace, blessing, and mercy of God rest on you also !"

He then asked : "Why do you look so sad ? Have you lost a friend ? Or have you received news of the sinking of one of your ships ?"

"Neither, my lord the pilgrim," answered I.

He then asked : "Are you not Joodar, the son of the fisherman Omar, of Cairo?"

I looked at him in astonishment, and answered : "Yes."

He then asked again why I seemed so sorrowful. I lamented over the poverty of myself and my mother, and the ill success that seemed to attend my fishing. When the Moor heard my story, he laughed, and took from his saddle-bag a silken cord, which had been steeped in camel's milk for three days, and appeared to be very strong, and said : "Listen to me, Joodar ; your poverty will soon come to an end. Bind me with this cord, and throw me into the lake, then spread your net over me, and throw in a handful of wheat to attract the fish. If my head comes out of the water first, you will know that I am dead ; then bury me on the banks of the lake, and take my mule to the bazaar, but beware of mounting its back, or you are lost. On entering the bazaar you will notice an elevation on your left, where a Jew is sitting in his shop. He has the largest moustaches of any man in the whole bazaar. Go up to him, and lay your hand on his head, when he will immediately rise up, take the mule from you, and give you a golden dinar, and when you have received it, you may leave him. If on the other hand, I should

come out of the lake alive, you will be richly rewarded."

When the Moor had spoken thus, he turned round, holding his hands behind his back, so that I could see that he was not joking, but really wished me to bind him. I did as he directed, and threw him into the lake at the place he indicated to me.

In a short time the Moor's head emerged from the lake, but his teeth were clenched, and his eyes were dim. I pulled him out of the water, and buried him on the bank. I then rose up, took my net on my back, and the reins of the mule in my hand, and led the animal to the Jew, who gave me a dinar for it. I was much pleased, and went to my mother, showed her the money, and told her how I had obtained it. She listened with astonishment, and pitied the Moor, who had been the cause of his own death.

On the following morning I went again to the Lake of Karoon, and cast the net twice without catching anything. I was just about to cast it for the third time, when another Moor appeared, as richly dressed as the first. His mule had a covering of green silk over the saddle, a golden bit in the mouth, and a chain round the neck, in which the most costly jewels sparkled. I started when I saw him, thinking he would revenge his brother's death upon me; but he only saluted me, and asked :

"Are you Joodar, the son of Omar, the fisherman?"

"God forbid, my lord the pilgrim," answered I. "I am not Joodar, and know nothing about him."

I had scarcely spoken when he dismounted from his mule, and seized me by the throat, so that I thought he would strangle me; his face was red, his eyes shot fire, and his lips were as black as coal.

"If you do not tell me the truth," cried he, "you are a dead man!"

I cried out: "Mercy, my lord the pilgrim: I am Joodar, the son of Omar, the fisherman of Cairo."

"Why then, wretched man," he exclaimed, "did you deny your name and place of abode? By Allah, if you had refused a moment longer to speak the truth, you would have been dead already! But now tell me if there was not a Moor here yesterday, who ordered you to bind him and cast him into the lake?"

"It is true, my lord the pilgrim," I replied, "but I am not guilty of his death, for he would have killed me, if I had refused to do his will."

When the Moor heard this, he laughed, opened his saddlebags, took out a cord which he gave me, and said: "Do with me as you did with my brother, and if I should die, take the mule to the Jew, who will give you another dinar for it."

I thought that the Moors must be crazy, but I was obliged to obey this man's commands. I tied his hands and feet, and threw him into the water; but when his head came up, I saw that he was dead too, so I threw my net over him, drew him to shore, and buried him. Then I took the mule to the Jew, who gave me another dinar, and I returned to my mother.

On the third day I wanted to go to the Nile, but my steps turned very unwillingly back to the Lake of Karoon. I cast my net three times in the water, and drew it up empty every time. I folded it up, and was about to go away, when a third Moor rode up to me on a mule, gave me a friendly salutation, and asked if I was not Joodar the fisherman? When I said Yes, he asked if his two brothers had not both been drowned in the lake? I began to tremble, and turned pale, not knowing what to say; but when he saw my confusion, he said: "You have nothing to fear from me, if you do not try to conceal the truth."

When I had related to the Moor all that had happened, he laughed, and said: "By Him who created day and night, air and water, and who raises the dead, and slays the living, if you had drawn my two brothers out of the water alive, your head should fly from your shoulders!" He

then felt in his saddlebags, took out a red silken cord, and continued: "Bind my hands and feet, and treat me as you did my brothers; but if I should also find my death in the lake, take great care not to bring my mule to the Jew, or you will perish, without any one knowing of your death. You must take it home with you instead, and after nightfall some one will knock at the door, and say: 'Joodar, give me the mule of Mahmood the Moor.' Give him the mule, and he will give you a purse of a thousand dinars for it. Live happily afterwards, and do not reproach yourself for the death of myself and my brothers." I thought to myself, "He is the best of the three brothers, but just as crazy as the others." I then took the cord in my hand, bound the Moor, and threw him into the lake; but behold, he did not put his head out like his brothers, but his hands. He held a red fish in one hand, and a black one in the other; and he cried out: "Joodar, your drum has beaten, and your star of good luck is in the ascendant, for I have been successful." I drew him quickly on shore with the net, and he ran to the mule, and took a box of red coral from his saddlebags, in which he put the red fish, and then a black box in which he put the black fish; but the two fishes were scarcely in the boxes when



The mule flew like a bird to the Mokattam mountains.

one dissolved to a red and the other to a black liquid.

"We are now fast friends," said he, after putting the boxes back in his saddlebags. "Here are a hundred dinars for your mother; take them to her quickly, and then come back here." When I returned to the lake some hours afterwards, the Moor mounted his mule, and told me to mount behind him, and the mule flew like a bird to the Mokattam mountains. When we arrived, the Moor said: "Know, Joodar, that I cannot attain my object without your assistance, so you must not leave me, and I promise you riches and honour." When I promised to remain with him as long as he needed me, he tied up his mule, spread a cloth on the ground, and reached some provisions from his saddlebags. When we had eaten, I asked him to give me some explanations respecting the death of his two brothers, and about the two wonderful fish which he had caught. He then said:

Know, Joodar, that my name is Mahmood; I come from Tunis, where I had a master who taught me the profoundest secrets of magic. When he had attained the age of three hundred years, he presented me with a book, to which a thousand genii are subject, and said to me: "Take great care of this,

book, for kings, priests, and magicians have envied me its possession, because a man can accomplish all his desires with its aid. If you want anything you have only to call out, 'Winged Sanja!' and a genius will appear to you who will bring you whatever you want, even if it were in the seventh ocean beyond Mount Kaf." I was delighted to receive such a valuable present, and showed it to my brothers, the two men who were drowned in the lake. But they envied me, and plotted together to rob me of it. One day when I wished to test the virtues of the book in the presence of my brothers, I cried out: "Winged Sanja!" Immediately a smoke rose from the book towards heaven, which presently condensed itself into a vast human figure, with three wings, one on each side, and one in the middle of the back. This extraordinary being cried out: "Here am I; what does my master desire?"

I answered: "I wish to make a little excursion with my brothers to the Coral Mountain; bring us there quickly."

"Certainly," said he. He then spread out his three wings, took me on the wing on his back, and my two brothers on his side-wings, and after a swift flight through the air, he placed us on the Coral Mountain. When we arrived, I asked Sanja what lay beyond it?

"My lord," answered he, "beyond this mountain lies the Valley of Gazelles, and the island of King Numan, the Amalekite, the shores of which are washed by the waves of the ocean."

"Bring us to this valley," said I, and mounted on his back once more, while my two brothers mounted on his side-wings. Sanja waved his wings, and carried us to the valley, where the soil was as white as the whitest cotton, and diffused an odour of the purest musk. A brook meandered through the valley, the water of which was cooler than snow and sweeter than honey; and lilies, camellias, narcissus, and jasmine were blooming on the banks. We walked along the banks of the stream until we reached a gigantic walnut-tree, so large that a hundred horsemen might have rested in its shade. Sanja then said: "If you climb this tree, you can see the charming island of King Numan." We were glad to have an opportunity of viewing this famous island, and climbed into the tree, till the island lay spread beneath us in its whole length and breadth with all its towers and villages, mountains and valleys, woods and gardens. When we had looked about us on all sides, and were about to descend, we saw a red fish as large as a camel, swim into the brook which emptied itself into the sea not far from us. The fish then

came ashore, and assumed the form of a beautiful maiden. She had Babylonian eyes and arched eyebrows; her forehead shone like the moon; her cheeks were like roses, and her lips like coral, and her hair, darker than night and finer than silk, hung down to the ground. We were so charmed with her appearance that we nearly fell from the tree.

The maiden had scarcely reached the shore, when she called, and lo, a green fish swam up the brook, came ashore near her and threw aside the fish-skin, when another maiden appeared, of such surpassing beauty that we forgot to look at the first.

"Dear sister," said the former, "my heart is so heavy to-day that I would like to amuse myself a little with my companions in this beautiful valley." She then called again, and a yellow fish swam towards them, and became a maiden still more beautiful than the first two; the moon would hide her face before her, and the sun would seem like one of her attendants. Whoever saw her would have taken her for the sister of the pious and handsome Joseph. Thus the maidens continued to call till fourteen were assembled, and each seemed more beautiful than all her predecessors. I was so charmed with them that I called Sanja, and ordered him to carry them away to Tunis.

"I obey," he answered, and vanished ; but he soon returned, pale and trembling like a reed in the tempest, and said : " Know, my master, that neither I nor any of my companions have been able to approach these maidens ; for, as often as we drew near, pillars of fire shot up before us, which threatened to consume us ; and we only escaped with difficulty."

We now sat in the tree, watching the maidens amusing themselves in the valley till they were tired, when they resumed their fish robes and swam back to their own island. When they had thus disappeared from our eyes, I called Sanja and ordered him to carry me to Tunis. But he was so exhausted by his struggle with the genii who guarded the maidens that he begged for a short rest. Upon this my brethren said : " Let us sleep a little while under the tree till Sanja is able to travel." They then lay down under the tree, and pretended to fall asleep. When I saw this I thought that I might sleep a little too, without any danger of losing my book. But as soon as I fell asleep, my brothers stood up, summoned two genii, and commanded them to rob me of the book, which was enclosed in a case of red silk and hung round my neck by a golden chain.

The two genii took the chain from my neck, and carried my brothers to Tunis, but then vanished

with the book, so that my brothers cried out : " Woe to us ! we have gained nothing by our treachery to our brother, and no genius will bring him back to his home again. There is no strength nor power but in Almighty God ! "

This is how it fared with my brothers ; but as for myself I slept for some time, and when I awoke I felt for my book and found it gone. I called Sanja three times, but he did not answer. As I saw nothing of my brothers, I concluded that it was they who had stolen my book, and I cried out : " We are from God, and to Him do we return. What God wills comes to pass, and what our Lord decrees not, that does not take place. " Then I thought : " If they had only stolen my book in Tunis, I should at least have been in my own home, but what can I do now in this foreign country ? " Nevertheless I rose up and went along the brook, trusting in the One God, till I reached a lofty black mountain where the brook had its source.

I walked along the foot of the mountain for three days, but found it everywhere so steep that I could not attempt to ascend it. On the fourth day I discovered a narrow path which led up the mountain, and I resolved to follow it, for I thought : " If no one lived on this mountain, there would be no path here. " I was not mis-

taken, for after climbing for a couple of hours I reached a large building surrounded by an iron wall in which was a gate of brass. I knocked gently, and immediately some one replied : " Welcome ! You will attain your desire and put your enemies to shame." A coal-black slave then opened the door and asked me to enter, but he looked so frightful that I was afraid to follow him. When he saw that I distrusted him, he went back into the building, but soon came out again and said : " My lord, the owner of this castle sends me to tell you that if you are the Moor Mahmood from Tunis you are most welcome ; but if you are some one else who needs his aid, he will be your friend." I replied that I was the Moor Mahmood, and followed the slave into the building. He led me into a richly decorated apartment, where an old man was sitting on a silken divan. His grey beard fell down to his feet ; but notwithstanding his great age, he was still as vigorous as a lion, and his voice was as powerful as thunder. I kissed his hand and saluted him respectfully ; he returned my salutation, and commanded the slave to bring me something to eat. When the slave had set a small table before me covered with the choicest viands, the old man said : " I know that you have eaten nothing for several days, so now help yourself."

While I was eating he continued : "I know your whole history without your telling it me. Your brothers have robbed you of your book, but you are thinking more of the beautiful maidens whom you saw in the Valley of the Gazelles than of the loss of your book. Know, Mahmood, that these maidens have been sought after by sultans and emperors, but hitherto they have refused all suitors, whether men or genii, by the advice of the Dervish Ansarat, who is held in the highest esteem by their father, King Numan. Ansarat is a very famous physician and magician, who is accustomed to spend three days among the genii and three days at the court of King Numan. One day when he returned the king was awaiting him with anxiety, and told him that all his daughters were ill and needed his advice. After Ansarat had seen and prescribed for them, he came back and said cheerfully to King Numan : 'Your daughters will soon be well if they leave the island for a short time to enjoy a little sea air. I will arrange them a pleasant trip to the mainland.' He then left the king and sent for a fisherman, whom he asked to bring him the skins of fifteen large fishes. As soon as the fisherman brought them, he wrote holy names on the inside, which give them the property of swimming about in the sea in any direction desired by

the wearer, like live fish. On the following day he gave one of these skins to each princess in the king's presence, but he gave the fifteenth to his son, Didakam, and ordered him to accompany the maidens to the Valley of the Gazelles. He then said to the king: 'Be of good courage, and have confidence in me; for if any evil should befall your daughters it would also fall upon my son, who is as dear to me as are your daughters to you.' 'Do what you think best,' answered the king. Ansarat then commanded his son to plunge into the sea with the princesses, and to swim to the Valley of the Gazelles, the air of which would soon restore them to health. 'They are safe from both men and genii,' he added, 'for the sacred names which I have written in the skins will protect them against all assailants, the waves of the sea will calm, the hills grow level, and the trees bow before them.' Didakam and the princesses then plunged into the sea, and they swam together like fish to the great walnut-tree in the Valley of the Gazelles. There they landed, and spent the whole day in the valley, and when they returned in the evening the king found them so strong and well that he immediately rewarded Ansarat and his son with robes of honour.

"Since that time, the princesses come every day to amuse themselves in the valley where you and your

brothers saw them. But now dismiss them from your thoughts, and turn your attention to the recovery of your book, which you can only regain with the aid of your master at Tunis, to whom I will send you immediately. When you see him, salute him most respectfully from the Dervish Samuda, the master of the iron castle with the brazen gate. A genius is already waiting here from your master, who brought me a letter informing me of what had befallen you, and who is under orders to carry you back to Tunis. But beware of him, for he is a real demon ; he can make himself as small as a man's arm, and as large as the highest date-tree ; he flies like a bird, and his breath scorches the country over which he flies. If you fall from his back, you will melt like heated lead ; so take good care of yourself."

He then called the genius, and helped me on his back. I took leave of the dervish, and the genius flew with me for some hours between heaven and earth, and set me down in Tunis at the door of my tutor, Abul Ajaib. As I set my feet on the ground, I heard my master say to his servants, "Go and welcome Mahmood in my name, and bring him in."

"King Numan's beautiful daughters nearly cost you your life," said my master, laughing, as I entered, "but your brothers also returned unsuccessful from their excursion, for the genii tricked them as they

wished to trick you. They have carried the book into the Eagle's Cleft, which no one can reach except by passing through seven gates, beyond Mount Mokattam. They have enclosed it in a brazen coffer with the magic sword upon which the Dervish Sintbest has engraved talismans. This dervish was instructed in the magic art by one of the daughters of Satik, the master of all the enchanters ; and with the aid of the magical words which he wrote upon the sword, he overcame the mightiest kings and the most numerous armies, and conquered so many countries and cities that none but God could count them. Genii as well as men dreaded this sword, for when he was angry with any one, he only needed to raise it against him, and a ray of light issued from it, which divided his adversary into two parts, and reduced him to ashes. If many assailed him at once, he had only to touch one with the sword, and all fell lifeless to the ground. But one day his instructress, the daughter of Satik, who had heard much of this magic sword, visited him, and said :

“‘Great king, permit me to see the sword which has wrought so many wonders that it is feared throughout the world.’

“‘I owe everything to you,’ answered Sintbest, ‘and can refuse you nothing,’ and handed her the sword.

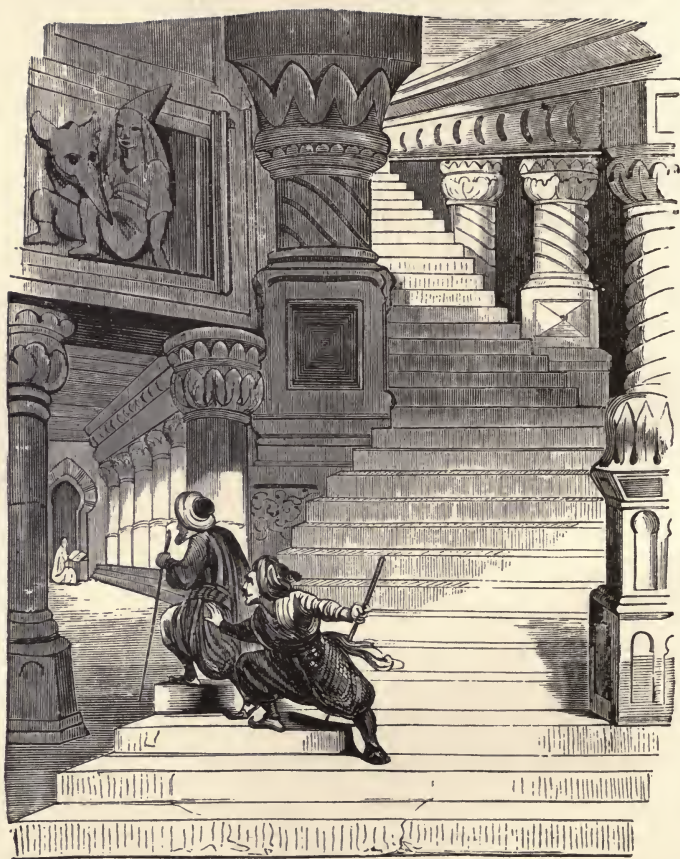
“The daughter of Satik took it in her hand, and examined it on all sides. After some consideration, she said :

“‘Dear king, this sword which has cost you so much trouble and so many sleepless nights to complete, will fall one day into the hands of a man who will attain the pinnacle of honour and glory by its means. He will slay the most powerful kings of the genii with it, and will hew down the primeval tree of Bahram the Magian.’

“When Sintbest heard this, he enclosed his sword in an emerald casket, and ordered a genius to carry it to the Eagle’s Cleft, thinking that no man would ever be able to reach it. But Sintbest was mistaken, for I have read in my books of magic that the Eagle’s Cleft will be opened by you, with the help of a fisherman of Egypt, named Joodar, and that you will become the master of the sword and of the book. You will meet the fisherman Joodar on the banks of a small lake at Cairo, called the Lake of Karoon.”

My tutor then went into an inner room, and returned with a red and black box, and a silken cord. He then said :

“Go to Egypt to the Lake of Karoon, and cause Joodar to bind you and throw you into the lake. There you will see a man with a white beard, and a high turban on his head, holding a black fish in one



“When you reach the thirty-first step, you will see a passage.”

hand, and a red one in the other. He will offer them to you, and you must take them from him, climb on shore, and put the red fish into the red box, and the black fish into the black box. Then let Joodar ride with you to Mount Mokattam, when you will notice a red hill to the east; here kindle a fire, and throw into it about an ounce from the red box, when a light will rise from it towards heaven, and you will perceive a trap-door with two rings, leading into a subterranean passage. Seize the rings and lift up the trap-door, when you will see a stone staircase; descend the stairs with Joodar, and when you reach the thirty-first step you will see a passage before you with a floor of lead, and walls of copper. Go along this passage till you arrive at the door of a hall where sits a maiden more beautiful than you have ever seen in your life. You will find her reading a book, and when you arrive, she will stand up, and put the book in a red bag. She will then call you by your names, and hold out her hand to welcome you. But if you let her seize your hand, the floor will boil beneath you, and you will sink in melted lead that will scald your flesh from your bones. But instead of taking her hand, take about an ounce from the red box, and sprinkle it against the wall, when the maiden will suffer you to pass through the hall which she guards. This will lead you to a marble corridor, at the end

of which you will find another maiden, still more beautiful than the first, sitting before a door. As soon as she sees you, she will rise up and salute you, saying, 'Welcome, Mahmood of Tunis, and Joodar the fisherman of Cairo.' Return her greeting, for she is your friend, and will be true to you until you have won the sword and the book. I need not give you any further directions, for it is absolutely necessary for you to obey this maiden's instructions in everything, without hesitation. But know, Mahmood, that your brothers have been listening at the door, and have overheard all that I have been saying, and have ordered two genii to carry them to Egypt, thinking that if they obey the directions which I have given you, they will be able to obtain possession of the sword and the book instead of you; but when they sink in the water, they will be killed by the genii of the lake; for God alone is all-knowing."

After this, my tutor called the genius who had brought me from the castle to Tunis, and ordered him to carry me to Egypt. The genius immediately spread his wings, and carried me to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Karoon in Egypt, after which he vanished, and brought me a genius in the form of a mule, and mounted me upon it. That is all which I have to relate about my affairs.



Mahmood sprinkled something against the wall.

When Mahmood had finished his wonderful story, I took courage, and did not doubt that the issue of the adventure would be fortunate for us both. After talking a long time about genii and enchanters, we fell asleep, and on the following morning we journeyed to the east until we arrived at a red hill. Mahmood was overjoyed to perceive it, and said :

“Joodar, this is the place to which my tutor directed me.”

He then took a tinderbox from his pocket, struck a light, poured about an ounce of the contents of the red box upon it, and behold, a great pillar of fire shot up, which showed us a trap-door with two rings. Mahmood took the rings, and lifted it easily, and we went down thirty steps, when we came to the passage, and found the first maiden, as Abul Ajaib had described. She saluted us, and held out her hand to us, but Mahmood, instead of taking it, quickly seized hold of the red box, and sprinkled something from it against the wall. Then the maiden fell down, and we passed through an empty hall into a marble corridor, at the end of which sat a maiden on a golden chair, like the moon in her fourteenth night. As soon as she saw us, she said in ravishing tones which might have restored any sick man to health :—

“Welcome, my lord Mahmood from Tunis, and

my lord Joodar from Cairo! Praised be the Lord, who has sent you to deliver me! I have been imprisoned here for twenty years, and I have seen you for several nights in my dreams as you now appear before me, and your coming has also been foretold to me. But if you wish to know who I am, and how I came here, then listen to me before I guide you further. I am the daughter of King Sasan, the Lord of the Mountain of Air, and the Golden Castle, and my name is Hysa. My father was one of the bravest kings of the age, and was always the first in battle, although innumerable armies fought for him. But as I was his only child, I was brought up to the use of arms, and distinguished myself so much by my bravery that our whole army honoured me as much as they honoured my father. My name soon became so famous both for my valour and my beauty, that kings and princes from the most distant countries sought my hand in marriage. But as I had no desire to marry, I was forced to take the field against many disappointed suitors. One day a messenger brought my father a letter, which ran as follows: 'From King Sintbest, the greatest king of his age. Know, King Sasan, that I have heard so much of the valour and beauty of your daughter, that I love her without having seen her, and desire to take her as my wife. I am in hopes that you will not refuse a son-in-law

of my dignity. Ask any dowry you please; only give me a speedy answer, and accept my salutations.'

"When my father had read the letter, he brought the messenger to me, and I said: 'Let me see the letter.' When he gave it me, I tore it up, and drew my sword upon the messenger, and would have struck off his head, if he had not fled in haste. The messenger returned to Sintbest, and informed him of the reception which he had met with. Sintbest immediately summoned the genius Dilhood, and commanded him to bring me to him. I was sitting alone in my room when Dilhood, who was taller than the loftiest date-tree, rushed upon me, and before I knew what had happened, he had placed me on his back, and was flying with me to King Sinthest. When he saw me, the king cried out: 'Wretched girl, what provoked you to tear my letter and to ill-use my servant? Do you not know that the most powerful kings bow before me, and that even the kings of the genii fear me?' But when I took off my veil, and he saw my face, he said in a milder tone: 'Nevertheless I will forgive you if you will return my love, and consent to become my wife.' 'I would rather be torn in pieces,' I replied. When he heard this, he ground his teeth with rage and commanded Dilhood, who was still waiting at the door, to carry me to the Eagle's Cleft. I have

been exiled here for twenty years, and Dillhood brings me my food every day. I had quite given up all hopes of ever regaining my freedom, but ten days ago an old man of very venerable aspect appeared to me in a dream, and said : ‘ Rejoice, Hysa, for the hour of your deliverance approaches. King Sintbest’s power is on the wane, and you will soon be able to return home and ascend the throne of your father, who has long been dead. Have patience for a little until two men arrive here ; the one is Mahmood of Tunis, and the other Joodar of Cairo ; and you must help them till they have obtained possession of the magic sword and the sacred book, and they will then send you back to your home ! ’ Now that you know who I am, follow me, and act as I shall advise you.”

After saying this, she took a golden key from a bag, and opened the hall before which she sat. It was of enormous size, and was entirely surrounded with divans, on which sat kings wearing crowns, set with the most costly diamonds. Each had a golden chain round his neck, to which was suspended an engraved silver tablet.

“ How do so many kings come here ? ” I asked amazed ; “ are they living or dead ? ”

“ You see only corpses here,” answered Hysa ; “ praise to God, who alone is immortal ! These

are kings, and the sons of kings, whose very slaves were kings themselves."

In the middle of the hall was a fountain with four golden lions, on which stood four peacocks constructed of pearls and jewels, and opposite the lions were four brazen statues, each of which held a trumpet to his mouth. Near these statues stood four Greek slaves with tambourines of gazelle-skin; and four French slaves with lutes. They were so skilfully constructed that they seemed to be alive and you would have expected to hear them speak. Round the fountain stood thrones on which kings were sitting, but a higher and handsomer throne was unoccupied.

"This is the throne of King Sintbest," said Hysa; and asked me to sit upon it. As soon as I sat down the lions turned round in a circle three times, stood up, and fawned upon me, and licked my feet; the peacocks opened their mouths, and breathed forth the finest perfumes; the brazen statues bowed down; and the slave girls began to play upon their instruments. I sat still, and listened to them, till Hysa said: "These maidens would not cease playing, if you sat for a thousand years on this throne; they will never grow weary, for they are not alive, and only move by virtue of a magical impulse which King Sintbest has conferred upon them."

When I heard this, I rose up, and went to examine the tablet which hung round the neck of one of the kings. On the tablet was written, "Wanderer who readest this, know that I, the powerful King Alexander, was conquered by the enchanter Sintbest. Take example from me, and from other kings, who have fallen like me from the summit of power to the deepest degradation. Know that I had a hundred wives and two hundred sons. I was lord of twenty capital cities, over which I appointed viceroys. My armies were innumerable; my treasuries were filled with gold, pearls, precious stones, and the most costly fabrics; but at length came death, who destroys every pleasure, dissolves every union, and makes so many sons and daughters orphans; and he desolated our palaces." Underneath were written the following verses:

"O child of earth, be not blinded by the deceitful glitter of the world. How many mighty ones are fallen; how many strong ones have become weak; how many palaces have become desolate; and how many a grave has been filled up! The grave sends sudden grief to the joyous; suddenly fills laughing eyes with tears; and parts friends when their union was of the happiest!"

These verses moved us to tears, and affected me so much that I did not care to read the other tablets;

and Hysa said she would lead us further. She opened a door opposite to that by which we had entered ; and after we had passed through another long passage, we arrived in a hall surrounded with forty little cabinets, before each of which hung a silk curtain, embroidered with gold. In the middle of the hall stood a copper statue, with a pan of coals in its hand, which diffused the odours of amber, musk, and frankincense. When I raised one of the curtains, I beheld a maiden like the shining sun, lying on a bed ; and ninety-nine other maidens were lying around her, who appeared to be sunk in a deep sleep ; but Hysa assured me that they were all dead. Hysa then pushed aside a throne which stood in the middle of the hall, and we saw a gold ring on the floor. She grasped it, and raised a trap-door, which disclosed a great marble staircase leading into a dark passage. Hysa led Mahmood and myself by the hand, and it took us half a day to reach the end of the passage. We now found ourselves again in the open air, and soon reached a beautiful garden, planted with all kinds of fruit trees, the fruit of which shone like the most brilliant jewels ; and birds of every kind were praising their Creator in the branches.

As we were wandering about in the garden, we perceived in the distance a radiance like the sun ;

and when we approached it, behold it was a great castle set with diamonds of the purest water, such as no kings or emperors ever possessed. The castle had neither doors nor windows; but before it lay a mass of rock on which sat a genius with a long beard, clothed in a robe of white silk, and holding a book in his hand. He looked about him on every side, until he saw us, when he threw himself upon the ground, and exclaimed: "Praise to the Lord of worlds, for the hour of my deliverance has arrived!" He then stood up again, gave us a friendly salutation, and said: "I have been awaiting you here impatiently for thirty years; for I have many children, and know not what has become of them. God has at last heard my supplications, for I could not move from this place before you arrived, because you need my assistance to gain your end. Do you see the cat up there?"

We looked, and beheld a white marble pillar rising from a pond, and a black cat stood on the top, fastened by a gold chain. I was surprised, and asked for an explanation.

"The cat," replied the old genius, "has been bound to the pillar for ten years. It can only be released by two words from your mouth, and will then deliver up the magic sword and the sacred book. He is the most renowned and the most dreaded

enchanter among the genii, and his name is Shah Bair. But I am called Black Abdallah, the Kadi of the Muslim genii. In order to release the cat call him by his name, and sprinkle the pond with the liquid from the black box, upon which the cat will immediately stretch out his paw, unfasten the chain, and fly away."

When the Kadi of the genii had thus spoken, he spread his wings and disappeared in an instant. We then went up to the pond which we sprinkled with liquid from the black box ; and I cried out, "Shah Bair, help us to obtain what we desire !"

I had scarcely spoken when the cat stood up, expanded to twice the size of the pillar, broke the chain which was round his neck, and flew up to the roof of the castle. He soon returned in a human form, with six horns, one on each side, two between the eyes, and two on the back. He carried a brazen chest with the book on his head and the sword under his arm, and he laid them both before us, and vanished.

Mahmood was overjoyed when he saw the box which contained his book. But there was a golden clasp upon it, and when he attempted to open it frightful voices were heard, crying : "Seize him ! Hew him to pieces. Dash him to the ground !" At the same moment we were completely surrounded

by small flames, which threatened to consume us. Mahmood tried in vain to open the box; my blood ran cold, and all my limbs trembled.

Hysa laughed at our terror, and said to Mahmood: "Pour some fluid from the black box on the fires, and you shall see wonders."

Mahmood did so, and a black smoke rose up to heaven, and we saw and heard no more. Mahmood kissed Hysa's head and hands, and she said to him: "Now open the box, and draw the sword from the scabbard. You have nothing more to fear, for all the genii whom Sintbest stationed to guard it have fled."

Mahmood then exclaimed, "In the name of God the all-merciful," and the box opened of itself, but when he saw the book again he fainted with joy. We were obliged to sprinkle him with water for a long time before he recovered. After this he opened the other casket, which was of emerald, in which he found a green silk bag, and beside it a seal ring, which shone like a star on a dark night. The bag contained three strips of steel, which Mahmood put together, and formed into a shining sword. It was covered with very fine writing, like the tracks of ants, which read as follows: "I am a noble sword which only the good can wield; I protect my possessor, and destroy his enemies." On the seal ring was inscribed: "This

ring is for Zaher Bybars, the Sultan of Egypt." When I had read this inscription, I asked Mahmood to give me the ring, but he answered: "This ring, which will make Sultan Zaher the mightiest warrior of his age, and will lead him to the most brilliant victories over the infidels, cannot come into his possession until we find the maidens whom I saw in the Valley of the Gazelles. This we can accomplish with the aid of the sword"; and he then handed the sword to me. He then read a little in his book, and exclaimed, "Sanja, winged Sanja!" A smoke rose from the book up to heaven, then rolled itself together and assumed the form of a genius, as tall as the tallest date-tree. He had three wings, one on each side and one on the back, and when he spread them they resembled the sails of a great ship. He kissed Mahmood's hands and feet, and asked what he wanted. Hysa then came forward, and said: "You know that I have already been waiting here twenty years for you, and you have no further need of me now. I therefore beseech you to send me back to my home and my family, from whom I was carried away by force."

"Sanja," exclaimed Mahmood, "take Hysa on your back and carry her to the Golden Castle on the Mountain of Air."

Hysa took leave of us, and Sanja flew away with her. When they had gone we returned by the same way that had led us into the garden till we stood again on the red hill on Mount Mokattam. Mahmood then called his mule, and ordered him to inform his tutor, Abul Ajaib, of the success of his undertaking ; but he said to me : " Before all things let us go first- to your mother, that she may no longer mourn for you as for one dead. My book will then tell us what still remains to be done."

" Do you know, Mahmood," said I, as we were walking along, " I am sorry that we sent Hysa back to her home, for, since she left us, I feel that I love her."

" Let us seek first for the daughters of King Numan," answered Mahmood, " and when we have found them you shall marry Hysa, or any one else you wish."

When we approached my mother's house, we could hear her mourning and weeping ; for she supposed that I was dead, because I had left home without taking leave of her, for I did not know myself that I should be kept away for several days. When she saw me return safe she fainted, and it was some hours before she came to herself. In the evening Mahmood prepared her for a long absence from me, but pledged himself solemnly that I should return home safe and sound.

On the following morning, when we were alone and had finished our prayers, Mahmood read for a while in his book, and then said: "Let us not sit any longer on hot coals; who knows whether we may not afterwards repent our delay; but now I promise you an easy and fortunate task, if you will obey my instructions. Go straight to Boolak, where you will find a ship, which will sail to Alexandria in four days; go immediately to the bazaar which is by the sea, and there you will see a Persian reclining in a shop, with a white woollen turban on his head. Four white slaves stand at his right hand, four black ones at his left, and at his head stands a beardless boy with a green silken cloth in his hand. The Persian will salute you if you stop in front of his shop, and ask you how he can serve you; ask him only to stretch out his right hand. If he does so, pretend to kiss it, but bite his thumb till he calls out, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet! Everything takes its appointed course!' He will then close his shop and go to the shore with you, the slaves, and the boy, and will embark in a handsome boat. The eight slaves will row, the boy will steer, and you and the Persian will sit in the boat. Thus you will sail on the sea for twenty days, until you reach a green island. But know, Joodar, that if any of the thousand genii

who are in my service could bring me news of the daughters of Numan, I would not trouble you ; but if any one but you were to touch the magic sword, he would be reduced to ashes. You alone, with this magic sword, can slay the tyrant Hindmar, the lord of the Raven's Pool and the Castle of Pillars. With this, too, you can hew down the iron tree of Bahram the Magian, which brings so much evil upon the Muslims. Neither you nor I can obtain the objects of our desires until this is all accomplished."

He then called Sanja, and asked him if he had taken Hysa home? "Yes, my lord," answered Sanja ; "she is now queen in her own country, for her father died during her absence, and the detested Vizier, Dimdiman, who had usurped the throne, was forced to abdicate the very night that Hysa returned. She wished me to tell you this, and to salute you many times from her. I was also to tell you that she would never forget you, and would always love you."

These words kindled my hopes. I took leave of my mother and Mahmood, and found a ship ready to sail for Alexandria. There I found the Persian whom Mahmood had described to me. I bit his finger, and he brought me in twenty days to a green island. As soon as we neared the land he

said : "Go on shore ; go straight across the island, and on the opposite shore you will find a handsomer vessel than mine, with a Moor at the helm. He will salute you by your name and the name of your father, take you on board, and sail with you on the sea for ten days ; and on the eleventh day he will land you on a snow-white island, and tell you what more you have to do ; obey his directions exactly, for he is your friend."

I then took leave of the Persian, crossed the green island, and about noon I arrived on the opposite shore, where I found the Moor, and again set sail. On the eleventh day he set me on a white island where no green leaf grew, and said to me :

"I have now fulfilled my part. You must go straight on through seven valleys, when you will arrive at a red hill, on which a palace stands. Go up and knock at the door, and when they ask who knocks, reply, 'The fisherman Joodar from Cairo.' The door will be opened, and you will pass through a courtyard into a room, where you will find an ivory throne with golden legs, on which a beardless youth is sitting. He is the dervish Shanuda, and he will tell you what more you have to do."

He then took leave of me and returned, but I went on to the palace, where I found a dervish with seven veils over his face, sitting on a throne. When

I approached he did not salute me, but stood up, turned himself round seven times, drawing away a veil each time, till at length I saw a very handsome youthful visage. He then sat down again, gave me a friendly salutation, and said :

“Know, Joodar, I have been long waiting your arrival with impatience. Praised be the Lord, who protected you and Mahmood in the Eagle’s Cleft, where so many men have already lost their lives ! But you owe your preservation solely to the pious tutor Abul Ajaib, who had also the well-being of the Muslims in view ; for you are destined to slay the tyrant Hindmar, and to hew down the tree of Bahram the Magian. Know also, Joodar, that just as Sanja is the ruler of a thousand genii who are subject to the possessor of the sacred book, so is Misram the ruler of the five hundred genii who obey the man who carries the magic sword at his side. When you entered I saw the five hundred genii behind you, who saluted me one after another. But Misram was absent, and when I inquired after him I heard that he was with Queen Daruma in the Smoking Castle in the Valley of Camellias. As you cannot accomplish your undertaking without Misram, you must go to Queen Daruma, salute her from me, and bring her a small written tablet which I will give you early to-morrow morning. The queen will

be useful to you, but beware of the three hundred maidens who are with her in the castle or you are lost, for they are very skilful in the magic art and have already destroyed many kings and princes."

When he had finished speaking he called for supper, of which he and several other dervishes partook. I then went to bed to dream of Hysa, and recited the following verse in my sleep :

"I am not old yet, but my black hair has turned white by reason of many tears."

When I awoke in the morning, Shanuda asked me why I had recited this verse. I was ashamed and hung down my head for a while, but when he repeated his question I answered :

"In the night I dreamed of Hysa, my beloved one, who asked me why my hair had turned grey so suddenly. I thought she was only joking, for I had never noticed a grey hair on my head, but she held up a mirror before me, and I saw that all my hair had turned white, except a few hairs in my beard, which remained black. I was astonished at the change, and recited the verse which you seem to have overheard."

Shanuda fetched a book and read a little, and then said :

"Be joyful, Joodar, for the dream indicates the certain fulfilment of your wishes. If the whole of

your hair had turned white you would be already at the goal; but the few remaining black hairs indicate some troubles and hindrances still lying before you, but which you will certainly surmount with God's help."

He then fetched some provisions, and said :

"Advance further in this valley till you come to a black mountain, up which an easy path leads. Follow this path, which will bring you to the castle of Queen Daruma."

It took me ten days to climb the black mountain, and on the eleventh day I arrived in a fertile valley, where a great castle arose to the clouds. On the castle stood a copper statue, which blew a trumpet when I approached. Immediately the door of the castle opened, and more than a hundred maidens issued forth, clad in the finest silken robes, with golden girdles round their waists, and diamond crowns on their heads. They bowed down before me as if I were a vizier or a sultan, and led me into the castle to Queen Daruma, the daughter of King Kashuk. She sat on a golden throne with ivory legs, and decorated with many jewels, and the crown on her head shone so brilliantly that I could not raise my eyes to it. She was as fair as the full moon, but her air was imposing and awe-inspiring. On her right sat a hundred and fifty

slave-girls, and the same number on her left. As I entered the hall Daruma rose from her throne, offered me her hand, saluted me by my name, and made me sit with her on her throne. I saluted her from the dervish Shanuda, and handed her the tablet which he had given me. She received it with much pleasure and locked it up in a casket.

Daruma then caused food to be set before me, and drank with me herself. After this she ordered some of her maidens to sing and play, and then said :

“As you are in love you must have composed some verses, and I should much like to hear them.”

After I had recited a few lines, in which I expressed my passion for Hysa, she observed :

“You are sure to win Hysa, but you must first think of poor Mahmood, who is nearly mad with love for the daughters of King Numan. But first of all you must slay the tyrant Hindmar, who would certainly endanger my own safety if he lived a year longer. Know, Joodar, that my father, who was a powerful king of the genii, had an old sage named Kandarin living with him. One day, when he returned from travelling in a country inhabited by men, my father asked him if he had seen anything particularly beautiful on his journey. He answered : ‘When I came to the city of Dalass I found all the inhabitants in commotion, and the city itself

was decorated. I assumed a human form, and asked an old man if there was not some great festival going forward. He replied, "Know that the king of this city, whose name is Shamkoor, has a daughter so beautiful that human eyes have never looked upon her equal. A short time ago the princess was so ill that she was mourned for as if she was already dead, but she is now well, and as she is going to ride out to-day for the first time, her father wished it to be a public-festival." When I heard this, I resolved not to leave Dalass until I had seen the beautiful princess. I had not long to wait before Shamkoor and his daughter approached on horse-back, accompanied by many officers, and preceded by musicians and torchbearers. I joined the procession in order to observe the princess longer and more closely, and found her in truth so perfectly lovely that I could not attempt to describe her to you. She is the most beautiful object that I have seen in the countries inhabited by men.'

"My father admired the daughters of men more than the daughters of the genii, and when he heard the story of the wise Kandarín he said : 'I will travel to Dalass myself in the form of a human king, and ask king Shamkoor for his daughter. If he consents it will be for his advantage, but if he refuses me I will seize her by force.'

“He immediately summoned a detachment of genii, and commanded them to attend him next day in human form, mounted on swift coursers, and lightly armed. On the following day, twenty thousand of them assembled, as he had ordered, and my father himself mounted a horse which was rather larger than those of his attendants, and flew as swiftly as a raven. He and Kandarín rode to Dalass at the head of the troops.

“King Shamkóor was alarmed at the sudden arrival of so large an army before his city, and sent his vizier to my father to inquire the reason of his coming. My father bade the vizier inform his master that King Kashuk had arrived as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, and if he consented he would be his friend, and would offer any dowry which he chose to demand. When the vizier returned with this answer to King Shamkóor, the king went to his daughter, and asked her if she would be willing to marry the powerful King Kashuk.

“The princess answered : ‘Let him come to the race-course, so that I can see him from the castle ; and if he pleases me I will marry him, but if not, I would rather let him hew me in pieces than consent to become his wife !’

“King Shamkóor himself rode to meet my father, and gave him his daughter’s answer. My father

accepted the conditions, and on the next day he rode to the race-course at the head of his troops, and showed himself so accomplished a horseman that the princess soon declared to her father that she would willingly become his wife.

“Shamkoor immediately summoned my father, and said, ‘Take my daughter, for you have won her heart!’

“He immediately provided an outfit for his daughter, and when it was completed my father and his bride rode away together on horseback, while the trousseau of the princess followed on three hundred camels.

“I was the offspring of this marriage, and I was renowned for my beauty, even as a child, in whom the gentleness and modesty of woman was strangely blended with the strength and majesty of the genii; but when I reached the age of fifteen, my beauty became so famous that the tyrant Hindmar heard of me, and demanded my hand in marriage. My father immediately sent for Kandarín, and asked him if he could refuse Hindmar without bringing destruction upon himself.

“Kandarín replied: ‘Tell him that your daughter is still too young and delicate to marry, and if he will wait two years, she shall then become his wife. If he consents to this delay, you have no cause for

further alarm, for I have read in a book that in a year's time a fisherman from Cairo, named Joodar, the son of Omar, will arrive here, and will kill Hindmar with a magic sword.'

"My father followed this advice, and the messengers whom he sent to Hindmar with this evasive answer, returned with a letter from him to the effect that he was quite willing to wait two years.

"Kandarin said: 'In case Hindmar should change his mind, I should advise you to secure the safety of your daughter by sending her to my castle in the Valley of Camellias. I have prepared a copper statue with a trumpet in its hand, which will sound the trumpet as soon as Joodar climbs the hill upon which the castle stands. Joodar will come here in search of the genius Misram, and in order to invoke him, he must open a little door in the body of the copper statue. Here he will find many loose leaves, on which the letter "Alif" is written; let him search through them till he finds one which has nothing written upon it. If he throws this into the fire, Misram will immediately appear, and assist him to slay Hindmar.'

"My father immediately consigned me to the care of Kandarin, with three hundred maidens, and I have been living here for three months waiting for the trumpet to sound, but the statue gave no sign until your arrival. This is the reason, Joodar, that I am

so pleased at your arrival, and sent some of my maidens to meet you. This is all I have to tell you ; and God alone is omniscient."

When Daruma had finished speaking, she took my hand and led me to the roof of the castle, where the copper statue stood. I took the little box, and found it to contain many loose leaves of gazelle skin, on which an Alif was written. One only was quite white, and I threw it on a pan of coals which Daruma handed to me. Then a smoke rose up to heaven from the mouth of the statue, which presently condensed into the form of a tremendous genius, with a head like a large copper, eyes cleft longitudinally, and nostrils emitting torrents of fire.

When he stood before me, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder : " Here am I, my master ; help is at hand ; the appointed time has come ; and I obey the possessor of the magic sword, to whom I am subject."

" Behold the power of your sword ! " exclaimed Daruma ; " this fearful genius trembles in your presence like a reed in the hurricane."

Misram then turned to Daruma, and asked her to explain to me the meaning of the other leaves in the box.

Then she said : " Know, Joodar, that Misram has two sons, one named Mahik, and the other Lahik, whom he loves so tenderly that he would not live

long if he could not visit them occasionally. When Sintbest made him subject to this sword, he asked as a favour to be allowed to spend three days every month with his sons. Sintbest granted his request, prepared these leaves of gazelle-skin, and gave him one every month as a passport for his journey; but as you are now the possessor of the magic sword, it has become your business to give him leave of absence for three days every month, by giving him one of these leaves, without which he cannot quit you for an instant."

She then said to Misram: "I have no doubt that you will not find Joodar a harder master than Sintbest; and on the other hand, as Joodar is an ordinary man who has never had any dealings with genii before, you should assume a more friendly aspect towards him, that he may feel at ease in your presence."

Misram vanished for an instant, and reappeared in the form of a handsome beardless youth, with mild black eyes, rosy cheeks, white forehead, coral lips, and a neck as white as crystal.

"Now then, Joodar," said he, as I was looking at him with astonishment, "we must start at once, if we wish to encounter Hindmar at the time appointed."

I took leave of Daruma, and followed Misram for two days, without feeling the slightest fatigue; and

at length we reached a large tent, and heard a lamentable voice crying out within : " O merciful God, who brought Job to the end of his sufferings ; have pity also on mine ! "

I opened the tent hastily, and found a naked man lying on the ground. He was covered with bleeding wounds, and his hands and feet were chained together with heavy iron chains. I cried out : " Peace be with you," and he answered :

" May God's peace, blessing, and mercy rest on you also. But who are you ? "

" I am a human being."

" And who brought you here ? "

" The Almighty, to whom nothing is difficult. But tell me how you fell into your present painful condition."

" I am tortured by two black slaves, who have been ill-using me thus for the last ten days."

" For what reason ? "

" Because I will not renounce my religion and adopt theirs."

" When do they usually visit you ? "

" Unfortunately I expect them this very hour. Escape speedily if you would not share my fate, for the two slaves carry scourges heavy enough to kill an elephant."

" Fear nothing more, for I certainly came here

under Divine guidance to free you from your sufferings. What is your name?"

"My name is Hatim, and I come from the town of Baser. I was travelling with my bride, who was taken from me by violence, and I know no more than this."

"Do not be uneasy, trust in God, and have patience, for patience is the key of deliverance."

After this conversation I left the tent and hid myself behind a tree near, and waited for the return of the slaves. When they entered the tent I went up to the door, ready to assist Hatim at any moment, took my sword from the case, and put it together. Presently I heard one of the slaves say :

"Have pity on yourself and renounce your religion, and adopt that of our king, and exhort your bride likewise to obey the king, and you will then experience nothing but good treatment at our hands ; but if you still refuse, both you and your wife will be tortured until our great festival, when you will both be offered up in sacrifice to our crystal idol."

But Hatim replied : "There is only one true religion, that of Mohammed the son of Abdallah ; your king may treat me as he pleases, but I will maintain till the last gasp that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is His Prophet."

When the slaves heard this they placed themselves

one on his right and the other on his left, and raised their arms till their armpits became visible, but at the same moment, when they were about to strike Hatim, I rushed into the tent and cried out:

“Woe to you, you accursed idolaters! Let this man alone, or I will avenge him.”

The slaves turned round, and when they saw me they laughed and cried out :

“Who are you?”

They then raised their scourges against me, but I sprang forward with my sword, and I had scarcely touched them with it when their heads flew from their bodies. I then unbound Hatim, who was overjoyed at his unexpected deliverance, and gave him something to eat. When he had recovered a little I asked him how he came to this place.

“My story is wonderful,” he replied, “and if it was written with a needle in the pupil of the eye, it would serve as a warning to every one. Know that some years ago a young king reigned in my native city of Baser, who was called Kink the Persian, and who was the wildest young man in the world. I saw and heard so much of his irregularities that I began to be alarmed for the safety of my cousin, to whom I had long been betrothed, and to whom I was greatly attached. We left the town of Baser by



“I sprang forward with my sword.”



night, thinking only to escape the tyranny of our king, but without knowing where to travel to, or what road to follow. We journeyed on beaten roads for ten days, and then arrived in a great desert, where we saw a lofty marble pillar on which hung a steel tablet bearing the following inscription: 'Wanderer, when you reach this place do not turn to the right or you will be destroyed, nor to the left or you will meet your death, but keep straight on through the valley, and you will be secure.' I said to my bride: 'See what good people do for travellers!' We then entered the valley which was pointed out to us, and soon arrived at a plain, through which ran a clear brook bordered with beautiful fruit trees, in the branches of which birds sang praises to their Creator.

"'We are out of our difficulties,' said I, 'and we will rest here.' I dismounted from my camel, and helped my bride to descend from her litter. The camels grazed in the green meadow, while we gathered some fruit and drank water from the brook. We were delighted with this place, after having wandered through a barren district where for ten days we could procure very little food. As soon as we had satisfied our hunger and thirst we lay down on our carpet and fell asleep. Praise to Him who never sleeps! But when we awoke we found our-

selves in the presence of a king who resembled one of the old Amalekites, for he was more than thirty feet high. Many officers stood round him, but he himself sat on a throne, to which four lions were bound with silver chains.

“‘Do you know me?’ he asked, when we opened our eyes.

“‘No, my Lord, we do not know you,’ we replied.

“‘Know,’ replied he, ‘that I am King Mudfil, and have already subjected many kings to my crystal idol. He who worships him may demand of me whatever he desires; but whoever refuses to worship him is destroyed. I now command you also to worship my idol, and if you will do so I will give you an honourable appointment, and will receive the damsel into my castle, but if you refuse you will pay dearly for your disobedience.’

“‘I will never obey your bidding,’ I exclaimed indignantly. ‘How shall I bow before an idol that can neither do good nor harm? I will only worship Him who has created me, and has given me ears to hear with, eyes to see with, and feet to walk with. There is but one God, who has created the day and the night, the sun and the moon; from whom nothing is hidden, either on earth or in heaven. I therefore advise you to give up worshipping your idol, and to worship the only true God. You will then escape



He sat on a throne to which four lions were bound.

from hell, and at length come into Paradise, among hooris and beautiful youths.'

"When Mudfil heard this, he sprang up in a rage and cried out: 'How dare you insult a king like I am?'

"He then called one of his servants and ordered him to slaughter one of the four lions and bring it to him. The slave slaughtered the lion, skinned it, roasted it, and presented it to the king, who devoured it in an instant. Then he commanded this tent to be erected in which we now are, and ordered the two slaves whom you have slain to torture me until I should renounce my religion; but what has become of my bride I do not know. That is all I have to tell you."

"Doubt not," answered I, "that He who sent me to you is also powerful enough to save your bride."

I then called Misram and ordered him to guide me to Mudfil, and to release the bride of Hatim.

"Follow me," said Misram. "Mudfil is now in the Castle of Leopards, three days' journey from here."

Hatim and I then rose up and followed Misram, who led us across mountains and valleys without stopping for three days, and yet we did not feel at all weary. On the third day, Misram said: "Sit down here till I come back."

We rested under a tree for some hours, when we

suddenly perceived a cloud of dust in the distance. Presently five hundred cavaliers appeared, mounted on Arabian steeds. They bore Indian spears in their hands and were armed with Davidian coats of mail. When they neared us a horseman of gigantic size, and entirely encased in iron, rode forward from their midst.

Hatim cried out: "Woe to us, for this is certainly Mudfil, and if he sees me he will assuredly slay us both."

I took the strips of steel hurriedly from the case, and fitted them together; but the horseman cried out to me in a voice of thunder: "Sheath your sword, my lord Joodar, for I am Misram, and come with my army to fight against Mudfil to release Turaia, the bride of Hatim. We are close to his castle, and you had better wait here till I summon you." He then returned to his troops, sounded the trumpets, and unfurled the flags, and marched against the castle.

When Mudfil heard the clang of arms before his castle, he sent his vizier to Misram to ask who he was and what he wanted. Misram answered: "Go and tell your master that Misram, the son of Akoos, requires him to surrender Turaia, and if he does not instantly obey, Misram will strike off his head and break his crystal idol into a thousand pieces."

When Mudfil received this answer from the vizier, he foamed with rage, and cursed and threatened. Then he called all his people together, informed them of what he had heard from the vizier, and called upon them to march with him against the insolent Misram.

But as soon as Mudfil and his troops left the castle and formed their ranks in preparation for a general attack, Misram cried out: "Who will accept my challenge, and who will dare to match his strength with mine? I speak not to those who know me, but to those who know me not. I declare that I am Misram, the son of Akoos, who fears neither white nor black, nor men nor genii."

Upon this challenge, a horseman rode forth from the army of Mudfil. He was as tall as the tallest date-tree, and carried a great iron club on his shoulder. He stopped opposite to Misram, and said to him: "How dare you defy a king, when your following is so small?" He then rushed upon Misram and smote him with his club, but it had no more effect upon him than the fall of a feather. All the spectators supposed that Misram was overthrown, but a single flash of fire from his mouth sufficed to stretch his adversary lifeless on the ground.

When Mudfil saw this he turned to his followers and said: "Who will avenge the fallen warrior?"

Immediately a second horseman came forward and rushed upon Misram. But he had scarcely put his horse to a gallop, when Misram overthrew him like his predecessor. Eighteen horsemen advanced one after another, who were all consumed to ashes by Misram. Mudfil struck himself in the face with rage so violently that he almost knocked his eyes out of his head, and then turned to a black slave, who had just arrived with a reinforcement of a thousand horsemen, and commanded him to attack Misram, to avenge the death of his brethren and to uphold the honour of the idol.

Jamus, the black warrior, answered : "It is quite time that I ceased to stand here as a mere spectator. I will satisfy your thirst for vengeance, and deliver Misram over alive into your hands that you may offer him as a sacrifice to your idol." Upon this he rushed upon Misram, lifting a club which would have crushed an elephant. Misram did not stir from his place, and only breathed on Jamus' right arm, which fell to the ground. Jamus drew his sword with his left hand and attacked Misram again, but he only breathed on his left arm, and this also fell to the ground. Upon this Jamus fled, and Mudfil's troops who had been looking on cried out together : "We cannot contend any longer against a hero like Misram."

Then Mudfil said : " If no one else dare contend with Misram I will attempt it myself, but I must first consult the idol." But while he was on his knees before the idol praying for help, Misram ordered him to be seized by two genii and carried under the tree where Hatim and I were sitting.

"What help have you received from your idol?" asked Misram, laughing.

"I think he is angry with me," answered Mudfil.

Misram then said to Hatim : " Here is your enemy, deal with him as you think best."

Hatim then turned to Mudfil saying : " Tell me the truth, and all shall be forgiven you ; but if you tell me a lie, it shall cost you your life. What has become of my bride Turaia ? "

"She is safe in my castle and kindly treated, but she sighs for you continually, and weeps without ceasing."

"Bring her here," said Hatim, "and prove the truth of your words."

Mudfil rose up and was about to return to his castle, but Misram said : " You shall not stir from the spot until you acknowledge that your idol is a senseless object which can do neither good nor evil, and that there is but one true God."

When Mudfil heard this he exclaimed : " O my crystal god, now is thy time to display thy power !

Remember that I have worshipped thee for fifty years, and have devoted much time every year to thy honour. I have sacrificed kings and princes to thee, therefore save me now in my hour of danger!"

But Misram had already sent a genius to fetch the idol, and before Mudfil had finished his prayer the idol was set before him with its head on the ground and its feet in the air. Misram dashed it to pieces, and said to Mudfil: "What help will you get from your idol now?"

"I see plainly," answered Mudfil, "that he can neither help himself nor me, and I must therefore ask you to teach me a better religion."

"Know then," returned Misram, "that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet."

After Mudfil had repeated the profession of the faith, to our great joy, we went with him to the castle. He then assembled all his followers, and related what had passed between himself and Misram, upon which they all acknowledged themselves Muslims. He then sent for Turaia, who fainted with joy when she saw Hatim again. We remained at Mudfil's castle for three days, and instructed him in prayer, ablutions, and fasting, and gave him a description of hell and paradise, and taught him the other articles of the faith of Islam. He treated us with kingly hospitality, and would have made us very costly presents, but I

thanked him and said: "Do for Hatim what you propose to do for me."

Mudfil then asked Hatim whether he would prefer to go to some other country or to remain with him.

"Give me the tent," said Hatim, "which is pitched in the beautiful valley, and where I suffered so much, and give me a few necessities, and I shall live happily there with Turaia."

"You shall have all this," answered Mudfil, "and I will make you an annual allowance that shall not only suffice for all your needs, but enable you to entertain all the travellers who come into this neighbourhood. I owe this reparation to the one God whom you have taught me to know, for the many outrages I have inflicted on the travellers whom the tablet on the marble pillar betrayed into my hands."

King Mudfil himself accompanied Hatim and Turaia to their tent, and stationed a detachment of troops in the neighbourhood for their protection. But Misram and I took leave of them, and travelled on for another ten days through waste and desert places, where there was neither a green leaf nor a living creature to be seen. On the eleventh day we reached a fertile valley, and Misram asked me for three days' leave of absence. I gave him one of the

parchment leaves and he flew away. But when I wished to satisfy my hunger with the fruit that grew in the valley, I found it so bitter that I could not eat it, and was obliged to fall back on my stock of provisions, which was so slender that it was already quite exhausted on the second day. On the third day I was so hungry that I rose up to go in search either of provisions or of some inhabited place. At the end of the valley I perceived a large stone building with a handsome gate of walnut-wood, standing on a hill. I went up to it and read the following inscription on the gate:—"Traveller, whom fate has led to this spot, if you are hungry, we will feed you; if you are naked, we will clothe you; if you have lost your way, we will guide you on your road; and if you visit us, we will regard you as the master and ourselves as your guests."

When I had read this verse, I thought: "What could be more desirable at this moment than such a hospitable abode? I will enter, and appease my hunger, until Misram returns."

I had scarcely knocked, when a voice from within cried out: "Who is there?"

I answered: "I am a poor hungry traveller."

"You are welcome here," responded the voice; and the door was opened immediately.

A black slave met me, led me into a cheerful

room, and made me sit down on a handsome divan. He then left me for an instant, and returned carrying a golden dish, filled with meat and vegetables, swimming in fat, which he set before me with a trembling hand, and then withdrew.

As I was nearly dying of hunger, I stretched out my hand, saying: "In the name of the All-merciful God!"

But as I was about to put a morsel to my mouth, I heard a voice exclaim, "Do not eat!"

I laid down the piece, and looked round me on all sides, but saw no one.

I put my hand into the dish again, and took up a small piece of meat; but when it approached my lips, I heard the same voice say again: "Do not eat!"

I looked again to the right and left, but saw no one.

But when I was about to eat for the third time, and again received the same warning, without seeing anybody, I said: "Whoever you are, who speak to me, without showing yourself, tell me why I should not eat, for I am ready to perish with hunger."

The voice answered: "Look to your right hand," and when I turned round, I beheld Misram, who said: "My lord Joodar, if you had eaten a single

morsel of this meat, you would have melted like hot lead, your sword would have been taken from you, and I should have been forced to work for ruthless masters for the rest of my life, and Mahmood would have died of despair. Praise be to God, who sent me to you at the right moment! Know, Joodar, that this building belongs to an old enchantress, who worships the Fire; and the inscription on the door is intended to decoy travellers, all of whom she sends to her cousin Hindmar, who roasts and eats them as if they were fowls. I will tell you more when you have slain the black slave, who is now sitting on the terrace of the castle. Go up, and when he hears you, he will spring forward with a loud cry, then touch him with your sword, and he will fall down in a heap of ashes. If the enchantress should return to-morrow in search of booty, treat her in the same manner, and we will then go together to attack Hindmar, the scourge of the Muslims."

I slew the black slave, and then returned to Misram, who said: "Let us hide ourselves in this cabinet, lest the sorceress should fly from us when she sees us, and work more evil in the world."

I followed Misram into a cabinet, close to the door of the room, and we remained there till the following day. Then we suddenly heard a great

noise in the building as if it thundered, and lo, the enchantress entered the room, and sat down on a divan at the upper end. She had the head of a buffalo, but very small eyes and ears; a neck as yellow as falling leaves, a mouth like a trumpet, a body like an ass, teeth like an elephant, and a tongue hanging down on her breast.

"That is old Jakka," said Misram; "Hindmar's remorseless cousin."

When I heard this, I drew my sword, sprang from the cabinet, and clove her in twain. A thick smoke rose up to heaven, which then collected together, and fell down in a heap of ashes.

Misram screamed for joy like a woman, when he saw the old monster reduced to a heap of ashes, and said: "All will succeed with us, Joodar, for Hindmar himself will soon share the fate of his cousin, and we shall then be near the attainment of our object."

Misram then collected together all the silver, gold and jewels, which lay in great heaps in the palace, loaded ten genii with the booty, and said: "Go to Egypt to the Eagle's Cleft, where you will find the Moor Mahmood, who is expecting you. Kiss his hands and feet, deliver him these treasures, and tell him that all has gone well with us, and we hope soon to return to him."

The genii returned in a few hours, with greetings from Mahmood, and informed us that he had already read in his book of the destruction of the monster, and he now prayed continually that we should also succeed in our undertakings against Hindmar.

“I have still less doubt of our success than I had before,” said Misram, “for on my last journey I have succeeded in winning the alliance of Shilshanum, the son of Jaljamook, the trusted dervish of Hindmar. No one knows whether Jaljamook is a Jew, a Christian, or a Muslim, but he is a most skilful physician, and is therefore in great favour with Hindmar. Hindmar was once so ill that his best physicians considered him incurable, and did not think it worth while to continue to prescribe for him. When Jaljamook heard this, he asked leave to see the king, and as soon as he felt his pulse, he said :

“‘My lord, you have an internal complaint, for which there is but one cure ; you must eat the flesh of men, and drink their blood.’

“As soon as Jaljamook said this, Hindmar ordered one of his subject genii to fetch him a man. The genius flew like lightning to a country inhabited by men, carried away a fat man, and brought him to Hindmar.

“Jaljamook examined him and said: ‘That is right’

hang him up by the feet with his head hanging down, for three days, and on the fourth day, cut off his head, catch the blood in a golden dish, and drink it quite warm, and you will soon fall asleep. Meanwhile let them roast the flesh of the victim for you to eat when you awake, and you will soon be as well as ever.'

"As Hindmar speedily recovered his health in this manner, he loaded Jaljamook with royal favours, and proclaimed through his whole kingdom: 'Let him who loves and honours Hindmar, also love and honour Jaljamook, his preserver.'

As Hindmar was subject to frequent attacks of his old complaint, he used to feed constantly on men, and sent for them in all directions; if they were fat, they were slaughtered immediately, but if not, they were fattened on the flesh of fowls and geese. That is the reason why his old cousin, who was devoted to him, built this castle with a treacherous inscription on the door, and when any one entered, she gave him a sleeping potion in his food, and sent him to Hindmar.

"Hindmar has thus lived by rapine and murder for many years, and he is dreaded everywhere, but no king dares to make war upon him, for he is as brave in war as his empire is mighty, and he rules over an innumerable army. But some months ago

he became suddenly so uneasy without any visible cause that he sent for Jaljamook, and asked if some misfortune were not impending over him.

“Jaljamook read in a book for a short time, and then said : ‘Beware of a man coming from Egypt, armed with the magic sword of Sintbest, which is victorious over both men and genii. I will cast you a copper statue with a trumpet in its hand, which it will sound as soon as this man comes against your castle. When you hear the trumpet sound, send for me immediately, that I may endeavour to neutralize the magic of the sword ; but otherwise you are lost, and all your enemies will rejoice at your overthrow.’

“Hindmar now felt his mind at ease ; but on the very day that you set sail for Alexandria, the statue blew such a blast in the trumpet that the whole castle shook. Upon this, he sent hastily for Jaljamook, and said : ‘The man with the magic sword must be near, for the trumpet sounded so loud that it nearly deafened me.’

“‘Fear nothing,’ answered Jaljamook, ‘for I will devise four traps for our enemy, from which he cannot escape alive, unless he should be warned of them by some traitor.’ However, he could not make all his preparations himself, and was forced to take his son Shilshanum into his confidence. But Shilshanum

is secretly a Muslim, and has long abhorred the reckless life of Hindmar, who worships the Fire. Besides, he and my two sons were friends in their childhood; and therefore, when I met him on my last journey, he told me everything, and promised to await us on the Bird Mountain, which we must scale before we can approach Hindmar. He will there instruct you how to overcome the fourfold danger which awaits you. But let us not waste any more time here."

As we left the palace, Misram ordered some genii to destroy it, and it was instantly reduced to a heap of ashes. Then we travelled on for another twenty days, until we came to a very high mountain, as green as grass.

"This is the Bird Mountain," said Misram, "and beyond this is the Valley of Fire, and beyond the Valley of Fire is the castle of Hindmar." We remained at the foot of the mountain for two days, because it was so steep that we were unable to climb it. On the third day we discovered a flight of steps cut in the rock, which led us up the mountain. On the summit stood a castle, with its foundations on the ground, and its summit in the clouds; and on the terrace stood a copper bird as large as an eagle. The castle door was open, and a maiden stood before it, who gave us a friendly reception, and asked me

if I was not Joodar. When I assented, she returned, "A good welcome to one to whom Islam will be so greatly indebted! Follow me, with your friend Misram." She then led us to the terrace of the castle, to a very aged blind man near the copper bird. As soon as we came upon the terrace, the bird turned round three times, and spread its wings. Then the old man leaped up for joy, and the maiden cried out. I asked for an explanation, and she said:

"Know, Joodar, that this old man is my father. My mother has long been dead, but I have a sister named Badia, who, even in her eighth year, was the most beautiful girl in the world. We lived happily together for some years after my mother's death, when one day a genius as high as a date-palm took Badia on his arm, and flew away with her. It is twelve years since this misfortune happened, and we had already lost all hopes of ever seeing Badia again, when we heard a voice in a dream yesterday, saying: 'Rejoice, Jirah, for you will soon see your sister again. To-morrow two strangers will arrive here, a man named Joodar, and a genius named Misram, and by their means your sister will be released. When you see them, lead them to the terrace, and if the bird turns round three times, and spreads his wings, accept it as a confirmation of the truth of my words!' This is the reason, my lord



The castle door was open, and a maiden stood before it.



Joodar, that I was so overjoyed at the movements of the bird."

She had scarcely spoken when a white bird flew up to us, and a genius sprang from its back, upon the terrace.

"This is Shilshanum," said Misram, "the son of Jaljamook, who will warn you of the snares that his father has spread for you in Hindmar's castle." He then gave him a friendly greeting, and introduced me as the possessor of the magic sword.

"Do you know, Misram," said Shilshanum, "why I appointed to meet you here? I have often heard this old man lamenting for his lost daughter Badia, and wished to assure him of her safe return, as soon as Joodar shall have rid the earth of the monster Hindmar, who holds her in captivity. But if you would avoid losing your lives in the pursuit of Hindmar, you must listen attentively to my words, and forget nothing that I tell you.

"You must travel from this palace for three days through the Valley of Fire, and you will then arrive at a green mountain quite as lofty as this, up which leads a convenient footpath. When you have reached the highest point, you will see the Castle of Pillars, and the Raven's Lake before you. The castle is of vast size, and is supported by four and twenty pillars. It is quite smooth, and has neither

doors nor windows, so that it looks like a great rock from a distance. Close by is a small lake, near which rises a tall slender pillar, where stands a golden raven, with his beak to the ground, and his tail in the air. You, Joodar, must dig where the raven's beak rests, till you find a bag containing a bow and three arrows. String the bow, and shoot at the beak of the raven. If you hit him, he will turn round three times, and drop three golden keys from his mouth. If you fail the first time, you will hear a terrible uproar, and genii of different forms will threaten you, crying out, 'Seize him, and tear him to pieces!' Do not be afraid, but shoot another arrow at the raven. If you miss the second time, the uproar will increase around you; but seize the third arrow without fear, and you will certainly strike the raven's beak at the third shot. Take the keys which fall from the raven's beak, go to the right wing of the castle, and call out: 'O Abd Assurer, inhabitant of this castle!' Some one will reply: 'Here am I, my lord Joodar; all is accomplished!' Then you will hear a great noise in the castle, as of people tumbling over one another. When this subsides, a previously invisible door will open, and a black slave will salute you, and ask for one of the leaves which serve as Misram's passports. Give him one, and he will immediately

spread his wings and fly away. In the hall of the castle you will find a door to the left, which one of the three golden keys will open. You will pass through a large room into a passage paved with forty marble slabs, twenty white and twenty black. If you tread on a white slab, you will melt like heated lead, though you had fifty magic swords. You must go through this passage, taking care to touch nothing but the black slabs, till you reach a door which you must open with the second golden key. Here you will find yourself in a large hall, where more than seventy genii resembling elephants will rush upon you, but you have only to draw the magic sword from its sheath, and they will immediately sink upon the ground. Go through this hall into another, the door of which you will open with the third golden key. Here you will see two copper statues, holding European bows in their hands; and arrows which crush the hardest rocks to powder. As soon as they take aim at you, touch their bows with your sword, and they will fall from their hands. Then you will come into another hall, filled with a stifling atmosphere, which will parch you up, and you will be tempted to slake your thirst at the fountain which plays in the midst of the hall, but a single drop of that water would kill you. Restrain your thirst, and go forward, till you reach the open air. You

will see a small lake before you, with an island in the middle, where a golden tent with cords of red silk is pitched. On the bank of the lake, stands a statue on a pedestal, with a leaden ball in his hand. Touch the ball with your sword, and a pretty boat which is moored at the island will loosen itself, and cross over to you. Leap in, and it will take you across to the island, where Hindmar sits in his tent. He has been so terrified at your approach for several days that you will be able to slay him with your sword without difficulty. Know also, dear Joodar, that if I did not fear my father, I would gladly accompany you, till you see Hysa again, and obtain news of King Numan's daughters for your friend Mahmood; but Misram will accompany you, and you may rely upon the help of God."

Shilshanum then took leave of us, and Misram said: "My lord Joodar, let us go farther, with God's blessing." We then said farewell to the old man, and promised soon to send his daughter Badia back to him. After three days we reached the green mountain which Shilshanum had described to us, and on reaching the summit, we already saw the Castle of Pillars and the Raven's Lake before us. Here Misram repeated to me what Shilshanum had directed me to do, and as I neglected nothing, everything fell out as Shilshanum had foretold,

until I reached the tent on the island, where Hindmar sat upon a golden throne, adorned with magnificent jacinths and emeralds; and before him stood a table spread with flasks of wine and glasses. He was half intoxicated, and had a face like a bull, and a head with four horns; he had a neck like an ass; his body was hairy, like that of an ape, and he had the hands and feet of a man. As soon as he saw me, he stared at my sword, gnashed his teeth, and uttered such a cry that the whole castle shook. I went up to him and had scarcely touched his neck with my sword, than his head flew from his body; a smoke rose into the air, and the dreaded Hindmar was only a heap of ashes; but his soul went to hell, a miserable abode!

When Misram saw this, he embraced me, and kissed me between the eyes, saying: "Now there is rest again for men and genii! Now go into the castle; you can pass over dryshod, for the lake which you crossed is dried up; but I will remain here in the tent."

The first room that I entered was empty; except for a sealed copper flask which stood in a corner. As soon as I entered, I heard a voice, saying: "O thou who didst release the cat from his chains, be welcome here!"

"Who are you?" cried I, "for I hear a voice, but see nobody."

"Are you not the fisherman Joodar from Cairo?" returned the voice, "and have you forgotten the cat who gave you the book and the sword in the Eagle's Cleft? I have been languishing here for five months in this copper flask solely on your account; and if you have slain Hindmar, then hasten to set me at liberty."

I tore the seals from the flask, and a thick smoke rose up into the air, which soon condensed, and behold, Shah Bair stood before me as I had seen him in the Eagle's Cleft; and thanked me for his deliverance. I then asked him how he came to be imprisoned in this castle; and he replied :

"I am the son of Abu Tawaif, who is also called Iblis, and have a brother named Shamhoorish, who lives near Tunis. One day, when my brother was alone in his house, he was seized by two genii, and led bound before old Abul Ajaib. My brother was astonished, and asked what he had done to deserve such treatment. But Abul Ajaib merely answered that he might send for his father Iblis, when he would tell him what all this meant. Shamhoorish sent a messenger to his father; and when he came to Abul Ajaib,

and inquired what he wanted, the latter said: 'Know that I have been working for many years upon a magic book, until I succeeded in subjecting a thousand genii to it. I gave the book to my pious scholar Mahmood, but he was betrayed by his brothers, and the book now lies in the castle of Sintbest, in the Eagle's Cleft, with the sword which five hundred genii obey. Both are entrusted to the care of your son Shah Bair, who guards them on a pillar in the form of a black cat. But if the life and freedom of your son Shamhoorish are dear to you, then command your son Shah Bair to give up the book and the sword to my scholar Mahmood, who will come with Joodar into the Ravine of the Eagle's Cleft.

"My father hurried to me, and as soon as I heard the object of his journey I resolved to release my brother by carrying out the wishes of Abul Ajaib. When I had delivered up the sword and the book to you, I flew to Abul Ajaib, and informed him of what I had done. He immediately released my brother, and we travelled together to my father. But a few days after my flight, Sintbest inquired after Hysa, and when he heard that she had been set at liberty by two men, to whom I had given the sword and the book, he began to fret and fume, to foam and curse,

and to call on the sun and moon and all his gods for aid. Then he assembled all his hosts of men and genii, and marched against us. We could not long contend with him, for our handful of troops was soon overwhelmed. My father and brother succeeded in making their escape, but I was taken prisoner, and carried before Sintbest loaded with chains. He had already given orders for my execution, when my friends, among whom was Hindmar, implored him to take pity on me. But Sintbest would not pardon me, and commanded Hindmar to close me up in a copper flask, and throw me into the sea. But Hindmar begged Sintbest so long to spare my life, that he at last permitted him to carry me in the flask to the Castle of Pillars; but he was obliged to swear that he would never release me. I have already spent five months in the flask, but I did not despair, for I well knew that you would slay Hindmar with the magic sword, sooner or later, and would set me at liberty. Now you know all, my lord Joodar, and I now ask you to give me leave to return to my friends and bring them news of the success of your enterprise."

"Depart, and the blessing of God be upon you!" I exclaimed; and he spread his wings and flew away.





I saw a handsome young man hanging by the feet.

When he was gone, I left the empty room, and went through a long passage into a kitchen, where four kettles stood over the fire. In one were pomegranate-seeds, swimming in fat; in another, pilaw; in the third, kulkas; and in the fourth, meat. As I was very hungry, I took a golden spoon, which hung near, and dipped up some meat; but behold, it was a human hand! I flung it back with horror, and thanked God that I had tasted none of the other food, which was probably cooked with human fat. When I left the kitchen, I came into another passage, and heard some one in a room on my right cry out, "O my God, what a heavy trial! To die alone in so deplorable a manner in a foreign country!"

I exclaimed: "Who are you, and how can I find you?"

The voice answered: "Tread on the golden scorpion which lies on the slab to your right."

I did so, and a door opened, and I saw a handsome young man hanging by the feet.

"Who hung you up here?" said I, as I hastened to unbind him.

"Hindmar's slaves," he answered; "I have been hanging here for a week, and to-morrow evening I am to be slaughtered and devoured by Hindmar."

"Fear nothing," said I, "for Hindmar is dead ; but tell me who you are, and how you came here."

"My name is Taj El Mulook," answered the young man, "and I became king of Tauris three months ago. I was always a great huntsman, from my youth up ; and I felt it very hard to be obliged to relinquish the pleasures of the chase for some time after my father's death. So as soon as the first months of mourning were over, I prepared for a great hunting excursion ; but we looked about for a long time without finding anything to hunt. At last we enclosed a beautiful green valley, and as our circle became smaller, we found that we had enclosed three gazelles, more beautiful than any I had ever seen in my life. We narrowed the circle still more, but the gazelles dashed through before any one could take aim at them. I was so mortified that I ordered my people to stay behind, and rode on quite alone in pursuit of the gazelles. But two of them were already so far away that I soon lost sight of them. The third bounded on before me, so that I had it within bowshot a little before sunset. My arrow pierced its heart, and it sank down ; but how great was my astonishment when, instead of a beautiful gazelle, I found nothing but a heap of ashes ! I was sorry now that I had left my people so far behind,

for the night closed in, and I knew not which way to turn. I wandered about for some time, until I fell in with a Bedouin camp of about a hundred tents, at the foot of a mountain. I entered the first tent, where I saw a youth like the moon in its fourteenth night. He had an old caftan in his hand which he was just mending, and he recited the following verse :—

“ ‘He who has but few goods the world despises ; and only he who is wealthy is respected. If a dog had much money, he would be styled a faithful dog, out of respect.’

“I looked round the tent, where I saw nothing but a white cock. As soon as the youth perceived me he exclaimed, ‘Peace be with you !’ ‘And the peace, blessing, and mercy of God be upon you also,’ I replied. ‘You seem to have lost your way,’ said he ; ‘I am glad that God has directed your steps here ; be welcome as my guest.’ He first bound my horse to one of the tent-poles ; then he carried the cock into an adjoining tent, and presently returned with a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a dish full of olives, some Syrian apricots, and a bag of barley. He gave the barley to the horse, and placed the food before me, saying, ‘In the name of God !’ We ate and drank together till we had taken enough, and when the wine got into his head he recited the following verse :

“‘Be not uneasy ; you shall not long remain in a strange place : to-morrow I will release you with my life. I only tore myself from you to fulfil a sacred duty. God grant us a happy reunion.’

“I asked him the meaning of this verse, and he replied: ‘I am the bravest and the poorest man in the whole desert, but I never allow any stranger to pass my tent without inviting him to enter. When you honoured me with your visit to-day, I possessed nothing at all but a white cock which I had reared in my tent ; and I was obliged to part with him in order to entertain you. But I heard him crowing all the time, and then I recited these verses.’

“I admired the man’s generosity, and resolved to reward him richly. During the whole evening I concealed my real rank, and conversed with him upon the chase and Bedouin life, until sleep closed our eyes.

“On the following morning the troops who had accompanied me on the hunting expedition arrived, and my host wished to call his people together, lest they should be surprised by an enemy. Then I said to him : ‘Remain quietly in your tent, for these troops are mine. I am the king of Tauris, and rejoice that I am able so soon to redeem your cock, and to recompense you for the friendly reception which you have given me !’ In the meantime my people approached, and were delighted to find me again ; and I said to

them: 'I have to thank this man that nothing unpleasant happened to me during the night. Let him who loves me, give him a proof of his gratitude.' I had scarcely spoken when all who had money or articles of clothing to spare, heaped them upon him; and I ordered my treasurer to pay him ten thousand dinars, and likewise presented him with twenty beautiful horses, and a hundred slaves. Then I called together all the Bedouins in the camp, and said to them: 'Know that I am the king of Tauris, and the man with whom I spent the night is dearer to me than a brother. I would like to take him with me and give him an important post, but he cannot make up his mind to leave you. It is therefore your duty to recognise him as your chief, and this I require you to do; but if you should ever be disobedient to him I will slay you all, and lay waste your dwellings.'

"All the Bedouins exclaimed with one voice, 'We obey God and thee!' I then said to my host, 'If you should require anything from me, you have only to send a messenger who shall announce himself as an envoy from the master of the white cock; and I will give you anything you ask, even were it the half of my kingdom.'

"I then took leave of the Bedouins and returned to the capital with my people. But when we reached the gate we heard such a terrible uproar

that we thought the whole city had fallen to pieces ; and when I asked what was the matter, a gigantic genius flew towards me, and exclaimed : ‘ Now will I avenge the death of my dear son ! ’ He dragged me out of my saddle and flew up into the air with me ; but I know not how long the journey lasted, for I soon fainted. When I recovered my senses I found myself on an island inhabited by different species of genii. Some were tall, others short ; some were so covered with hair that no face was visible ; others were like bones without flesh ; and among them were heads without bodies, and bodies without heads. They all seemed very sorrowful, and many wept and lamented aloud, and beat their faces. After a long silence, the genius who had brought me to the island, exclaimed in a voice of thunder : ‘ Here is the murderer of my son, what shall we do with him ? ’ Several genii shaped like elephants, cried out : ‘ Give him to us, that we may eat his flesh and drink his blood. ’ But a genius who was more like a man, replied : ‘ None of us have authority to deal with this man ; he must be brought before our king. ’

“ I passed the night in a prison, guarded by two frightful genii, and on the following day I was conducted to a large tent in which the king sat surrounded by his viziers. The king seemed to have heard the whole story, for as soon as he saw me, he said : ‘ Are

you the man who slew the son of this genius?' and he pointed to the genius who had brought me to the island. 'Pardon, mighty king,' I replied, 'I never saw his son at all, and I know not whether he is great or small, black or white.' 'Tell me,' said the king to the genius, 'in what manner this man slew your son.' 'My son,' replied he, 'was amusing himself in the form of a gazelle, and this man pursued him for the whole day, and slew him with an arrow. Here is the arrow,' added he, handing it to the king, 'which I drew from my poor son's body.' The king looked at the arrow, and then handed it to one of his viziers. The vizier turned it about on all sides, and said: 'This arrow must have been poisoned by a genius, or it would not have had sufficient force to consume a genius in the shape of a gazelle to ashes, consequently the man is innocent; the life of the genius had reached its appointed end, and the man was only an unknowing instrument of destiny!'

"When the king heard this, he commanded the father of the deceased to carry me back to my home; but instead of doing so, he carried me to King Hindmar, and laid his complaint before him. Hindmar was pleased with him, and said: 'He shall atone for his crime! I have eight men left, whom I will eat first; he shall be fattened till the ninth day, and then his turn will come.' Upon this, I was hung up by the

feet, and have been hanging thus for eight days. This is all that I have to tell you. God be praised, who sent you here at the right moment."

As soon as the young man had finished his story, I called Misram and ordered him to carry him back to his home. I then went through several rooms till I reached a large hall which was surrounded by pretty little cabinets; and I found myself in King Hindmar's harem. In the middle of the apartment stood a golden throne, on which sat a lady as dazzlingly beautiful as the rising sun. I thought she must have escaped from Paradise, through some remissness on the part of the angel Ridwan. When the lady saw me, she hastily covered her face, exclaiming: "How was it possible for you to penetrate into the harem of the mighty King Hindmar?" "Hindmar is dead," said I, "and I am now lord of this castle, and of all therein." "Then you are Joodar the fisherman from Cairo," she rejoined; and immediately called her friends from their cabinets. "Did I not often tell you," continued she, "that our slavery would not last for ever? My prophecy is now fulfilled; for the man whom you see here before you, has slain our tyrant with his magic sword, and will send us all back to our homes and families. Know, my lord Joodar," added she, turning to me, "that all the ladies whom you see here, and many others who are still in their apart-

ments, were forcibly carried away by Hindmar. A famous prophet forewarned my father that I should thus be carried away, several years before it happened. He also foretold that I should be released from captivity by a fisherman from Cairo, named Joodar, who should possess the sword of Sintbest."

I then looked at the ladies, who were all very beautiful, and asked which of them was Badia, who was carried away twelve years ago from her father and sister. A lady like a gazelle then came forward, and said: "I am she, for whom you ask." I called Misram, and ordered him to take her back to her father's house. While Misram flew away with her, I asked the lady who sat on the throne, who was named Sakirsad, to assemble all the ladies in the castle. She then sent several slave-girls to call them, and the hall became fuller and fuller, and Sakirsad counted them as they came, up to the number of ninety-eight. Then she said: "One only remains, who is so tightly bound that we must set her at liberty; but let us first send these ninety-eight back to their homes." I called Misram, who had already returned from his journey with Badia, and asked him to summon ninety-eight genii. They rose from the earth in a moment, and each took a lady on his shoulders, and flew up into the air with her.

Sakirsad then led me to the room where the maiden

lay bound, and behold it was Hysa, my betrothed, whom I had already once released in the Eagles' Cleft. I fainted with joy at such an unexpected meeting. When I recovered, Hysa stood unbound before me. I embraced and kissed her, and asked her to tell me how she came to this castle.

"Know, Joodar," she replied, "that not long after Sanja carried me home, and I had mounted the throne of my father, an army suddenly marched against my capital, so numerous that it was impossible for my troops to oppose them. I sent my vizier to ascertain who they were, and what they wanted. He returned in consternation, saying, 'It is the army of Sintbest, and he himself is at their head!' When I heard this, I began to tremble; I turned pale, and fainted. Upon this a frightful genius rushed in, terrifying all my guards, and carried me before Sintbest, with whom Hindmar was also present. Sintbest was going to have me thrown into the sea; but Hindmar said, 'Give her rather to me, and I will torture her in my castle till she dies of her sufferings.' Sintbest consented; and since then, I have been languishing in this room in heavy chains; but nothing was so hard to me as the separation from my beloved, for you have been lord of my heart ever since I saw you in the Eagles' Cleft."

"My sole object," I replied, "in all my under-

takings has likewise been to call you mine. Now that God has reunited us, we should be at the goal of our wishes, but that I have sworn to Mahmood not to give myself up to the enjoyment of my happiness, until I can bring him news of the daughters of King Numan."

She answered: "Let us at least stay here together for a few days, after which you can fulfil your promise to Mahmood, and I will wait here with Sakirsad, until your return."

I called Misram, and asked what he would advise me to do.

"Stay here three days in this castle," said he, "where you will find an abundance of all the necessities of life, and where you have no enemy to fear; and in the meantime allow me to visit my two sons, whom I have not seen for so long a time."

I gave Misram a passport, and spent three days so pleasantly with Hysa and Sakirsad that Misram's return on the fourth morning was extremely unwelcome to me. But I thought of what I owed to Mahmood, and took leave of the two ladies. Misram led me for ten days through a desert country, until we arrived at a sea-port. Here we took ship, and as soon as we had gone aboard, so favourable a breeze sprang up that the captain embraced us, saying, "We have been waiting for ten days in vain in the harbour

for a favourable wind, and it seems that you bring us a fortunate journey." He immediately ordered the anchor to be raised, and the sail to be spread, and the ship sped onwards like an arrow, or like lightning. But the wind soon became so strong that the helmsman lost control of the ship, and as he was unable to keep on a direct course, after a few days the captain knew not where he was. Then he ordered a sailor to climb the mast, to see if the ship was in the neighbourhood of some inhabited country. The sailor climbed to the top of the mainmast, and when he slid down again on deck, he said: "I saw a red and a black mountain, near together."

When the captain heard this, he uttered a loud cry, slapped his face, and exclaimed: "Woe to us, for we are inevitably lost; we can do no more than utter our dying prayers!" Upon this, all the ship's company flocked together, and Misram and I approached him, and asked why he was in such fear of death.

"We have no hope of escape," replied the captain; "the red mountain which the sailor saw is the Mountain of Apes. Two hundred enchanted apes have inhabited it for a long time, and no man who fell into their hands has ever escaped them. But what the sailor supposed was a black mountain, is nothing but the iron tree with iron leaves and fruit, which Bahram the Magian planted here by all manner of



“We have no hope of escape,” replied the captain.



magic arts, in order to destroy travellers. There was once a continent here, in the midst of which arose a very high mountain, which geographers supposed to have a subterranean communication with Mount Kaf. This country was inhabited by fire worshippers, who lived in strong fortresses, from whence they attacked and ill-treated travellers. When Bahram was travelling through the country, he too was assailed by the inhabitants of these fortresses; and in order to revenge himself, he climbed the high mountain, opened his magic book, and summoned genii who dug a canal from the foot of the mountain, and let in so much water that the whole country was inundated. He also planted a great iron tree, with the magnetic quality of attracting all ships which approach within twenty-four hours' sail. Those in the ships have no choice but to climb the mountain; and as soon as the enchanted apes see them, they rush upon them and devour them."

When the merchants who were in the ship heard this, they began to weep and lament like women. But Misram, who always accompanied me in the form of a handsome youth, began to laugh and sing for joy, so that the merchants thought he had gone mad, and said: "Do you make fun of our danger, and do you imagine that you alone will escape?"

"Have no fear," answered Misram. "What the cap-

tain has told you is quite true ; but we possess a sword which will cleave the iron tree like a sheet of paper, and nothing will then prevent us from sailing in any direction we please."

When the people remembered the favourable breeze which sprang up when we came aboard, they were a little comforted ; but they continually became more uneasy, the nearer the ship approached the iron tree. At length, when it touched the mountain close by, Misram exclaimed : "Whoever leaves the ship will be devoured by the apes. Joodar alone may go ashore, for he is protected by his magic sword." But he said to me : "Go fearlessly up to the tree, and say : 'O Thou who didst deliver Moses from the waters, made iron soft for David, and didst reveal the Koran to our lord Mohammed, grant me Thy aid to hew down this iron tree, for Thou art omnipotent!'" I did as Misram commanded, and the iron tree yielded to my sword like a weak reed, and fell into the sea with a thundering crash. I then hastened back to the ship, and had scarcely climbed on board when the wind blew from the mountain, and carried our ship into the open sea.

The captain danced about on the deck for joy, and kissed me several times, and all who were in the ship thanked me, and apologised for their having previously shown me so little attention. We now



The captain danced about on the deck.

sailed eastwards for three days, until we arrived at a green island, which Misram called the Emerald Isle. Here we two landed, and instructed the captain in what direction to steer in order to arrive at his destination. Misram led me for three days along a green valley, through which flowed a small river, whose water was sweeter than honey and colder than snow. Nothing grew here but odoriferous trees and shrubs, and the trees were covered with the most beautiful and delicious fruits. At length, when we arrived at a great walnut-tree, near which the river emptied itself into the sea, Misram said : " We have now arrived at our destination, for this is the Valley of the Gazelles, and here is the tree from which Mahmood beheld the daughters of King Numan. You must now climb the tree, and wait for the arrival of the maidens. When you see them coming, hide yourself carefully among the branches of the tree, but as soon as they have laid aside their fish-skins, spring towards the skins with your sword. It will then be impossible for them to return home ; and you can take them to your friend Mahmood, on whose account you have undertaken the whole journey. This is the last advice I have to give you ; but God is all-knowing."

I had scarcely climbed the tree when three fishes, a blue, a green, and a yellow one, swam up the river

from the sea till they approached the nut-tree, where they threw off their fish-skins, and became transformed into three maidens, more beautiful than I had ever seen in my life. I kept myself hidden, for I thought that more were coming, but I heard one say to another: "We will not stay here long to-day, for our sisters have remained at home, and I am anxious to return to them."

After this, I only waited till they had gone away from the fish-skins, when I sprang from the tree, and seized upon the skins. Misram was much pleased when he saw this, and ordered three genii to carry the maidens to Hysa and Sakirsad in Hindmar's castle, and there to await our return.

I thought that I had now done my duty, and had reached the end of my labours, so I performed my ablutions in the river, thanked God for His aid, and prayed that He would grant me a safe and speedy return to Egypt. But when I had ended my prayer, two of the genii whom Misram had sent with the maidens, returned in consternation; and when Misram asked what had befallen them, one of them answered, "Know, my master, that when we came with the maidens in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountain, past which the way to Hindmar's castle led us, ten genii sprang upon us and stopped us. When I told them that I was a messenger from

Misram and the Egyptian Joodar, they replied: 'These are they of whom we are in search. One of you must remain here with us and the maidens, and the other two must return to Misram and Joodar, and bring them here.'"

When Misram heard this, he said: "Rise up, Joodar; we must not lose any time here, for some important news certainly awaits us."

We travelled together to the Black Mountain, till we came to the genii who had intercepted our messengers. Misram asked: "Who are you, and what do you want of us?"

One of them answered: "We were sent by Shilshanum, the son of Jaljamook, to ask you to wait for him here, and we detained one of your messengers, with the maidens, to make it more certain that you would pass this way."

He had scarcely spoken, when Shilshanum himself appeared in the form of a white bird, and said to us: "I have been searching everywhere for you for the last three days, for my heart is like a burning coal at what I have seen at Hindmar's castle. Soon after you set out to destroy the iron tree of Bahram the Magian, my father sent for me to accompany him to Hindmar. But as soon as he found the bird on the pillar overthrown, and the door of the castle open, he cried out, 'Woe to me; my presentiment is ful-

filled ; for my friend Hindmar is dead, and all my enchantments have prevailed nothing against the magic sword of Joodar ; but I will avenge myself.' He then went into the castle, took all the silver, gold, jewels, and costly stuffs which he found there, and commanded some genii to throw everything into the sea. At last he came into the room where Hysa and Sakirsad and their slave-girls were sitting, when he uttered such a cry that I thought the whole castle had fallen upon us ; and then he said to me : 'My son, Joodar shall now perceive that no one can contend against me with impunity. Bring me a golden cup, and a little white sand.' When I gave it him, he mixed the sand with some liquid which he had with him, pronounced some unintelligible words over it, and then cried out with a loud voice, 'Let half your bodies remain human, and let the other half become stone.' He then sprinkled them with the liquid from the cup, which began to boil as if it was standing over the fire ; and behold, Hysa, Sakirsad, and the eight slave-girls became half changed into stone, so that they could not stir from the spot. After this my father drew a book from his pocket, and read a little ; but he suddenly turned pale, and began to shake and tremble. 'What is the matter, father?' said I. 'Woe to me,' he answered ; 'I repent of what I have just done, for Joodar will

certainly outwit me at last, with the aid of one who is very near to me; but I will at least make certain that his betrothed shall never recover her former shape.' He then wrote her name, and the names of the other ladies, on a tablet, locked it in an emerald casket, and commanded the genius Shamh^oorish to deposit it in a statue which stands in the Valley of Kings not far from the castle of the enchanter Munkik. 'I myself,' added he, 'will now go to Munkik, where I shall certainly be safe from the pursuit of Joodar for a considerable time.' Hereupon he destroyed the whole castle of Hindmar, except the room where the enchanted ladies were; and he then took leave of me. But as soon as he was gone, I went to the ladies, whom I sincerely compassionated, told them who I was, and comforted them by promising to inform you of all that had taken place; and assured them that it would not be such a very difficult matter after all to release them from their enchantment. I then left them, and took ten genii with me, whom I commanded to stop any one coming from the Valley of the Gazelles, for I knew that you were seeking the daughters of King Numan. I myself wandered about in search of you; and I thank God that I have found you, that you may come with me to release the unhappy ladies."

When we heard Shilshanum's report, we wept

bitterly, and were so much agitated that we should have fainted, if we had not taken some wine as a restorative. We followed Shilshanum in a state of stupor to the ruined castle of Hindmar, and when we came to the enchanted ladies, they cursed us, and exclaimed: "Would that Hindmar were yet alive! Would that we had never seen you!"

But Misram calmed them, and swore to them that he would never see his beloved sons again until he had restored them to their former shapes, with the aid of God. He then ordered the three genii to carry the daughters of King Numan to Mahmood in Egypt, and then to wait for him in the castle with Hysa. When this was arranged, Shilshanum took me on his back, and flew through the air with me from morning till evening, and then placed me on an island, and said: "This is the island of the daughter of the Vizier Shem, whom God created with a red comb like a cock, tusks like an elephant, and wings like the sails of a great ship. He has handed over this island to his daughter, and desires to end his days with his friend Munkik in the Valley of Kings. A swift ship takes at least twenty years, if the wind is always favourable, to sail from here to the Valley of Kings; but genii can fly over the distance in two days, and those to whom the Sacred Name of God is revealed, in an hour. There is also a species of



Shilshanum placed me on an island.

bird which can fly from here to the Valley of Kings in one day. I will now slaughter a camel, and sew you up in the skin, when one of these birds will presently come and carry you to the Valley of Kings, whither I will follow you. I would willingly have carried you there on my back, but we should be obliged to pass over many hostile countries, where I must be unencumbered in order to repel any attack. But I will follow you as rapidly as possible, and you will be just as safe as if you were on my back."

He then left me for a time, and returned with a large camel, which he slaughtered. He stripped off the skin, sewed me up in it, and withdrew to a little distance. Immediately a bird as large as an elephant took me up in his talons, and flew with me from morning till evening. He then laid me down, and was about to feast upon me, but Shilshanum, who had kept close behind me, frightened him away, ripped up the skin, and said :

"Rise up, Joodar; we have reached our destination. Praise be to God, who has preserved us from being attacked by any enemy."

I stood up, and looked round me, and found myself in one of the most charming valleys in the world. At every step the odour of musk arose from the ground, and brooks, trees, and birds united in praising the Omnipotent Creator.

"This is the Valley of Kings," said Shilshanum, "and not far from here stands the castle of Munkik, with its four iron doors. In front of one of these doors stands a statue, beside which lies a golden scorpion. Rub the right side of the scorpion, and a little door in the statue will open, just large enough for you to put your hand in. Reach up to the head of the statue, where you will find a copper cage, in the middle of which is a golden pillar, on which stands a sparrow of green emerald ; seize the sparrow, when it will turn round three times, after which you must bind it to the pillar with a silken cord. But take good heed that the bird does not touch you with its beak or claws, for the slightest scratch would be fatal to you."

When I had done everything that Shilshanum had directed, Jaljamook came to me from the castle, and said : "Everything has its appointed term, and I am now your friend. Go and release the sparrow, and then I will inform you of the means by which you can restore your betrothed to her former shape. But make haste, for my life is almost ended, and I cannot speak as long as the sparrow is bound fast. Behold, I am growing weaker every instant, my eyes are dim, my hand stiffens, and my foot cannot move from the spot.

Hasten, then, that I may recover sufficient strength to aid you to disenchant the ladies, and to return home."

Jaljamook spoke these words in so piteous a tone that I was moved with compassion, and forgetting all his former hostility, went to release the sparrow. But I found Shilshanum standing before the statue, binding the sparrow faster and faster, till he nearly strangled it. When he saw me, he uttered such a cry that I fell down with fright, and fire flew from his nostrils which would have consumed me if I had not hastily risen and sprung on one side.

He then cried out : " But for the old bond between us, you would now be a dead man ; you allowed yourself to be deluded by my father, and ' would have released the sparrow ; but had you done so, both you and I, and the ladies in Hindmar's castle, would all have been lost. My father would then have acquired an overwhelming power over you, and you would never have returned to your home. Go back to my father like a man, and pay no heed to his lamentations and promises, until you have compelled him to disenchant the ladies."

I went back to Jaljamook, and found him stretched on the ground in the last agonies.

When he saw me, he said : " You promised to

ease my sufferings, and now I feel much worse than before."

"I have discovered your treachery," answered I, "and you must disenchant the ladies before I can relieve you."

When he heard this, he laughed with anger, and said: "Well, my son, you are innocent, for another has betrayed me. Take this seal ring from my finger, and give it to my son Shilshanum. He will guide you to Shamhoorish, who guards the sacred names by which the ladies were enchanted. Give him the ring as a token that you are my messenger, and he will give you a small emerald tablet written over with many talismans, which you must take to the ladies. Then take some white sand from a box which stands on their right hand, and scatter it in a golden cup filled with water. My son Shilshanum must first read over seven times what is written on the tablet, and then he must sprinkle the ladies with the water from the cup, and say: 'By the influence of these sacred names, and by the power of the Creator of heaven and earth, resume your former shapes.' Then the spell will be broken, and the ladies will be able to walk about on human feet, and will become still more beautiful than they were before. When this is accomplished, then deal with me as I deserve."

I took the ring to Shilshanum, and when he saw it he said : " We are now near the end of our troubles ; come with me."

He led me to a beautiful garden, full of the most exquisite fruit. " In this garden," said Shilshanum, " sits the genius Shamhoorish, with a serpent in his hand, the venom of which could dissolve the hardest rocks. He holds it only on your account, that the serpent may kill you if you approach him. You must therefore go up to the genius from behind, and show him my father's ring before he sees you, and then he will not allow the snake to injure you."

I then went into the garden, which was filled with the most beautiful streams, flowers, fruits, and birds that the tongue can speak of, or the eyes behold. I stopped on the banks of a stream to perform my ablutions, and to pray. After I had finished my devotions, I went on till I came to the middle of the garden, where I saw a fearfully tall genius, with a large head, and a neck like a camel, sitting before a water-course, which was supplied by a wheel of sandal-wood with an emerald axle, worked by a golden ox with diamond horns. I stole up to the genius on tiptoe as stealthily as a thief, till I could throw my arms round him from behind, and held up the ring before his eyes, saying, " Jaljamook

sends me to you, to disenchant the ladies in Hindmar's castle."

"Everything takes its appointed course," said Shamhoorish; "I thought that the enchantment would have endured until the day of resurrection, but God has willed it otherwise. God releases whom He will, and I shall also be enabled to return to my friends, from whom Jaljamook has separated me for the last four-and-twenty years by all manner of enchantments. He is a regular devil, who tears asunder the very skin and bone of the faithful. But he and his malice must be almost played out; for if he still retained his old energy, he would never have given you this ring. Now listen to me, and do not forget a word of what I tell you, or your destruction is inevitable. Leave the garden by the gate opposite to that by which you entered, and you will see a marble pillar in a green meadow, on the top of which stands a white bird. Salute him, and say: 'Shamhoorish sends me to you, and wishes you to give me the tablet, which he entrusted to you.' Then strike the pillar with your sword, and if the bird returns you any answer, he will grant your request. But do not speak to the bird unless he is standing on one leg. If he stands on both, return to me at once."

I went in the direction which Shamhoorish pointed



Il a aspect ma le me shudder.

out until I came to the pillar, and as the bird was standing on one leg, I saluted him, and asked for the tablet. The bird was silent for a while, and then he spread his wings, opened his mouth, and said in a very melodious human voice :

“There is no god but God alone, who accomplishes everything in His own good time. Last night it was prophesied in a dream that I should return to my home upon the arrival of a fisherman from Egypt. Are you that fisherman ?”

When I answered his question in the affirmative he flew away, and presently returned with a green branch, and said :

“Here I bring you from the key tree, which grows near Mount Kaf, the key of this pillar which contains the emerald tablet which Shamhoorish entrusted to my care.”

He then appeared to me in a human form, but his aspect made me shudder. He was only two yards long ; his tongue was half as long as his whole body, and hung a long way down over his breast, but his beard reached to his very feet. He had eyes like two burning coals, his nostrils were like trumpets, he was much broader than he was long ; but the ugliest part of him was a long tail like that of a monkey.

When he approached me he gave me the key-shaped branch and said : “There is a marble lock

on the left side of the pillar, open it with the key, put your hand in and take a green tablet out." When I brought him the tablet, he said: "Look what is written upon this tablet."

I looked and saw the names of Hysa, Sakirsad, and the other damsels who were with them. But another name was written beneath, which was quite strange to me, Limping Shimhar; and when I asked him what it signified, he answered: "That is my name, for I was enchanted by the accursed Jal-jamook, like these ladies; and but for you I should have been condemned to stand on the pillar as guardian of the tablet, as long as the ladies remained in Hindmar's castle. I still remain as it were a prisoner, until you shall erase my name from the tablet. You may do so without risk, for you have no further need of me, as Shilshanum can now give you all the assistance which you require."

I wiped the name of Shimhar out, and behold, the hideous creature before me became changed again into a white bird, and flew away, thanking me, and praying for my happiness. I then put the tablet in my pocket and carried it to Shilshanum, who was waiting for me outside the garden.

He was overjoyed when I showed it him, and exclaimed: "Now we can return and bring comfort to the ladies; but as we cannot tell what new snares my

father may plan for us, we cannot live secure unless we help him to leave the world."

He then carried me back to the place where we had left the sparrow, and strangled it.

"Now go back to the castle, and you will see something wonderful," he said.

I went to the castle, and behold, Jaljamook was converted into a black cinder, which gradually dissolved into a heap of ashes. When I returned to Shilshanum and told him what I had seen, he danced with joy and kissed and embraced me. He then slaughtered another camel, and stripped off the skin, which he sewed around me, and a bird then carried me across the country where Shilshanum dreaded the attack of some enemy. Then he took me on his own back and flew with me till we came near Hindmar's castle. As we approached the harem, we heard loud sobbing, and then we recognised Misram's voice comforting the ladies, and assuring them of our safe and speedy return.

I was too impatient to wait longer, and rushed into the room half wild with joy; and taking the emerald tablet from my pocket I performed the ceremony which Jaljamook had directed, and behold, the ladies were fully restored, and became still more beautiful than before; and threw themselves into my arms one after another. I was then obliged to tell

them how I had obtained possession of the tablet ; and after I had informed them of all the adventures which had befallen me on my journey, they kissed me again, and thanked God that I had succeeded in such a difficult undertaking. I then approached Hysa, who had not taken her eyes from me during the whole narrative, but had not yet said a single loving word to me, and asked her whether she could not find some word to express her love.

“I am like the poet who composed the following verse,” she replied:

“‘I always longed to see my love, and to speak loving words to him ; but when I came near him my tongue grew heavy, and my eyes were unable to lift themselves to him for awe, and I hid in my heart what I was unable to express. I had whole volumes to say, and now I cannot utter a syllable.’”

We spent the evening in drinking wine, and in singing and dancing, and on the following morning, Misram said : “We have nothing further to do in this castle, and it would be imprudent to remain in a place where we are exposed to the attacks of magicians and evil genii at any moment ; therefore let us now set out for Egypt. I will call eight genii to carry the slave girls ; I myself will carry Hysa and Sakirsad, and Shilshanum will take Joodar on his back.”

~ I was delighted to return home, especially as I had sworn to Mahmood that I would not marry Hysa until then ; but I asked Misram to permit me first to ascend to the terrace of the castle that I might take a last view of this wonderful country. Misram himself accompanied me up a marble staircase of two hundred and eighty steps. When I came to the top, the castle appeared to me like Mount Kaf, and the earth seemed as far below as the sky was above. After a while I looked around on all sides, and saw something in the distance which shone with dazzling splendour like the sun ; and I asked Misram what it was.

“It is a golden castle,” said he, “adorned with the most precious diamonds ; the windows are of the finest crystal, and the doors are of sandal wood. It is the largest and most beautiful castle in the world, and was built by Sheddad, the son of Ad, the founder of Irem of the many pillars. Sheddad ruled over the whole earth, in its entire length and breadth, and he had two sons, one named Sheddad, and the other Sheddid. One day Sheddad called together the great men of his empire, and said to them : “I wish to found a city paved with musk and saffron. Its stones shall shine like the most brilliant jewels, and streams as clear as silver shall flow through it. Therefore instruct my lieutenants to buy gold and

silver and jewels in all the countries over which they are placed, and let them prepare everything three years beforehand.'

"Sheddad's orders were executed, and some months afterwards his messengers returned with four thousand five hundred laden camels. When all the necessary silver and gold and jewels was collected together, he set out with his troops, and travelled on for ten days until he arrived in a beautiful valley. Here he dismounted and ordered tents to be pitched for himself and his army, and in one hour they erected a hundred and fifty thousand tents. Sheddad then assembled architects, carpenters, goldsmiths, sculptors, painters, and other handicraftsmen and artists, and ordered them to build a city with four thousand pillars. In the centre of the city he ordered a castle to be built, surrounded by gardens which should eclipse Paradise. Nothing but the purest gold and the choicest pearls and diamonds were used in its construction, and the rarest flowers and fruits from all parts of the world were transported to the gardens. Fruit-trees were brought from Greece and Persia, violets from Bassorah, roses from Kufa, basil from Mecca, lilies and jasmine from Egypt, saffron from Genoa, and aloes and sandalwood from China. He also laid out a park, where the finest gazelles sported, and the most brilliantly

coloured birds sang. The walls of the garden were covered with the finest fabrics, on which all kinds of trees and birds were painted and embroidered.

“When everything was finished, Sheddad richly rewarded the artists and workmen, and took possession of his castle. But the first night on which he slept there he had a frightful dream, from which he awoke in a state of the utmost consternation, and yet he could not remember what he had dreamed. Early next morning he sent for Ifrak, his interpreter of dreams, in whom he placed implicit confidence, and said to him: ‘Dear Ifrak, I had a dreadful dream last night which I cannot remember; all I know is, that I awoke with my heart beating violently. Tell me what this dream signifies.’

‘Ifrak took a tablet from his pocket, scattered sand over it, and wrote all kinds of strange characters thereon. Then he counted on his fingers for awhile, and said: ‘Mighty king, you dreamed that you were in a ship on the raging sea. An ugly negro, with a lion’s head, came up to you, took a chain which hung from the prow of the ship, dived down, and dragged the ship after him into the abyss. You fell down and fainted, and when you recovered your senses you found yourself in a great cavern, from which you could find no way of escape; and after wandering about for some time you came

to a great fire blazing up brightly, but without giving forth any smoke. The fire came up to you and consumed your left leg like a piece of dry wood, and when it rose farther up towards your heart you awoke.'

"'True,' said Sheddad, 'that was my dream ; but now tell me what it portends.'

"Ifрак took a book from his pocket, and read in it for a while, and then uttered a cry at which the whole castle shook, although it was supported by so many pillars.

"'What have you seen ?' asked Sheddad, overcome with terror.

"'Hold me guiltless,' replied Ifрак, 'and I will conceal nothing from you.'

"Sheddad promised him his protection, and he said : 'In ten days death will overtake both you and all your people.'

"On the tenth day Sheddad was reviewing his troops, when a violent storm arose, and a great earthquake followed, which swallowed up Sheddad and his whole army, and they became as yesterday, which never returns. His castle was afterwards inhabited by Dydabooj, a very powerful but aggressive king of the genii, who murdered his father Yajooj, the king of the City of Lead. But he did not long reside there in peace, for the magician Busirian, who

was a faithful friend of Yajooj, and who passionately loved his daughter Unka, sealed him up in a copper flask, which he would have thrown into the sea, but Unka begged him to have compassion on him.

“Dydabooj remained in the flask for many years, until his cousin Iblis went to the Dervish Jindar, who had a strong castle on a small island in the ocean, and begged him for aid against Busirian.

“Jindar read awhile in his magic book, and then said to Iblis: ‘I can do nothing for your cousin, although I should be very glad to restore him to liberty. The only man in the world who can help you is Abul Ajaib, whom I am expecting here in a few days, and to whom I will explain the affair.’

“Three days afterwards Abul Ajaib arrived at the castle. He had two faces—a man’s face before and an elephant’s behind. When he was in good humour he veiled the last, but when he was angry he showed only his elephant’s face, the aspect of which filled both men and genii with terror and dismay. As soon as he heard what had happened to Dydabooj, he said to Iblis: ‘Pluck up your courage, for Busirian shall atone for his cruelty to your cousin.’

“He then summoned a hideous winged genius, and ordered him to take Busirian prisoner, and to open the copper flask which stood in his castle.

“‘Am I to be shut up in it?’ inquired the genius,

with a trembling voice ; 'have I deserved this from you ? Have I ever acted treacherously towards you ? How can I approach the mighty Busirian ?'

" 'Fear nothing,' answered Abul Ajaib, 'I will follow you myself.'

"Busirian had lost his beloved wife, and was now mourning for her on a mountain opposite Sheddad's castle. He was so much grieved for the loss of Unka that he had forgotten to take his book of magic with him, without which he was as powerless as an ordinary mortal.

"Abul Ajaib commanded the winged genius to carry him to the mountain where Busirian was mourning for his wife, and took him prisoner. He then released Dydabooj from the flask, and gave him the castle of Sheddad, in which Busirian's daughters were living, whom he married.

"This happened a few months ago, and I do not know what has since taken place."

Misram had scarcely finished speaking, when a genius in the form of a roc appeared and handed Shilshanum a letter from Mahmood, which ran as follows :—

"In the name of the All-merciful God ! A respectful greeting and blessing to the Dervish Shilshanum and his friends Joodar and Misram, who have toiled with such superhuman energy for the peace of the good,

and the happiness of the innocent. There is yet one honourable enterprise for you to perform before you return to the bosom of your families in peace. You must release my friend Busirian and his daughters, and Joodar must slay my tutor's namesake, the ruthless Abul Ajaib and the parricide Dydabooj, who are living in Sheddad's castle. You must then restore his magic book to Busirian, that he may no longer flutter about like a bird with broken wings. As soon as you receive this letter, fly to the castle of Sheddad with Joodar, Misram, Hysa, and Sakirsad, and there await the return of its treacherous masters, who are at present on a journey. God is almighty !”

When Shilshanum had read the letter he said to the messenger : “Go back to Mahmood, salute him, and kiss his hands and feet from me, and tell him we will carry out his wishes, and will afterwards all pay him a visit together.” Then he turned to us and said : “You can see from this that what you have heard about the castle of Sheddad is quite true, and it seems that some friend or relative of Busirian has applied to Mahmood for help, or that he has read of his misfortune in his magic book.”

Shilshanum then took me on his back, and Misram took up the two ladies, and we arrived in a moment on the terrace of the golden castle of Sheddad. We then descended into it, and I found the reality far

more beautiful than Misram had described it to me. We found the five daughters of Busirian in a spacious saloon beyond the wonderful gardens, and they were much astonished at the sudden arrival of strangers ; but while I was telling them who we were and why we had come, Shilshanum unbound the unhappy Busirian, who was confined in one of the lower rooms of the castle, and the damsels fainted for joy when they beheld their father again. We spent three very pleasant days in the company of Busirian and his daughters. On the fourth day, when we saw Abul Ajaib and Dydabooj returning, we hid ourselves in an ante-room, and as soon as they sat down on the divan beside the ladies, I sprang forward with my magic sword and both their heads flew from their bodies at one blow. Misram then collected together all the valuables in the castle, and ordered several genii to bring them here. He himself then took Hysa and Sakirsad in his arms, Shilshanum took me on his back, we said adieu to Busirian and his daughters, and after half a day's journey we arrived here. I then released Misram and Shilshanum for ever from further attendance on me, and celebrated my marriage with Hysa on the same day that Mahmood, who was waiting for me at my house, married the daughters of King Numan.

The treasures which we took from Sheddad's castle



“Both their heads flew from their bodies.”

enable me royally to entertain all the poor of Cairo. This was my constant practice, mighty Sultan, till my neighbours looked upon me as a suspicious character, and the chief of the police brought me here. God be praised that we have met, for I have long waited for an opportunity to make you a present of the powerful magic sword and ring, which will doubtless give you victory in all your wars against the infidels.

The Sultan Zaher gratefully accepted Joodar's presents, and afterwards lived with him in the most intimate friendship.

"I myself," says the poet Hassan, of Andalusia, the author of this book, "made the acquaintance of Joodar upon my journey to Cairo, and he gave me an account himself of all the adventures of his life, and introduced me to the Sultan Zaher, with whom he was on terms of brotherly intimacy. I wrote down everything which Joodar related to me, because it was deserving of being handed down to posterity."

This is all which we know of the life of Joodar. Praise to God and to His Prophet Mohammed, and to his relations and companions.



STORY OF THE LABOURER AND THE FLYING CHAIR.

IN former times there lived at Bagdad a curly-pated avaricious fellow, who worked hard under an herb-seller, and by dint of penuriousness became possessed of fifteen golden dinars. He laboured all day upon half a clove of garlic and a dry crust, and then retired to his lodging, lighted his lamp, ate the remainder of his garlic and crust, placed before him his fifteen dinars, and amused himself with counting them over and over till the middle of the night, when he buried them under his mat, and laid himself down to sleep. This was his constant custom.

One day he said to himself, "I will walk to the caravanserai of Khalil." It happened to be Monday. He sat down in the square, when lo, a broker passed by, carrying a chair of wood, which he offered for sale at seventeen dinars. The labourer offered fourteen, upon which the broker said, "Give me earnest,

while I consult the owner." He gave him a dinar, and the broker presently returned and said, "Give me the money." The labourer paid it down, and took the chair to his lodging, where he prepared his supper, lighted his lamp, and ate his dry crust. Then he examined his chair, and sat down upon it, but found no amusement in it, compared to the counting of his beloved dinars. After much inward repentance, he said to himself, "Foolish fellow that I am ! I had money which cured my sorrow and grief, and produced me pleasure and amusement ; but, from my cursed folly, I have given it for this wooden chair, which neither profits nor amuses me, but rather disgusts me. I will go to the broker and abuse him, and demand back its value, saying, 'Either tell me the properties of the chair, or give me back my money !'"

Thus he remained fretting and complaining till morning, when he arose and went to the market, where the broker was standing. He began to abuse him, and said, "Tell me the properties of the chair, and in what consists its advantage."

The broker was much alarmed, and replied, "I know not its properties, for I am only a broker, and merely receive the proper commission of a fifth part ; but come with me to the owner, and ask him what virtue it contains, for the profit was his."

The broker went with the labourer to the owner

of the chair, who was a Jewish magician ; and said to him, "Tell us wherein is the advantage of the chair, or give back the money."

The Jew replied, "The property of the chair is this. Whoever sits in it must take a green switch in his hand, and strike upon it, commanding it to convey him wherever he chooses, and it will do so in an instant."

When the labourer heard this, he said, "I have been wishing for such a curiosity as this all my life ;" and ran as fast as he could to his lodging. When night came, he seated himself in his chair, struck it with a green switch, as directed, and said, "Convey me to the terrace of the Sultan's palace." Instantly the chair ascended to the heavens, until he heard the angels singing their praises to God in the Milky Way. Then it descended gradually, until it alighted on the terrace of the king's palace.

The labourer descended from the terrace into a court, through a window of which he saw a light, and finding the door of the apartment open, he entered. Here he beheld the king's daughter lying upon a divan, and appearing as beautiful as the full moon. He approached, and kissed her hands, upon which she started up in terror, and saw the labourer, a tall and brawny fellow, standing before her with a drawn dagger in his hand.

She cried out, "Who are you?" And the labourer answered, "I am Azrael, the angel of death, and am come to take your soul, and those of your father and mother, and of all the viziers and generals."

When the princess heard this, she shook with fear, her hair stood on end, and she exclaimed, "Alas, alas, for what crime hast thou come so suddenly upon us?"

He replied, "It is solely on thy account, for love of thee; but if thy father will grant my request, I will spare thee and all their lives."

"Let me know thy wishes," returned the princess, "for my father would gratify a thousand, rather than die."

The labourer then cried out, "If thy father will marry me to thee, I will spare all your lives; but if not, I will seize thy soul, and the souls of thy father and mother, and of all the nobles, viziers, and generals in a single day."

The princess promised compliance, upon which he returned to his chair, struck it with the switch, and said, "Convey me to my own house." It ascended as before to the sky, and the princess viewed his departure with astonishment, and believed that he was really Azrael, the angel of death. She went to her mother, and informed her of what he had said. The queen related the adventure to the Sultan, who

consulted his viziers, and told them of the threats of Azrael, and of his demand of the princess in marriage. The viziers exclaimed, "Save us, save us; and if you make Azrael your son-in-law, the sovereigns of the world will bow to your authority." The Sultan then sent for the Kadi and witnesses, and immediately executed the deed of marriage for his daughter to Azrael, the angel of death.

On the following night the labourer ascended in his chair, and repaired to the princess's apartment, when she showed him the marriage deed, and said, "When shall we celebrate the nuptials?"

Azrael replied, "I will not appear during the preliminary festivities, nor until the evening of the wedding, which shall be on Friday, so hasten the preparations."

Having said this he departed, and ascended in his chair in sight of the princess till the height concealed him from view. She now informed her parents of the pleasure of Azrael not to appear till the wedding night, and the Sultan commanded the nuptial festivities to be prepared.

While the usual ceremonies were going on at the palace, the artful labourer employed a carpenter to fix a wooden canopy over his chair, in the form of a dome, which he covered over with stripes of green yellow and red silk, and placed lanterns all over it,

in which he could fix candles. He then put on a green vest, and a crown set with pearls and diamonds, which he had stolen from the palace of the Sultan.

On the appointed evening, the labourer sat down in his chair, arranged his candles, and took with him a quantity of sulphur. Then he commanded the chair to ascend, and to descend gradually into the court of the palace, where they were celebrating the nuptial ceremonies. The chair rose swiftly to such a height that the labourer could hear the angels praising God. Then he lighted the candles in the lanterns, and gently descended. The Sultan, the viziers, the great officers of state, and the whole assembly now beheld Azrael, the angel of death, descending from the sky in his green vest; and flashes of light, caused by the sulphur, darted from the illuminated chair.

The Sultan rose out of respect, and the nobles and viziers bowed down, and said, "May this good fortune and pre-eminence be auspicious to our sovereign!" Azrael now alighted in the midst of the assembly, when the Sultan and all present prostrated themselves before him. He commanded them to depart, and rising in his machine, retired to the apartment of the princess. He remained with her in the utmost bliss, forgot the garden of the herb-seller, and his

mean lodging, and did not imagine that anything might happen to disturb his felicity.

Some days after this, a cook-maid, looking for something to light her fire on the terrace of the palace, found the labourer's chair, which she took away and converted into fuel. At length recollecting the machine, he wished to remove it into the palace for safety, but on searching the terrace, could not find it, upon which, in the extravagance of his grief, he tore his beard, cursed his stars, and scattered dust upon his head.

The princess observing his conduct, said, "What has happened to my lord? If I have displeased him, let him pardon me."

The labourer roughly inquired, "Who has taken away my chair, and everything belonging to it?"

The princess replied, "I do not know;" and immediately inquired after it, when the cook confessed, saying, "I broke it to pieces and burnt it, but I did not know that it belonged to Azrael, the angel of death." Upon this, the princess brought a chair of gold, set with pearls and precious stones, from her father, and said, "Accept this in the place of yours, which is irrecoverable."

But her husband was not to be pacified, and exclaimed angrily, "Do you think that I value an earthly chair? Mine was a heavenly one." He





The walls opened, and a monstrous genius appeared.

continued to storm ; the princess was terrified, and the unfortunate cook was punished.

The anger of the labourer, however, only proceeded from fear of his own safety, for he had observed some of the princess's attendants who knew him looking at him curiously ; and he feared that his real character would be discovered. Indeed, they had already informed the viziers of their suspicions in regard to Azrael, the angel of death. He now saw no resource but to creep out of the palace by stealth under cover of the night, and to return to his former lodging, which he reached in safety. He locked his door, and wept and lamented over his lost grandeur, till he was near perishing with hunger and thirst, and the fear of being discovered.

While he was in this situation, suddenly his room shook, the walls opened, and a monstrous genius appeared, whose feet reached to the depth of the earth, and his head to the clouds. At the sight of him the labourer shook in his clothes, and said, "Alas, my death is inevitable !"

The genius exclaimed, "Knowest thou me ? I will destroy thee ; but choose what death thou wilt die."

The labourer said in a faint voice, "My lord, who art thou ?"

The genius replied, "I am the servant of that chair which conducted thee to such glory, dignity and

honour ; for all which thy return was to expose me to the burning sun and the wind, till they took the chair and burnt it in the fire."

When the labourer heard these words he started up ; but immediately knelt down and kissed the feet of the genius, saying, "Forgive me, my lord ; pardon me, O my master, and God will also forgive thee. It is true that if thou shouldst put me to death, I am deserving of it ; and death would be more pleasing to me than disgrace, after I have called myself Azrael, the angel of death. I dread the vengeance of the Sultan, and I am enraptured with my wife ; but I am in the power of God and of thyself."

When the genius heard this speech, and beheld the distress of the labourer, he was moved with compassion, and gave him a cap and a ring, saying, "Take care of these, and do not lose them, or thy life will be taken away, in whatever country thou mayst be."

The labourer took them, and said, "My lord, what are their properties?"

The genius replied, "When thou puttest the cap upon thy head, thou wilt be invisible to all eyes ; and as for the ring, when distress shall attend thee, press it, and I will come to thee instantly, and execute all thy commands."

The labourer expressed his thanks, and kissed the hands of the genius, who then vanished from his

sight, leaving the labourer, whom he found in such distress, highly delighted with his good fortune.

When morning broke, the labourer put on his cap, and walked through the most frequented streets, but no one saw him or spoke to him. At this he was much pleased, and went on to the Sultan's palace, into which he passed unseen. He passed through all the apartments, till he reached those of his wife who was sitting alone, but could not perceive him till he pulled off his cap, when she ran to him in great joy, kissed his hands and feet, and embraced him, saying, "Where has my lord and master been during his absence? Alas, my lord!"

He replied in the character of Azrael, the angel of death, "I was employed last night in taking the souls of a thousand men."

The princess said, "How hadst thou such power?" And he answered, "I was assisted by my children." She then said, "Surely, my lord, you must be weary and hungry with such labour," to which he assented. Then she set before him cordials of various sorts, which he drank greedily, and she told him the names of each. Next she offered him various kinds of meats, of which he ate till he was satisfied. The princess then brought out wines, and he drank till his spirits were perfectly recovered; after which they retired to rest.

The labourer remained for some days happy with his wife, when one day when the Sultan was sitting with his viziers, they conversed on various subjects, and at length began to discuss the marriage of the princess. Some of the attendants of the princess, who had seen the labourer at the herb-seller's, and knew him, had informed the viziers of their suspicions; and the latter said to the Sultan, "It has been reported to us that your Majesty's son-in-law is not Azrael, the angel of death, but a gardener's labourer, which, if true, is a disgrace to the dignity of monarchs." The Sultan answered, "I cannot believe this without proof;" upon which the viziers returned, "If you desire proof of our suspicions, it is now the season of winter: require of him some fresh apples, and if he fulfils your request, we shall be convinced that he is Azrael, and that dishonour will not attend you among sovereigns."

The Sultan then went to his daughter, and said, "I am indisposed, and the physicians have prescribed for me some fresh apples, as the only medicine that can remove my disorder; and I therefore request that Azrael will procure for me four sorts of apples."

She replied, "Most willingly," and immediately informed her husband, who said, "To hear is to obey; but I am ashamed of so small a matter." Upon this

the princess retired to inform her father that his request should be gratified.

The labourer now pressed his ring, and the genius appeared, saying, "What dost thou want?"

The labourer replied, "I want nothing but some fresh apples."

The genius disappeared for an instant, and then returned with a large cloth full of apples of every sort, and of different degrees of ripeness. A third part were yellow, a third part red, and a third part white. The genius said to the labourer, "Canst thou conceive how far I have travelled for these apples?" To which he replied, "No." The genius said, "These apples grow in the country of the genii, upon trees which are not bare of fruit the whole year round;" and having said this, he disappeared.

At this instant the princess returned from visiting her father, and beheld before her husband a great quantity of apples, of such beautiful sorts as she had never before seen; upon which she said, "My father only requested a few, and here is a camel's load!" Then she fell down and kissed her husband's hands and feet, and sent for the Sultan, before whom she strewed the apples. When he saw them he was astonished, and said to the husband, "I have reigned in my kingdom forty years, and apples have been

constantly brought me from Syria ; but I have never beheld such as these."

Then he thanked his son and daughter, and taking up as much of the fruit as he was able to carry, went into his hall of audience, and said to the viziers, "Behold these apples! Have you ever seen the like during your whole lives?"

The viziers were confounded, and said to the Sultan, "If your daughter's husband was not possessed of supernatural power, he could not have accomplished this matter."

When the Sultan heard this, he was exceedingly rejoiced.

Not long after this, the Sultan wished to amuse himself, and went into the streets of the capital in the disguise of a Persian merchant. He walked to the caravanserai of Khalil, and sat down in one of the shops, when a broker passed with a female slave, crying,

"Who will buy the moon of her age? Who will buy a resplendent sun? Who will purchase a treasure for treasure?"

The merchants now gathered round the broker, who uncovered the face of the slave, and the place became illuminated with the splendour of her beauty, The Sultan instantly fell in love with her. When the merchants began to bid at two hundred dinars, and

did not stop till they had offered seven hundred, the sultan at once bid a thousand, and ten dinars as a commission to the broker, which was accepted.

The Sultan conveyed the beautiful slave to the palace, and found her in every way accomplished. She suddenly took out a purse of brocade, from which she poured a hundred and twenty small pieces of ivory and ebony, which she fitted together to form a lute. Then she fixed the strings, and taking something very small from her pocket, struck with it upon the lute in twenty-four different modulations. The Sultan was astonished, and was so enraptured with her skill and the melody of her voice that he gave himself up entirely to her society.

It happened one night that the prince of the red genii, who was celebrating the nuptials of his son, and had collected all the requisites for festivity on the occasion, was soaring in the air, when he heard the sound of the beautiful slave's voice, which charmed him. He entered the palace, and remained there invisible, until all were asleep, when he took up the slave in his arms, flew with her to his own palace, and placed her among the most honourable guests assembled to celebrate the marriage. Then he gently awoke her, and entreated her to sing and play, which she did so exquisitely as to charm and astonish all the genii.

Among the guests was a monstrous afreet, who fell so deeply in love with her that he resolved to possess her, and while the sultan of the red genii and the guests were engaged in the bridal procession, he suddenly seized the slave in his arms, flew away, and then descended to his cave in the Seventh Earth.

When the Sultan awoke, and missed the beautiful slave, he eagerly inquired after her, but no one could give him any intelligence, upon which he tore his beard, rent his clothes, wept bitterly, and remained in his chamber without attending the divan.

When the troops came to pay their respects, and missed him, they said, "He is dead, and they have concealed his death from us;" upon which they demanded their arrears of pay, and began to be riotous in the city.

The chief vizier now requested an audience, and being admitted to the presence of the Sultan, kissed the ground before him, and said, "Your majesty is given up to grief, while the troops are preparing to plunder the city. You remain concealed, and they suppose you to be dead. If this report should reach your enemies, they will march against your capital, and take it. Rise up then, compose your countenance, and show yourself to the troops, that they may be satisfied."

Upon this, the Sultan repaired to the divan, and

the generals and troops attended. They paid their obeisance, their minds were appeased at the sight of the Sultan, and they withdrew quietly.

The vizier now addressed the Sultan, saying, "What can be the cause of your majesty's excessive sorrow?"

The Sultan then informed the vizier how he had lost the beautiful slave, and had been unable to obtain any intelligence concerning her.

Upon this the vizier said to himself, "What have I to do but to draw the pretended Azrael into this misfortune? If he cannot repair it, I shall easily compass his ruin." He therefore said to the Sultan: "Why should you grieve, my lord, when Azrael is so near you? If he has taken her life he will inform you, or else he will doubtless be able to tell you if she is concealed anywhere."

The Sultan then sent for his daughter, and requested her to ask her husband about the beautiful slave, which she readily promised, and immediately went and informed Azrael of the loss. He replied, "To hear is to obey;" and the princess returned to her father.

During her absence, he pressed the ring, and the genius appeared, and said, "What are your commands?" He informed him of the loss of the slave, and his wish to recover her, when the genius promised to find her, and vanished.

The genius immediately consulted his wife, who informed him that the king of the red genii had carried her away during the celebration of his son's nuptials. He then repaired to the Red King ; but he assured him that he had lost her, and could not find her. At length the genius of the chair discovered that the afreet had carried her away to the Seventh Earth. When the Red King heard of it, he attended him with his followers to the afreet's cave, where they found the slave bound with four chains.

The genius of the chair instantly unbound her, took her on his back, and mounted into the air, where he encountered and slew the afreet after an obstinate contest. He then carried her to the labourer, who thanked him for his kindness, and took her to the princess.

When the princess saw the slave, she was overjoyed, and communicated the glad tidings to her father, who hastened to Azrael, kissed his feet, and blessed him for his assistance. He then retired to his own apartments with his beloved mistress, where he secluded himself for some time without admitting any one to his presence.

When the Sultan's neglect of public business became known abroad, a hostile prince suddenly invaded the country, and met with no opposition





At length the army fled in confusion.

until he encamped under the walls of the capital, in which disorder and confusion arose.

The vizier now informed the Sultan of the critical position of his affairs, and when he asked his advice, replied, "Be not alarmed, O king, for is not Azrael, the angel of death, your son-in-law? He need only take the life of the invading prince, and his army will instantly disperse."

The Sultan replied, "You have spoken truly," and immediately went to his daughter, to whom he said, "If your husband will free me from this enemy, I will resign the crown to him, and become his subject."

The princess informed her husband, who said, "To hear is to obey. Let the Sultan set his mind at ease, and, God willing, he shall see what will happen."

The labourer waited till evening, when he put on his cap, pressed his ring, and when the genius appeared, demanding his pleasure, he asked for armour and weapons. The genius vanished for a moment, and then returned with armour as strong as rock, and weapons to match. Azrael put them on; and attended by the genius, who was also invisible, proceeded to the invader's camp about midnight, where they dealt their blows so powerfully on all sides, that the sleeping awakened in consternation, and those who were awake stood up in alarm, but

could not see from whence the attack came. At length the army fled in confusion; brother forgot brother, and the son forgot his father; all were anxious only for their own safety, and slew one another. Nothing was seen but flying heads, falling horses, and expiring bodies. Those who preferred safety, fled, and those who stood their ground, were slain.

The labourer, attended by the genius, then entered the tent of the invading prince, whom he found with his slaves in the utmost alarm at the surprise of the camp. As he was invisible, he seized the prince in his arms, and threw him into a great chest which stood in the tent, and locked him up, while the genius disarmed the slaves. Next he examined the tents, and found them full of jewels and valuable effects, which he loaded upon camels and porters belonging to the prince. Lastly, he collected all the horses, tents, and camp equipages, in which the genius assisted him.

When the morning dawned, lo, the plain was cleared from the enemy, and the Sultan ventured from the city to look for his son-in-law, whom he soon perceived advancing with his spoils; horses, mules, camels, and porters all heavily laden, and obedient to his orders. The Sultan was surprised to see only Azrael among such a convoy, for the

genius was invisible. He exulted beyond measure, and with his viziers, nobles, and generals, bowed down and kissed the ground before his son-in-law, conducted him respectfully into the city, as if he had been one of his slaves, and seated him upon the throne of his kingdom.

Azrael now ordered the captive prince to be taken from the chest, in which he was nearly stifled. Being rubbed with vinegar and perfumes, he recovered, but only to find himself in the hands of his enemies. The Sultan commanded him to be confined in one of the towers of the palace, and ordered rejoicings to be made throughout his dominions. He then gave himself up entirely to the company of his fair slave, and resigned his kingdom to his son-in-law, until death, the destroyer of all, divided them.



THE STORY OF MAZIN OF KHORASSAN.

IN ancient times there resided in the city of Khorassan a youth named Mazin, who was brought up by his mother, a poor widow, to the humble occupation of a dyer. He was so handsome and accomplished that crowds flocked to his shop daily to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation; but he was a steady, virtuous youth, unspoiled by flattery, and he continued his laborious occupation with unceasing industry, and supported himself and his mother with the fruits of his labours. His taste was so correct in the choice of colours that veils, turbans, and vests of Mazin's dyeing were sought after by all the young and gay of Khorassan, and many of his female customers shot a wistful glance at him from behind their veils as they gave him their orders. But it was not his fate always to remain

a dyer, for he was destined for higher fortunes and surprising adventures.

One day Mazin was busy at his work as usual, when a foreigner came into his shop, and after looking at him earnestly for a short time, exclaimed,—

“Alas, that such a noble youth should be forced to labour at so mean an employment !”

“I thank you, father, for your compassion,” replied Mazin, “but honest industry can never be disgraceful.”

“True,” said the old man ; “but if God should offer us affluence and distinction, should we refuse prosperity ?”

“By no means,” returned Mazin ; and presently he added, “If you can show me how I may become prosperous without forfeiting my integrity, I am not so fond of my trade that I would not prefer to live at ease in an honest manner without it ; for I would like to enjoy leisure to pursue my studies, which have already brought me some little celebrity.”

“Son,” said the stranger, “your wishes shall be fulfilled. You have no father, but I will adopt you as my son, and teach you the art of transmuting common metals into gold. Farewell till to-morrow, when I will meet you at your shop

early in the morning," and having said this, the old man took his leave.

Mazin's curiosity and ambition were roused. He closed his shop earlier than usual and hastened to his mother to inform her of the attractive offers of the old man. She reflected awhile on the story, and then said, "My son, I fear lest some evil lurks under this kindness, for we live in evil days when men promise more than they intend to perform in order to gain some wicked object. Be cautious, and do not accept his offers until he has given proof of his sincerity. We have all we need at present, and what more would riches give us?"

Mazin saw the propriety of his mother's advice, and promised to be wary. They ate their supper cheerfully, and retired to rest; but the young man could sleep but little, and waited with impatience for the morning, when he was to learn the art of transmuting metals into gold.

When morning came, Mazin hastened impatiently to the shop, and the old man arrived shortly afterwards, bearing a crucible in his hands.

"Welcome, son!" and "Welcome, father!" was their mutual salutation, after which the old man told Mazin to kindle a fire; and then asked him if he had any old metal, iron, brass, copper, etc.

Mazin produced some pieces of an old copper pot, which were put into the crucible. As soon as they were melted, the old man, whose name was Bahram, took from his turban a paper containing a yellowish powder, which he threw into the crucible, over which he repeated some cabalistic words as he stirred the melting metal. At length he took it from the fire, when Mazin was astonished to see a large lump of pure gold. Bahram told him to take it to a goldsmith, who paid him a large sum for it, with which he returned to his adopted father.

"Well my son," said Bahram, "are you now convinced of my skill, and of my sincerity in offering to promote your fortunes?"

"I am," said Mazin, "and am ready to go with you anywhere, in order to learn this invaluable secret."

"Good," returned the old man, "I will sup with you this evening, and when we are quite alone I will give you all necessary instructions."

Mazin was overjoyed, and immediately closed his shop, and took the stranger to his own house, where he seated him in the best apartment. He then asked his mother to go to spend the night at a neighbour's, and showed her the money which he had obtained for the broken copper, as a proof

of the sincerity of his new friend. His mother was satisfied, and taking leave of her son, went cheerfully to a friend's house. Mazin then went out, and returned with all kinds of refreshment, nor was wine forgotten, though forbidden to the faithful. They ate and drank heartily, and at length Mazin, who had not been used to drink wine, became intoxicated. As soon as the wily magician perceived this, he threw a powerful drug into the goblet of Mazin, who no sooner drank it off than he fell back insensible on his cushion. The magician pushed him into a large chest which he locked; after which he filled another chest with everything in the house which was worth having, including the gold. He then fetched in porters, and made them take up the chests, and follow him to the harbour, where a vessel waited his orders, in which he embarked with the unfortunate Mazin and his plunder. The anchor was weighed, and the wind being fair, the ship was soon out of sight of land.

When Mazin's mother returned to her house early in the morning, she found the door open, her son missing, and the rooms ransacked of all her valuables. She gave a loud shriek, tore her hair, beat her bosom, and threw herself on the ground, crying out for her son, whom she supposed

to have been murdered by the treacherous magician, against whose professions she had warned him to be cautious, until the sight of gold had allayed both her own suspicions and those of her son. Some neighbours hearing her cries rushed in, lifted her from the ground, and inquired the cause of her grief. When they had heard the story, they tried to comfort her by every means in their power; but they were unable to soothe her grief. She commanded a tombstone to be erected in the courtyard, where she sat night and day bc veiling her son, and scarcely taking sufficient food to preserve her miserable existence.

The infidel Bahram, who was a wicked magician, and a worshipper of fire, hated the true believers, one of whom he inveigled into his power every year by promising to teach him the art of transmuting metals into gold. He first made him subservient to his purposes in procuring the ingredients necessary for his art, and then treacherously put him to death, lest the secret should be divulged. This was now his intention towards the unfortunate Mazin.

On the evening of the second day after the sailing of the vessel, Bahram thought proper to awaken his victim to a sense of his misery. He opened the chest, which had been placed in his

cabin, and poured a certain liquid down the throat of Mazin, who instantly sneezed several times and then opened his eyes, and stared wildly around him. At length seeing the magician, observing the sea, and feeling the motion of the ship, he became aware of the misfortune which had befallen him, and he perceived that he had fallen into the snares of the treacherous Bahram, against whom his mother had warned him in vain. Still, being a devout Muslim, he would not complain against the decrees of Providence, but repeated the following prayer: "There is no support nor refuge but from Almighty God, from whom we proceed, and unto whom we must return. Deal gently with me, O my God, in the dictates of Thy omnipotence, and make me resigned under Thy chastening, O Lord of all being."

Having finished his prayer, Mazin turned humbly towards his accursed betrayer, and said in a supplicating tone: "What have you done, my father? Did you not promise me pleasure and enjoyment?"

Upon this, the magician struck him, and exclaimed with a scowling and malignant sneer: "O dog, and son of a dog, my pleasure is in your destruction. I have already sacrificed nine-and-thirty wretches like yourself, and you shall be the fortieth victim unless you will abjure your faith, and become, like me, a

worshipper of the sacred fire, in which case I will adopt you as my son, and teach you the art of making gold."

"Accursed be thou, thy religion, and thy art!" exclaimed the enraged Mazin. "God forbid that for the pleasures of this world I should apostatise from our holy prophet, and give up the glorious rewards reserved in certain store for his faithful disciples! You may indeed destroy my body but my soul despises your threats."

"Vile dog," roared the furious sorcerer, "I will try your constancy." He then called his slaves, who held Mazin to the floor of the cabin while their master beat him with a knotted whip till he was covered with blood; but the resolute youth, instead of complaining, only uttered prayers to heaven for Divine support under his sufferings, and for sufficient fortitude to acquire the glory of martyrdom. At length the magician, wearied with his cruel exercise, desisted; and making his slaves load his unfortunate victim with heavy fetters, chained him down in a dark closet, with only a coarse mat to lie upon, and with just sufficient dirty water and coarse bread to keep him alive. But Mazin's courage was invincible. He washed his wounds, and comforted himself with the hope that if he died, he should enjoy the bliss of Paradise; or that if God had decreed his con-

tinuance in life, that He would provide some way of relief for his present and future afflictions. In this assurance he took a little of his wretched food and then fell asleep, notwithstanding the agony of his wounds ; but only to awaken to fresh misery. In the morning he was again persecuted by his cruel tormentor, who harassed him daily for three months, with blows, revilings, and every sort of insult that malice could invent, or cruelty devise.

Hitherto the wind had been fair, and the vessel had nearly reached the desired haven, when it changed suddenly, and a terrific storm arose. The waves threatened to swallow up the vessel, or dash it to pieces, and all on board gave themselves up for lost. At this crisis, the sailors who believed that the tempest was sent by heaven as a judgment for their suffering the unfortunate Mazin to be so cruelly tormented, went in a body to the accursed Bahram, and accused him of having brought down the wrath of God upon the vessel by his persecution of the young Muslim ; and they threatened to cast him overboard if he did not instantly release the youth from his confinement. They then seized upon the slaves who had been the instruments of the magician's cruelty, and flung them into the sea, which so terrified the treacherous Bahram that he immediately released Mazin from his chains, and fell at

his feet, entreating him to pardon him for his harsh treatment, and promising if they escaped the storm to take him back to his own country, and to teach him the art of making gold. Wonderful to relate, no sooner was Mazin freed from his fetters than the violence of the tempest decreased, the wind gradually subsided, the waves fell, and the sea no longer threatened to overwhelm them. In a few hours all was calm and security, and a prosperous gale enabled the shattered vessel to resume her course.

The sailors, who now regarded Mazin as a special favourite of heaven, treated him with the greatest respect and attention ; and the hypocritical magician, pretending sorrow for his late cruelty, sought to procure his forgiveness and good opinion by every art of flattery, and affected contrition, which had such an effect on the ingenuous youth, that he forgot his treachery, and again believed in his promises and assurances that the torments he had undergone had only been inflicted as trials of his constancy and belief in the true religion, and that this probation was necessary before the great art of transmuting metals could be safely entrusted to his keeping.

The remainder of the voyage was prosperous and happy, and after another three months, the vessel anchored on the wished-for coast, which was rocky and the beach was strewn with pebbles of every colour

The magician gave orders to the captain to wait a month for their return, and he and Mazin disembarked, and proceeded together into the country. As soon as they were out of sight of the ship, the magician sat down, and taking a small drum from his vestband, began to beat upon it with two sticks, when instantly a whirlwind arose, and a thick column of dust rolled towards them from the desert. Mazin was alarmed, and regretted that he had left the vessel ; but the magician, seeing his colour change, assured him that he need be under no apprehensions, and that he had only to obey his orders to be happy. He had scarcely spoken, when the wind ceased, the dust dispersed, and three camels stood before them, one of which was loaded with water and provisions, and the others were bridled and richly caparisoned. Bahram and Mazin then mounted, and travelled for seven days and nights across a wild and sandy desert, only halting for necessary refreshments and repose.

On the eighth morning they reached a beautiful and fertile tract, delightfully watered by clear streams. The ground was verdant with grass, and shaded by spreading trees laden with fruit. Birds warbled melodiously in the branches, and antelopes and other animals sported in the shade. At the end of a thick avenue stood a capacious dome of blue

and green enamel, resting upon four columns of solid gold, each pillar exceeding in value the treasures of the sovereigns of Persia and Greece. They approached the dome, stopped the camels, and dismounted, and turned the animals to graze. This splendid building was surrounded by a delightful garden, in which Mazin and the magician rested all that day and night. At some distance from this enchanting spot appeared a stupendous fabric. Its numerous turrets and lofty pinnacles glittered in the sun, and Mazin, perceiving that it must be a palace of uncommon magnificence, asked his companion to whom this superb edifice might belong. But the magician rather abruptly told him to ask no questions at present ; for the palace belonged to his bitterest enemies, who were evil genii ; and that he would give him their history at a more convenient opportunity. Mazin said nothing ; but he began to suspect some new treachery, from the magician's manner.

In the morning Bahram beat his magic drum, and the three camels appeared. He and Mazin then remounted, and pursued their journey in the same manner as before, for seven days ; and their speed more resembled the flight of birds than the ordinary rate of travel. On the eighth morning, the magician inquired of Mazin whether he saw anything unusual on the horizon.

"I behold," said he, "an appearance like a range of black clouds extending from east to west." "They are not clouds," replied Bahram, "but lofty mountains, called the Mountains of the Clouds, from their appearance at a distance. On their summit lies the object of our journey, which we shall soon obtain if you will give me your aid, and then we shall return to the ship richer than all the sovereigns of the world. But you must be sure to obey me in whatever I may command."

Mazin promised to do so, but his heart sank within him when he looked upon the gloomy region before him, and remembered the magician's boast of having sacrificed thirty-nine youthful victims on these mountains, and his threat on board the ship to make him the fortieth. He repented that he had ventured to leave the vessel with Bahram; but it was now too late to recede. He resigned himself to the decrees of God, who had already relieved his sufferings during the voyage, and concealed his uneasiness as well as he could from the crafty magician, who on his part endeavoured to soothe and flatter him with artful promises and caresses.

They pursued their journey for four days longer, when they arrived at the foot of the black mountains, which formed a wall of inaccessible precipices, as perpendicular as if they had been scarped by art;

and their tremendous height cast a dark and gloomy shade to a vast distance. They now dismounted, and turned the camels to graze, when the magician took from his wallet three loaves and a skin of water. He then lit a fire, and beat his drum ; and when the camels appeared, he chose the smallest, which he killed, and carefully flayed, washing the inside of the skin with water. When this was done, he said to Mazin, "My son, it now rests with you to crown our labours with success. Enter this skin, taking with you the three loaves, and the skin of water for your sustenance while you remain on the mountain ; and fear nothing, for no harm can happen to you. I will sew up the skin, leaving room for the admission of the air ; and presently a roc will descend, and carry you in her talons to the level ground on the summit of the mountain. As soon as she alights, rip open the stitches of the skin with your dagger, and the roc will be scared away. Then arise, and gather as much as possible of a black dust which you will find thickly strewn on the ground. Put it into this bag, and throw it down to me, after which I will contrive an easy means for your descent. When you have rejoined me, we will return to the vessel, and I will convey you safely back to your own country. We will share the dust between us, for it has the property of transmuting

metals into gold ; and we shall each have enough to rival all the treasures on earth."

Mazin finding it in vain to oppose, allowed himself to be sewed up in the skin, recommending himself in prayer to the protection of Allah and the Prophet. When the magician had finished his work, he withdrew to a distance. Presently a monstrous roc, darting from a craggy precipice with the rapidity of lightning, grasped the skin in her vast talons, and soaring swifter than the eagle, soon alighted on the summit of the mountain. When Mazin felt himself on the ground, he ripped open the skin, and when the roc saw him, she uttered a loud cry, and flew away. Mazin arose, and walked upon the summit of the mountain, which he found covered with black dust ; but he also beheld the skeletons of the young men whom the accursed Bahram had left to perish, after they had served his purpose. His blood froze with horror as he apprehended the same unhappy fate ; but he filled his bag with the black powder, and advanced to the edge of a precipice, from which he beheld the magician eagerly looking out for him below. Mazin called out, and when the hypocrite saw him, he began dancing and capering for joy, and exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my son, my best friend, my beloved child ! All our dangers are over, throw me down the bag."

"I will not," replied Mazin, "until you have conveyed me safely from this dangerous place."

"That is out of my power," said Bahram, "until I have the bag; but if you will throw it down, I swear by the fire which I worship, that I will immediately procure you a safe descent."

Mazin relied on his oath, and as he saw no other chance of escape, he threw down the bag. The accursed magician immediately seized it, and mounted his camel, when the unfortunate Mazin cried out, "Surely you will not forfeit your oath, and leave me here to perish."

"Perish you must, Muslim dog," replied the magician, "that my secret may be kept. Your Prophet cannot help you, for the mountains around are impassable, and below is a fathomless sea. I have obtained my object, and now leave you to your fate." Having said this, he urged his camel on, and was soon out of sight.

Mazin was in an agony of despair, and not a ray of hope comforted his mind. He beat his bosom, and threw himself on the ground amid the mouldering skeletons of the former victims to the treachery of the magician, and lay for a time in a state of insensibility. At length he was aroused by the calls of hunger and thirst, and the love of life, however miserable, made him have recourse to his bread and

water. This revived him a little, when his religion came to his aid, and he began to pray for resignation to submit to the decrees of Heaven, however painful. He then walked to the edge of the mountain overhanging the sea, which he perceived to wash the base of the rock without any beach. At this sight, a desperate chance of escape struck his mind, and he resolved to throw himself from the precipice into the ocean, hoping that if he should survive the fall, and rise to the surface, he might reach land. He commended himself to God, shut his eyes, held in his breath, and giving a desperate spring, plunged headlong into the dreadful abyss, which providentially received him unhurt, and a friendly wave drove him on shore, where he lay for some minutes insensible, owing to the rapidity of his descent from the brain-sickening precipice.

When he recovered his senses, Mazin looked wildly around him, and was at first scarcely able to bear the light from the recollection of the dizzy eminence from which he had plunged ; and an uneasy interval elapsed before he could persuade himself that the certainty of death was past. When he was at length convinced of this, he prostrated himself on the earth, and exclaimed, "In God alone is our refuge and support ! I thought I should have perished, but His providence has sustained me." He then wept ex-

ceedingly, entreated forgiveness of his offences, read several passages from the Koran, which he had preserved in his vestband, repeated the whole of his rosary, and besought the intercession of the Prophet for his deliverance from future dangers. After this, he walked on till evening ; eating the fruit of the forest, drinking the waters of the streams, and resting on the green turf. He proceeded thus for three days, when he reached the spot under the mountains where the roc had taken him up in the camel's skin. He now recognised the road he had come, and after measuring back his steps for nine days, he at length came in sight of the superb palace, concerning which the magician had told him that it was inhabited by evil genii, his bitterest enemies.

Mazin hesitated for some time whether he should approach it or not ; but he reflected that no greater calamity could happen to him than he had already fared, and despising the imaginary danger, he advanced boldly to a grand lodge built of white marble exquisitely polished. He entered, and on one of the raised platforms which skirted the passage into the court he beheld two beautiful maidens playing at chess. One of them caught sight of him and exclaimed : " Surely, sister, this is the young man who passed this way about a month ago with Bahram the magician ! "

"I am he," cried Mazin, throwing himself on the ground, "and entreat your hospitable protection."

The lady raised him up saying : " Stranger, you so much resemble a beloved brother whom we have lost, that I feel moved to adopt you as my brother if my sister will consent to do so also." The other lady readily assented, and they seated Mazin between them and made him give them a full account of his adventures.

When Mazin had finished his story the ladies were moved with compassion for his misfortunes, and were highly indignant at the insolence of the magician, who had accused them of being evil genii. They then proceeded to acquaint him with the cause of their residence in this secluded place, saying : " Know, brother, that our father is a powerful king of a race of good genii, who were converted to the true faith by Solomon, the son of David. We are seven daughters by the same mother, but our father being fearful lest some evil might happen to us, has placed us in this solitary spot. This palace was built for us by genii, and it is surrounded by delightful meadows and forests abounding with game, and we often amuse ourselves with field-sports. When we want horses or camels we have only to beat a small magic drum, and they instantly attend our call, ready caparisoned. Our five sisters are at present at the chase but will

soon return. Set your heart at rest, for your misfortunes are now at an end, and you shall dwell with us in ease and pleasure."

The five sisters soon returned, and on hearing Mazin's adventures, they also adopted him as their brother, and he remained with them some time, leading a most pleasant life, for they did all in their power to divert him with various amusements both at home and abroad. Mazin soon recovered his health, and was happy to the extent of his wishes. At the end of a year, Mazin was riding out to the enamelled dome, with golden columns, when he perceived under it the accursed magician, accompanied by a youth whom he had inveigled into his snares and devoted to destruction. The rage of Mazin was kindled at the sight, and drawing his sabre he rushed upon the sorcerer, who was in the act of flaying a camel, and seized him by the hair, exclaiming: "Wretch, the judgment of heaven has at length overtaken thee, and thy impure soul shall soon be plunged into that fire thou blasphemously adorest." The magician struggled to escape, and prayed for mercy and forgiveness; but Mazin, convinced by experience that he deserved none, struck off his head at one blow. The young man stood near, gazing with astonishment upon the scene, till Mazin informed him of the wicked arts of the accursed Bahram, and

of his own narrow escape from almost certain destruction, and advised him to remount his camel and return to the spot where he had disembarked from the vessel, which would safely convey him back to his own country. The young man thanked him for his deliverance and took his leave, while Mazin returned to the palace, carrying with him the head of the magician as a trophy of his victory. He was highly applauded for his prowess by the sisters, who rejoiced at the destruction of so cruel an enemy to mankind.

A few days after this, Mazin and the sisters were sitting together in a gallery of the palace when they observed a thick cloud of dust rising from the desert and approaching them. As it came nearer they perceived through it a troop of horsemen, upon which the sisters desired Mazin to retire into an inner chamber, and went to the gateway to inquire the business of the strangers. They proved to be messengers whom their father had sent to escort them to his presence, in order to attend the nuptials of a near relative. Upon this summons the sisters prepared for the journey, and at the end of three days they departed, promising Mazin that they would return in a month. When they took leave of him they gave him the keys of every apartment in the castle, telling him that he might open every door but one, which he had better not open lest some





He yielded to the impulse of curiosity, and unlocked the door.

misfortune should happen to him. Mazin promised to obey, and was so well amused for many days in examining the magnificent rooms and curiosities of the palace that he did not feel inclined to disobey, until the forbidden door alone remained unopened. Having then nothing to divert him, he yielded to the impulse of curiosity, and unlocked the door, which led him to a marble staircase, which led to the terrace roof of the palace, where an enchanting prospect met his sight. On one side he perceived an extensive garden, in the centre of which was a basin of clear water, lined with gems of every description and surrounded with shady trees. He wished to examine it more closely, and after descending the staircase, he explored his way through a long arcade which led him at length into the garden, where he amused himself for some time. He then sat down to rest in an alcove near the basin, when he was astonished to perceive a company of damsels, like houris, descending from the sky, whose robes of light green silk floating in the air seemed their only support. Mazin was alarmed at this unexpected sight, and retired to the end of the alcove, from whence he watched their motions. They alighted on the brink of the water, threw off their robes and plunged into it. They swam about for some time sporting in the water and dashing it over each other; but one among them

was of such surpassing loveliness that her image became stamped indelibly on the heart of Mazin. When they were tired they came out of the water, reassumed their green robes, and after resting for a few moments on the verdant sward, soared into the air and were soon far beyond the sight of the enamoured Mazin, who followed them with his eyes till he could distinguish them no longer. Despairing of ever again beholding the object of his affections, he fainted on the grass, and did not recover himself for some time. He returned melancholy to the palace, and spent the night in tears and longing.

On the following morning the seven sisters returned, and she who had first welcomed Mazin to their abode, and had ever since retained for him the purest affection, ran eagerly to inquire after his health. Great was her affliction at beholding him stretched upon his bed, pale and worn, after his sleepless and weary night. He returned no answer to her many kind questions; and at length she implored him by the sisterly affection which she bore for him, to inform her of the cause of his dejection, assuring him that she would use every exertion to remove it, and to gratify his wishes, whatever they might be, or whatever difficulties might stand in the way. Upon this Mazin in a feeble voice related his adventure in the garden, and declared that unless he could obtain

possession of the beautiful damsel whom he thought must have descended from Paradise, he must die of grief. His sister then comforted him, saying that his desire should soon be granted ; and his spirits revived. He accompanied her to meet the other sisters, who met him with their usual kindness, but were much grieved and alarmed at the sad alteration in his appearance. He assured them, however, that it was only the effect of the prolonged absence of his kind friends ; and now that they had returned, he would speedily recover his usual health and cheerfulness.

Next morning the ladies went again upon a hunting excursion for ten days, but Mazin's adopted sister remained behind, saying that he was not yet sufficiently recovered to bear the exercise ; and that she would stay at home with him. When the others were gone, she informed Mazin that the beautiful damsels he had seen in the garden belonged to a race of genii much more powerful than her own. They inhabited a country surrounded by unapproachable seas and deserts, and belonged to a nation of females who only received occasional visits from the neighbouring tribes, to whom all the male children were sent as soon as they were born. She likewise told him that their silken robes gave them the power of soaring through the air a hundred times swifter than any bird, that they were fond of amusing themselves in

verdant spots and bathing in the clearest waters, and that as the garden in which he had seen them was a favourite place of their resort, they would probably soon visit it again. "Perhaps," added she, "they may return to-day. We will be on the watch, and if they appear, you must watch where your favourite places her robes, and seize and conceal them while she is in the water, for she cannot fly away without them. Then you must bring her to the palace, and endeavour to gain her affection by constant tenderness and watchful attentions, that she may consent to a marriage ; but when she is in your power, remember to conceal her robes from her, for if she should regain possession of them, she would certainly return to the Flying Islands, and you would see her no more."

Mazin and his sister now repaired to the garden, and seated themselves in the alcove, and they had not been there long when the damsels descended the basin as before, and flinging their robes aside, plunged into the water. As soon as their attention was fully occupied with their own diversion, Mazin cautiously snatched up the robes of his beloved, and conveyed them to the alcove unperceived by the fair bathers, who after sufficiently amusing themselves, left the water, and prepared to take their departure. But when Mazin's beloved missed her robes, she beat her

bosom, tore her hair, and uttered loud shrieks, and big tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks. But her sisters, instead of consoling her, were concerned only for their own safety, and hastily assuming their robes, bade her farewell, mounted into the air, and disappeared. As soon as they were gone, Mazin and his sister approached, and saluting the deserted lady, endeavoured to console her ; but for the present in vain, as her mind was intent only on the sad captivity which she thought awaited her, and the loss of her native country and relations. They led her to the palace, and Mazin respectfully retired, leaving her to the care of his sister, who by a thousand endearments and attentions so gained upon her that after two days she began to recover her spirits, and consented to receive Mazin as her husband, when the other sisters should return from the chase. On their arrival at the palace, they were introduced to the fair stranger, who was so diverted by their company and attentions that she almost ceased to regret her captivity. Preparations were now made for the wedding, which was succeeded by a round of festivities, and the seven sisters vied with each other in devising new pleasures for the happy pair.

Mazin at length, however, began to reflect on the anguish which his mother must experience at his long absence, and finally begged leave to return home ;

and unwilling as his sisters were to part from him, they respected his anxiety for his mother, and fixed a day for his departure. When the time arrived, the sisters beat their magic drum, when several camels appeared at the gate of the palace, heavily laden with the richest stuffs, besides gold, jewels, and refreshments for the journey, and accompanied by a sufficient escort. One camel was richly caparisoned for the use of Mazin, and another carried a splendid litter for the conveyance of his wife. He took an affectionate leave of the sisters, whom he promised to revisit at some future time, and the caravan then set out towards the seashore where Mazin had disembarked with the magician. The journey was prosperous, and on reaching the coast, they found a vessel ready to receive them, and as the wind was favourable, Mazin soon arrived at his home, where he had the satisfaction of finding his mother alive, though greatly wasted with constant grief and lamentation for his loss. To describe the joy of their meeting is impossible ; for never was there a more tender affection between parent and child than subsisted between Mazin and his mother. She seemed to gain new life from his return, and to grow young again. His wife, too, appeared quite contented with her lot, and Mazin was happy in the possession of all that he desired ; but lest his fellow townsmen should take umbrage at

his sudden prosperity, he decided to remove to Bagdad with his family.

Three years passed away in undisturbed happiness ; and Mazin's wife had presented him with two sons, when he thought that it would be only an act of gratitude to pay a visit to the sisters to whom he owed all his felicity. After making preparations for his journey, he committed his wife's silken robes to the care of his mother, giving her the key of a secret recess in which he had lodged them ; but with a strict charge to keep them from his wife, lest an irresistible impulse might inspire her to fly away to her own country, for although she generally appeared contented, yet she could not help sometimes regretting her absence from her home and friends. The mother promised obedience, and Mazin, after taking an affectionate leave of her and of his wife and children, with promises to return soon, embarked on board a vessel, and pursued his voyage. On landing, he found camels awaiting his arrival, for the sisters knew of his coming by their magic arts, and had stationed them ready to convey him to the palace.

Some time after the departure of Mazin, his wife requested her mother-in-law's permission to visit the bath ; and the old lady willingly accompanied her and the children to the most celebrated bath in the

city, which was frequented by the ladies of the Court. On their arrival, they found some of the principal slaves of Zobeide, the favourite consort of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, who were so much struck with the uncommon beauty of Mazin's wife, that they not only crowded round to admire her, but even followed her until she entered her own house, when they returned to the palace in apprehension lest their mistress should be displeased at their long absence.

They had not miscalculated; for when they entered her presence, Zobeide exclaimed: "Where have you loitered, and what is the reason of your staying so unusually long at the bath?"

Upon this, they looked at each other in confusion, and remained silent.

The Sultana was angry, and said, "Inform me instantly of the cause of your delay;" when they told her of the wonderful beauty of Mazin's wife, and talked so much about her, that Zobeide was seized with curiosity to behold her.

On the following day she sent for Mazin's mother, who obeyed the summons with fear and trembling, wondering what the caliph's consort could want with a person of her inferior rank.

Mazin's mother prostrated herself before the Sultana, and kissed her feet, but she graciously



The most celebrated bath in the city, which was frequented by the ladies of the Court.



raised her, saying: "O mother of Mazin, it is my pleasure that you should introduce me to your son's wife, of whose beauty I have heard such extraordinary accounts, that I long to behold her."

When the old lady heard these words, her heart sank within her, and she trembled with apprehension, but did not dare to disobey the commands of Zobeide; and saying, "To hear is to obey," she took leave, with the usual ceremony of prostration before the throne of the Sultana.

After this, Mazin's mother returned immediately to her own house, and said to her son's wife, "The Sultana Zobeide has invited you to an entertainment."

The lady was delighted, and instantly arrayed herself in her richest apparel, and dressed her two children in their richest garments and ornaments. She then set out with them, accompanied by her mother-in-law, and a black slave; and when they entered the palace of the Sultana Zobeide, they found her sitting in impatient expectation. They kissed the ground before her, and prayed for her prosperity.

When the Sultana Zobeide beheld the wife of Mazin, her senses were confounded, and her heart fluttered, for she was astonished at her beauty, elegance, graceful stature and blooming complexion,

and exclaimed, "Gracious heaven, where could such a form as this have been created?"

Then she seated her guests and ordered a collation to be brought in, which was done immediately, when they ate until they were satisfied; but Zobeide could not keep her eyes from Mazin's wife. She kissed her, and questioned her concerning herself and her husband. Her surprise was much increased when she heard their adventures.

The lady then said, "O princess, if you are thus surprised, though you have not seen me in the dress which I wear in my own country, how much more would you be delighted at my appearance then! If, therefore, you wish to gratify your curiosity by beholding a miracle, you must command my husband's mother to bring my robes of green silk."

Upon this, Zobeide commanded the old lady to fetch them, and as she dared not disobey, she went home, and soon returned with them. Zobeide took them in her own hands, and when she examined them, she was astonished at their fashion and texture. At length she restored them to their original owner.

As soon as Mazin's wife had received the robes she unfolded them, and going into the open court of the palace, arrayed herself in them, and taking her children in her arms, rose suddenly into the air. But before taking her final departure, she called out

to her husband's mother, saying, "Dear mother, give my adieu to my husband, and tell him that if he loves me as he pretends, he may come to the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk to find me."

Having said this, she soared towards the clouds till she disappeared from their sight, and returned to her own country.

When the mother of Mazin beheld her in the air, she beat her face, threw dust upon her head, and cried out to the Sultana Zobeide, "This is your mischief!"

But Zobeide was unable to answer, or to reprove her boldness, from the excess of her sorrow and regret, which made her repent, when repentance was of no avail.

The old lady returned in despair to her own habitation.

Meanwhile Mazin continued his journey by land for some time, until he reached the palace of the sisters, who were delighted at his arrival, and inquired after his wife, when he informed them that she was well, and that God had blessed him with two sons; and this good news increased their pleasure. He remained with them for some time, after which he entreated their permission to depart. They took an affectionate leave of him, and he returned to his own country, travelling without

ceasing until he reached his home, where he found his mother alone, weeping and lamenting over what had happened in his absence. Seeing her in this state, he inquired the cause, upon which she informed him of everything that had taken place, from first to last.

When Mazin heard the terrible news, he cried out in an agony of distress for the loss of his wife and children, and fell fainting to the ground, oblivious of his own existence. When his mother saw him in this condition, she slapped his face, and sprinkled water over him till he came to himself, when he wept, and said, "Inform me of what my wife may have spoken on her departure." She repeated her farewell words, upon which his distress, and his ardent longing for his wife and children, redoubled. He remained mournfully at home for ten days, after which he resolved to set out on his way to the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, which lie at the distance of a hundred and fifty years' journey from Bagdad.

Mazin departed from his mother after taking leave of her, and entreating her prayers for his success; but she was so much afflicted that she ordered her tomb to be prepared, and did nothing but weep night and day for her son, who travelled without halting until he reached the palace of the seven

sisters. They were surprised to see him, and said to one another, "There must be some urgent cause for his returning so speedily."

They saluted him, and inquired after his affairs, upon which he told them how his wife had deserted him, after advising him to seek her in the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk.

But they replied, "This expedition is impossible for you or any of your race to attempt; for these islands are distant a hundred and fifty years' journey, so that you cannot live to reach them."

But Mazin exclaimed, "It is incumbent upon me to make the attempt, although I should perish on the road. If God has decreed my reunion with my wife, I shall meet her again; but if not, I shall die, and be received into the mercy of the Almighty."

The sisters did not cease to urge him to abandon the journey, but it was impossible for him to obey them, or to remain at ease; upon which their grief for his situation increased. They knew that he could never traverse the distance by human means, but they pitied and admired his ardent love for his wife and children. After this, they consulted with one another how to assist him on the journey. He remained with them a month, but was unable to repose or to take pleasure in anything.

The sisters had two uncles, one named Abd al Kuddoos, and the other Abd al Sulleeb, who lived at three months' journey from them, and to them they wrote as follows: "The bearer of this letter is our friend Mazin of Khorassan. If you can direct him how to reach the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, assist him; but if not, prevent him from proceeding, lest he plunge himself into destruction. At present he will not attend to our advice or reproofs, from excess of love to his wife and children; but through you he may finally arrive at safety and success."

When they had sealed this letter, they gave it to Mazin, and furnished him with three months' store of water and provisions laden upon camels, and a steed for his conveyance, upon which he took leave of them with many thanks, fully resolved to pursue his journey to the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk.

He pursued his journey with much pain and difficulty, taking no pleasure whatever in rest or refreshment during the three months of his pilgrimage. At length he reached a verdant pasturage, covered with flowers, where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were feeding. It was indeed a paradise upon earth. On one side he perceived a pleasant eminence, where buildings were erected, to which he advanced, and entered a court. Here he beheld



He beheld a venerable-looking old man.

a venerable-looking old man, with a beard flowing to his middle. Mazin saluted the sage, who returned his compliments, welcomed him with respectful demeanour, and congratulated him on his arrival. He seated him, and laid a collation before him, of which they both partook.

Mazin lodged with him that night, and in the morning the sage inquired who he was, and what had brought him to such a sequestered spot.

Mazin informed him; and, behold, the sage was Abd al Kuddoos, who when he heard his guest mention particulars of his brother's children, redoubled his attentions to him, and said: "Did they give you any letter?"

Mazin replied, "Yes."

He eagerly exclaimed, "Give it to me."

He gave it him, when he opened it, read it to himself, and considered the contents word by word.

Abd al Kuddoos gazed earnestly at Mazin, reflecting on his astonishing adventures, and how he had plunged himself into difficulty and danger in such a wild pursuit. He then said to him,—

"My son, my advice is that you return by the way you came, and no longer vex your soul on account of impossibilities, for you cannot accomplish this affair. I will write to the daughters of my

brother to let you live happily with them ; and in time you will regain your peace of mind. Therefore return to them, and vex yourself no further, for between this spot and the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk is the distance of a hundred and fifty years' journey. Besides, there are great perils on the way, for you must traverse the abodes of genii, the haunts of wild beasts and monstrous serpents, and long districts where neither food nor water can be procured. Have compassion on yourself, my son, and do not rush upon destruction."

Abd al Kuddoos continued to dissuade Mazin from his resolution during three days, but he would not hear advice or reproof. On the third day Mazin prepared to depart, being sufficiently refreshed, upon which the old man, seeing his firmness, arose and kindled a fire. He cast perfumes into it and uttered some unintelligible words, upon which a genius forty cubits in height suddenly appeared before them. He was one of the genii who were subdued by our lord Solomon, and he muttered and growled saying : "O my master, why have you summoned me here? Shall I tear up this hill by the roots and hurl it beyond Mount Kaf?"

Abd al Kuddoos replied : "God be merciful to thee ! I need your aid, and request you to accomplish my bidding in one day."





The genius immediately took Mazin up, and soared with him through the air.

Upon this the genius answered : "To hear is to obey."

And Abd al Kuddoos continued : "Take up this young man and convey him to my brother, Abd al Sulleeb."

He consented, although the distance was an ordinary journey of seventy years. The genius immediately took Mazin up and soared with him through the air from morning till sunset, when he descended before Abd al Sulleeb, paid his respects, and informed him of the commands of his brother Abd al Kuddoos. The sage then greeted Mazin, who gave him the letter from the daughters of his brother, which he opened and read. When he had considered its contents he was astonished at the adventures of Mazin, his arrival with him, and his resolve to penetrate to the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk. But he said : "My son, I advise that you should no longer vex yourself with these difficulties and dangers, for you can never attain your object, or reach these islands."

Mazin now began to despair, and when he thought of his wife and children he wept till he fainted ; and when Abd al Sulleeb beheld his unhappy condition he pitied him from his heart. He perceived that he would not return from his pursuit or listen to advice and therefore thought it best to assist his progress

towards the islands. He went into another room and kindled a fire, over which he sprinkled perfumes and uttered incantations, when lo, ten genii presented themselves before him, and said: "Inform us, O master, of what you desire, and we will bring it in an instant."

He replied: "May God be gracious to you!" and related the story of Mazin and his wife and children.

When the ten genii heard the narrative they exclaimed: "This affair is wonderful and miraculous; however, we will take him with us, and carry him safely over the mountains and deserts to the bounds of our country and dominion, and leave him there. But we cannot promise him further assistance, as we dare not pass a step beyond our own territories, for the land belongs to others. In it are innumerable horrors, and we dread the inhabitants."

When Mazin heard this, he answered: "I accept your offer with gratitude."

The ten genii now took up Mazin and soared with him through the air for a night and a day, till they came to the limits of their territories, and set him down in a country called the Land of Kafoor. They then took leave of him and vanished from his sight. He walked onwards and did not neglect to employ his thoughts in prayer, beseeching God to preserve him, and to grant him the attainment of his desires.

Often would he exclaim : "O God, who canst deliver from bondage, and guide in safety over mountains, who feedest the wild beasts of the forest, who decreest life and death, if Thou wilt, Thou canst grant me relief from all my distress and free me from all my sorrows."

He travelled thus for ten days, and on the tenth day he beheld three men engaged in mortal combat, each endeavouring to kill the others. He was astonished at their conduct, but advanced towards them. Upon his approach they ceased the fight, and all exclaimed : "We will be judged before this young man, and whoever contradicts his opinion shall be deemed in the wrong." To this they agreed, and coming up to Mazin demanded of him a just arbitration in their dispute. They then showed him a cap, a small copper drum, and a wooden ball, saying : "We are three brothers by the same father and mother, who have both been received into the mercy of God, and have left behind them these articles. They are three and we are three ; but a dispute has arisen among us respecting their allotment, for each of us said : 'I will have the cap.' Our contention made us proceed to blows, but now we desire that you should arbitrate between us, and allot an article to each as you shall judge best, when we will rest satisfied with your decision ; but should

either of us contradict it, he shall be judged an offender."

When Mazin heard this he was surprised, and said to himself: "These articles are so paltry and of such trifling value as not to be worth an arbitration, for surely this shabby cap, the drum, and the wooden ball, cannot be worth more altogether than half a dinar, but I will inquire further about them." He then said: "My brethren, wherein lies the virtue of these three articles about which you were contending, for they appear to me of very little value."

They replied: "Dear uncle, each of them has a property worth untold treasures, and to each of them belongs a tale so wonderful that if you were to write it on a table of adamant it would remain an example for those who would be admonished."

Mazin then requested them to relate to him the history of the three articles, when they said: "The eldest brother shall first deliver an account of the properties of one, and what can be gained from them; and we will not conceal anything from you."

"This cap," said the eldest brother, "is called the cap of invisibility, and whosoever possesses it may become sovereign of the world. When he puts it on he may enter where he pleases, for neither men nor genii can perceive him, so that he may convey away whatever he pleases unseen in security. He may

enter the cabinets of kings and statesmen, and hear all their conversation respecting political intrigues. If he desires wealth he, may visit the royal treasuries and plunder them at his pleasure ; and if he wishes for revenge, he can kill his enemy without being detected. In short, he can act as he pleases, without fear of discovery."

Upon this, Mazin said to himself, " This cap is not suitable for any one but me, to whom it will be most advantageous in the object of my expedition. Perhaps it may conduct me to my wife and children and I may obtain from its possession all that I wish. It is certainly one of the wonders of the world and rarities of the age, and not to be found among the riches of kings at the present day." Having concluded his reflections he said : " I am acquainted with the properties of the cap, but what are those of the drum ? "

The second brother then said, " If any one who has this drum in his possession should be involved in a difficult situation, let him take it out of its case and beat gently with the sticks upon the characters engraved on the copper, when, if his mind be collected and his courage firm, wonderful things will appear to him. The virtue of it consists in the words inscribed upon it, which were written by our Lord Solomon, the son of David, in talismanic characters, each of

which has control over certain princes of the genii and a power that cannot be described in speech. Hence, whoever is master of this drum may become superior to all the monarchs of the present day ; for on his beating it in the manner already described, when he is pressed for help, all the princes of the genii, with their sons and followers, will appear ready to obey his commands. Whatever he may order them to execute they will perform, by virtue of the talisman of our Lord Solomon, the son of David."

When Mazin heard this, he said to himself, "This drum is fitting only for me, and I have much more need of it than the brothers. It will protect me from all evil in the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, if I should reach them, and meet with my wife and children. It is true that if I take only the cap I may be able to enter all places ; but this drum will keep injury from me, and with it I shall be secure from all enemies." He then said : "I have been informed of the virtues of the cap and the properties of the drum. There now only remains the account of the wooden ball, that I may give judgment between you, therefore let the third brother speak."

The third brother answered : "To hear is to obey. My dear uncle, whoever possesses this ball will find in it wonderful properties ; for it brings distant parts

near, and makes near distant ; it shortens long journeys, and lengthens short ones. If any person wish to perform a journey of two hundred years in two days, let him take it from its case, lay it upon the ground, and mention to what place he desires to go. It will instantly be in motion, and rush over the earth like the blast of the stormy gale. He must then follow it till he arrives at the place desired, which he will have the power to do with ease."

When the youth had concluded his description of the virtues of the wooden ball, Mazin resolved within himself to take this also from the brothers, and said : "If you wish me to arbitrate between you, I must first prove the virtues of these three articles, and afterwards let each take that which may fall to him by my decision."

The three brothers exclaimed : "We have heard and we consent. Act as you think best, and may God protect you in your undertakings."

Mazin then put on the cap, placed the drum under his vestband, took up the ball and placed it on the ground, when it sped before him as quickly as the gale. He followed it till it came to the gate of a building which it entered, and Mazin also went in with it.

The brothers ran till they were tired, and cried out, "You have sufficiently tried them!" but in vain,

for by this time there was the distance of ten years' journey between him and them.

Mazin now rested, took the drum in his hands, and rubbed his fingers over the talismanic characters, hesitating whether he should strike them with the sticks. Then he taboured lightly upon them, when, lo! a voice exclaimed: "Mazin, you have gained your desires. Nevertheless you will not arrive at your object without much trouble; but take care of the ball in this spot, for you are at present in the land of evil genii."

Upon this Mazin took up the ball and concealed it in his clothes; but he was overcome with astonishment at hearing words without seeing the speaker, and exclaimed: "Who art thou, my lord?"

"I am," replied the voice, "one of the slaves of the characters which you see engraved upon the drum, and am constantly in attendance; but the other servants will not appear unless the drum is beaten loudly, when three hundred and sixty chiefs will attend your commands, each of whom has under his authority ten thousand genii, and every individual of them numerous followers."

Mazin now inquired the distance of the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, to which the voice replied, "Three years' journey." Upon this he struck the ball before him, and followed it till he arrived in a region

infested by serpents, dragons, and ravenous beasts; and here, too, there were mines of copper in the mountains. He now taboured gently on the drum, and the voice replied: "I am ready to obey your commands."

"Inform me," said Mazin, "what is the name of this country?"

The voice replied: "It is called the land of dragons and ravenous animals. Be careful here, and make no delay, nor regard fatigue; for these mountains are not to be passed without a chance of trouble from the inhabitants, who are genii; and the caves harbour furious wild beasts."

Upon this he struck the ball afresh, and followed it unceasingly, until at length he reached the seashore and perceived the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk at a distance, and their mountains appeared of a fiery red, like the sky gilded by the beams of the setting sun. When he beheld them he was struck with awe and dread, but recovering, he said to himself, "Why should I be afraid? Since God has conducted me hither, He will protect me now; or if I die, I shall be relieved from my troubles, and be received into the mercy of God." He then gathered some fruit, which he ate, drank some water, and, having performed his ablutions, laid himself down to sleep, and did not awake till morning.

In the morning Mazin tapped gently upon the drum, when the voice inquired his commands. "How am I to pass the sea and enter the islands?" he inquired.

"That is not to be done," replied the voice, "without the assistance of a sage who resides in a cell on yonder mountain. It is a day's journey, but the ball will conduct you there in half an hour. When you reach his abode knock gently at the door, when he will appear and inquire whence you came and what you want. When you enter he will receive you kindly, and desire you to relate your adventures from beginning to end. Conceal nothing from him for he alone can assist you to pass the sea."

Mazin then struck the ball, and followed it till he arrived at the abode of the hermit. He found the gate locked, and when he knocked a voice from within replied: "Who is at the gate?"

"A guest," replied Mazin; upon which the sage arose, opened the door, and admitted him. He entertained him kindly for a whole night and day, after which Mazin ventured to inquire how he could pass the sea.

The sage replied: "What occasions you to seek such an object?"

"My lord," answered Mazin, "I desire to enter the islands, and have travelled far from my own country for that purpose."

When the sage heard this he stood up before him, opened a book, and read it to himself for some time, every now and then casting a look of astonishment upon Mazin. At length he raised his head and exclaimed : "Heavens, what troubles, disasters, and afflictions in exile have been decreed to this youth in search of his object !"

Upon this Mazin asked : "Wherefore, my lord, did you look at the book and then at me so earnestly ?"

The sage replied : "My son, I will instruct you how to reach the islands, since such is your desire ; but you will not obtain your object till after much labour and inconvenience. However, at present relate to me your adventures from first to last."

"My lord," returned Mazin, "my story is so surprising, that if it were engraved on tablets of adamant it would be an example for those who would take warning."

When he had related his story from beginning to end, the sage exclaimed : "God willing, you will attain your wishes" ; upon which Mazin inquired respecting the sea surrounding the islands, and how he could overcome such an impediment to his progress. The sage then said : "By God's permission, we will repair to the mountains in the morning, and I will show you the wonders of the seas."

When God permitted morning to dawn, the hermit

arose, taking Mazin with him, and they ascended the mountains till they reached a structure resembling a fortress, which they entered, and proceeded to the inmost court, in which stood an enormous brazen statue, hollowed into pipes, and having in the midst of it a reservoir lined with marble, the work of magicians. When Mazin beheld this, he was astonished, and began to tremble with fear at the vastness of the statue, and at the idea of the miraculous powers it might contain. The hermit now kindled a fire, threw some perfumes into it, and muttered some unintelligible words, when suddenly dark clouds arose, whence issued violent gusts of wind, lightning, thunder, groans, and frightful noises, and in the midst of the reservoir appeared boiling waves, for it was near the ocean surrounding the islands. The hermit did not cease to utter his incantations until the hurricane and noises had subsided by his authority, for he was more powerful than any of the magicians, and had power over the rebellious genii. He now said to Mazin, "Go out, and look towards the ocean surrounding the islands."

Mazin repaired to the summit of the mountain, and looked towards the sea, but could not distinguish the smallest trace of its existence; upon which he was astonished at the miraculous power of the hermit. He returned to him, exclaiming, "I can

behold no remains of the ocean, and the islands appear joined to the mainland ;" when the sage said, "My son, put thy reliance on God, and pursue thy journey," after which he vanished from sight.

Mazin now advanced boldly towards the islands, and did not stop until he reached a verdant spot, watered by clear rivulets, and shaded by lofty trees. It was now sunrise, and among the wonders which he beheld was a tree like the weeping willow, on which hung beautiful damsels instead of fruit, who exclaimed : "Praise to God our Creator, who has formed the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk." They then dropped from the tree and expired.

At sight of this prodigy his senses were confounded, and he exclaimed, "By heavens, this is miraculously surprising !"

When he had recovered himself, he wandered through the groves, and admired the creations of the Almighty till sunset, when he sat down to rest.

He had not rested long before a masculine-looking old woman of disagreeable appearance drew near him ; and perceiving that he was alarmed at her approach, reassured him, saying, "What is your name, and what do you desire ; do you belong to this country ? Tell me truly, and fear nothing, for I will pray to God that I may be the means of forwarding your wishes."

On hearing these words, the heart of Mazin was encouraged, and he related to her his adventures from first to last.

When she had heard his story, she knew that he must be the husband of the sister of her mistress, who was queen of the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk ; and she said, "Your object is a difficult one, but I will assist you to the utmost of my power."

The old woman now conducted Mazin through bye paths to the capital of the island ; and during the darkness of night, when the inhabitants had ceased to pass through the streets, she led him to her own house. She then offered him refreshments, and he ate and drank with fresh appetite, and praised God for his safe arrival. The old woman then informed Mazin that his wife had endured great troubles and afflictions since her separation, and repented sincerely of her flight.

When Mazin heard this, he wept bitterly, and fainted with anguish. The old woman revived him by her exertions ; and after comforting him with promises of the speedy attainment of his wishes, she left him to repose.

Next morning the old woman, desiring Mazin to wait patiently for her return, repaired to the palace, where she found the queen and her sisters in consultation respecting the wife of Mazin, and

saying, "This wretch has married a man, instead of a prince of her own race; but now she has returned with her children, we will put her to death after various tortures."

When the old lady entered they rose, saluted her with great respect, and seated her, for she had been their nurse. When she had rested a little, she said, "Were you not conversing about your unfortunate sister? But can you reverse the decrees of God?"

"Dear nurse," replied they, "no one can avoid the will of Heaven; and had she married one of our own nature, there would have been no disgrace; but she has married a human being, by whom she has had children, and all our race will reproach and despise us on her account. Her death is therefore unavoidable."

The nurse rejoined, "If you put her to death, your offence will be greater than hers, for she was wedded lawfully; but I wish to see her."

The eldest sister answered, "She is now confined in a subterranean dungeon;" upon which the nurse again asked leave to see her, which was granted, and one of the sisters conducted her to the prison

The nurse found the wife of Mazin in great distress from the cruelty of her sisters. The children were playing round her, but very pallid from the

closeness of their confinement. As the nurse entered, she stood up, made her obeisance, and began to weep, saying, "My dear nurse, I have been long in this dungeon, and know not what may be my fate at last."

The old woman kissed her cheeks, and said, "My dear daughter, God will send you relief, perchance this very day."

When the wife of Mazin heard this, she said, "Good heavens, my dear nurse, your words recall a gleam of comfort which last night came into my mind from a voice which said: 'Be comforted, oh wife of Mazin, for help is near.'"

Upon this, the old woman replied: "Comfort indeed awaits you, for your husband is at my house, and will speedily release you."

The unfortunate prisoner fainted with joy, but was soon revived by the nurse sprinkling water in her face, when she said: "I conjure you by heaven, my dear nurse, to tell me whether you speak the truth, or whether you are dissembling."

"I not only speak truth," answered the nurse but with God's help you shall meet your husband this day."

After this she left her and returned home, when she asked Mazin if he was able to take his wife away, provided he was admitted into the dungeon at night.

He replied "Yes." When night set in she conducted him to the spot where his wife was imprisoned, and left him near the gate alone. He then put on his cap of invisibility and remained there all night unperceived by any one. Early in the morning the queen, his wife's eldest sister, came and opened the gate of the prison and entered, when Mazin followed unseen behind her, and seated himself in a corner of the apartment. The queen went up to her sister and beat her cruelly with a whip till she was covered with blood, while the children wept around her. At last she went out, leaving her hanging by her hair from a pillar, and locked the door of the dungeon. Mazin now arose, unloosed his wife's hair, and pulling off the cap appeared before her, when she exclaimed : "From whence did you come ?"

They fell into each other's arms, and he said : "Ah, why did you act thus, and leave me in such affliction, and plunge yourself into such distress, which, indeed, your conduct almost deserved ?"

"It is true," replied she ; "but what is past is past, and reproach will not avail unless you can effect our escape."

Upon this he asked : "Does your inclination really lead you to accompany me to my own country ?"

And she replied : "Yes, deal with me as you think best."

They remained conversing until evening, when the keeper of the prison approached, and Mazin put on his cap of invisibility. The keeper, who had brought provisions for the night, retired into a recess of the dungeon and fell asleep, when Mazin and his family sat down and refreshed themselves. Mazin then tried the door and found it unlocked, upon which he and his wife and children left the prison and travelled as quickly as possible all night. When the queen was informed of her sister's escape in the morning, she was enraged, and summoned an army of seven thousand genii, with whom she marched out, resolved to cut the fugitives to pieces.

Mazin, looking behind him, perceived a cloud of dust, from whence emerged the forces of his wife's sister, crying out with terrible voices : " Whither will ye fly, ye wretches ? Where can you hide yourselves ? "

Upon this Mazin took out his drum and beat it violently, when lo, there appeared before him countless legions of genii, who fought with the armies of the queen, who was taken prisoner with her principal attendants.

When the wife of Mazin beheld her sister in this distress, her compassion was moved towards her, and she said to her husband : " Hurt not my sister, nor use her ill, for she is older than I ; " upon which he



Mazin perceived a cloud of dust, from whence emerged the forces of his wife's sister.

treated her respectfully, and commanded tents to be pitched for her and her court.

Peace being established, the sisters took an affectionate leave; and Mazin, with his family, departed for the residence of Abd al Sulleeb, which they speedily reached with the assistance of the genii, and the directing ball. The old man received him kindly and inquired his adventures. When he related them to him, he was surprised, especially at the account of the cap, the drum, and the ball, of which last Mazin begged his acceptance, as he was now near home and had no further occasion for its use. Abd al Sulleeb was much pleased, and entertained him magnificently for three days, after which Mazin wished to depart, when the old man presented him with rich gifts, and took leave of him.

Mazin was continuing his journey, when suddenly a company of a hundred banditti advanced towards him with the intention of putting him and his companions to death and plundering the caravan. Mazin cried out to them: "Brother Arabs, let the covenant of God be between you and me, and keep at a distance from me."

When they heard this they increased their insolence, and surrounded him, supposing they could easily seize all that he had, and they said one to another: "Let us put him to death and not suffer him to live."

When Mazin saw that they were bent upon attacking him, he took out the drum and beat it gently, when behold ten genii appeared before him, and inquired his commands. He replied: "I desire the dispersal of yonder horsemen." Upon which one of the ten advanced among the hundred banditti and uttered such a tremendous yell that the mountains re-echoed the sound. The banditti were instantly struck with terror, and fled among the rocks, while such as fell from their horses' backs escaped on foot, so that they lost their reputation, and were ridiculed among the chiefs of the Abbasside tribes. Mazin now pursued his journey, and did not halt until he reached the abode of Abd al Kuddoos, who advanced to meet him, and saluted him, but was astonished when he beheld his company and the wealth he had attained. Mazin related the dangers that had befallen him, and his sufferings from hunger and thirst, his safe arrival in the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, the deliverance of his wife from prison, and the defeat of the army sent to oppose his return. He mentioned also the reconciliation between his wife and her sister, and all that had happened to him from first to last.

Abd al Kuddoos was greatly astonished at his adventures, and said to Mazin: "Truly, my son, these events are most surprising, and can never have occurred to any one else."

Mazin rested there for three days, and was treated with hospitality and respect until the fourth, when he resolved to continue his journey, and took his leave. He proceeded towards his own country, and did not halt on the way until he arrived at the palace of the seven sisters, who had so much befriended him.

When Mazin drew near, the sisters came out to meet him, and saluted him and his wife, and conducted them to the palace; but they were astonished at his return, and at first could hardly believe that he had succeeded, wondering that he had not perished on the road or been torn in pieces by the wild beasts of the desert, for they had regarded it as impossible that he should ever reach the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk.

When they were seated and had heard his extraordinary adventures, they were even more astonished; after which refreshments were brought in and they all ate together. They then wrote a letter and despatched it to the mother of Mazin, congratulating her on the health of her son, and his safe return with his wife and children.

Mazin remained with the sisters a month, enjoying himself in feasting and amusements; after which he begged permission to depart to his own country, for he was anxious about his mother. They took leave of him and he travelled unceasingly till he arrived

at Bagdad. He entered the city at sunset and proceeded to his own house, when his mother came out and saluted and embraced him. She had erected her tomb in the court of the house, and wept night and day till she became blind ; but when the letter arrived from the sisters her sight returned to her again from the rapture of her joy. She beheld the children of her son and embraced them, and that night was as a holy festival to her.

When God caused the morning to dawn, the chief personages of the city visited Mazin to congratulate him on his return, and the principal ladies came to visit his mother, and rejoiced with her on the safety of her son. At length the news reached the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, who summoned Mazin to his presence. Having entered the hall of audience, he made his obeisance, when the Caliph returned his salute and commanded him to sit down. When he was seated, the Caliph demanded that he should inform him of all that had befallen him, to which he answered : " To hear is to obey."

Mazin then related how he had been decoyed away from home by the fire-worshipper, the mode of his coming to the palace of the seven sisters, the manner in which he had entrapped his wife, her flight from the palace of the Sultana Zobeide, his journey to the islands of Wauk-al-Wauk, and the dangers

and difficulties which he had encountered on the way.

The Caliph was astonished, and said : "The substance of these adventures must not be lost or concealed, but must be recorded in writing." He then sent for an amanuensis, and seated Mazin by him until he had taken down his adventures from beginning to end.



ABU NEUT AND ABU NEUTEEN.

A PERSON named Abu Neut (or the well-intentioned), being much distressed in his own country, resolved to seek a better livelihood in another. Accordingly he took with him a single piastre, which was all that he possessed, and began his journey. He had not travelled far when a man overtook him, whose name was Abu Neuteen (or the double-minded). They entered into conversation, and as they were both seeking to improve their fortunes, they agreed to travel together; and it was settled that Abu Neut should be the bearer of the common stock. The other possessed ten piastres.

After some days' toilsome journey, they reached a city; and when they entered, a beggar cried out, "Worthy believers, disburse your alms, and you shall be rewarded tenfold." Upon this, Abu Neut gave him a piastre; but his companion, enraged at what he considered prodigality, demanded back his

money, which was given him, when he marched off, leaving his new friend penniless. Abu Neut, resigned to his fate, and relying on Providence, proceeded to a mosque to pay his devotions, hoping to meet with some charitable person who would relieve his necessities. But he was mistaken, for although he remained in the mosque for a night and a day, no one offered him charity. At length he stole out in the dusk of evening, and wandered through the streets fainting with hunger. Presently he perceived a servant throwing fragments from an eating-cloth, when he advanced, gathered them up, and sat down in a corner, where he gnawed the bones and broken fragments with eagerness, after which he raised his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for his scanty meal. The servant, who had watched his proceedings, was surprised and affected at his wretched condition and his devotion. He informed his master, who being a charitable man, took ten piastres from his purse, and ordered the servant to give them to Abu Neut.

The avaricious servant retained one piastre as his perquisite, and delivered the rest to Abu Neut, who counted the money, and thanked God for his bounty, but said that, agreeably to the scriptural declaration, he ought to have had tenfold for the piastre which he had given to the beggar. The master of the

servant, overhearing this, called Abu Neut upstairs and having seated him, inquired his story, which he faithfully related to his host, who was a merchant, and was so much pleased with his pious simplicity, that he resolved to befriend him, and desired him to abide in his house for the present.

After Abu Neut had resided with his new friend for some days, the merchant, who was punctual in discharging the duties of religion, examined his stock, and set apart the tenth of it in kind, which he bestowed upon his guest, advising him to open a shop, and try his fortune in trade. Abu Neut did so, and was so successful that in a few years he became one of the richest merchants in the place.

One day, as he was sitting in his warehouse, he caught sight of his old companion, Abu Neuteen, in the street. He was lean, clothed in rags, and his eyes were sunken and dim, and he was begging alms of the passengers with the importunate cry of distress. Abu Neut, compassionating his miserable situation, sent a servant to call him, and on his arrival he saluted him, and sent for refreshments to relieve his immediate want. He then invited him to spend the night at his house; and in the evening he shut up his warehouse and conducted him home, where a bath was made warm for him; and when he had bathed, he was presented with a change of hand-



A bath was made warm for him.

some apparel. Supper was served, and when they had eaten till they were satisfied, they conversed on various subjects. At length Abu Neut exclaimed, "Do you not recollect me, my brother?"

"No, by Allah, most liberal host," replied the other; "who are you?"

"I was your travelling companion at such a period," answered Abu Neut; "but my disposition is still unchanged, and I have not forgotten our old connection. Half of what I possess is yours."

Having said this, Abu Neut balanced his accounts, and gave half his property to his distressed fellow-traveller, who stocked a warehouse, and traded for himself with good success. The two friends lived near each other for some time in good repute, when Abu Neuteen became restless, and requested Abu Neut to quit their present abode, and travel for recreation and profit.

"My dear friend," replied Abu Neut, "why should we travel? Have we not ease and affluence here, and what more can we enjoy in any part of the world?"

But his remonstrances had no effect on Abu Neuteen, who became so importunate that at length his kind friend yielded to his whim. So they prepared a caravan, loaded an ample stock of merchandise on mules and camels, and departed for the city of Mosul.

After travelling for ten days, they encamped one evening near a deep well. In the morning, Abu Neut was let down into the well by his own desire, in order to fill the water-bags more easily for the use of the men and animals belonging to the caravan, little suspecting what Providence had decreed to befall him ; for his ungrateful friend, who envied his prosperity and coveted his wealth, loaded the beasts, cut the rope at the top of the well, and departed, leaving him to his fate.

Abu Neut remained all day without food, but humbly putting his trust in Allah for deliverance. About the middle of the following night, he overheard two afreets conversing with each other, when one said : "I am now perfectly happy, for at length I have possessed the beautiful Princess of Mosul ; and no one can drive me away, unless by sprinkling the infusion of wormwood under her feet on a Friday, during Divine service in the great mosque ; a form of exorcism which will hardly be found out."

"I have been as fortunate as yourself," replied the other afreet, "for I am in possession of such a hidden treasure of gold and jewels under the mound near Mosul that the amount cannot be computed. The talisman cannot be opened to any one unless by killing a white cock on the mound, and pouring the blood over it. I imagine that no man will dis-

cover the secret." Having said this, the afreets took their flight from the well.

Abu Neut treasured up in his mind the conversation of the afreets, and at daylight was happily released from the well upon the arrival of a caravan, some of the followers of which were let down to fetch water, and having discovered him, charitably drew him up, and gave him some food. When he was somewhat revived, they asked him by what accident he had remained in the well ; upon which he concealed the treachery of his ungrateful companion, and informed them that he had slept by the brink, and had fallen in ; and as his fellow travellers had not missed him at the time, the caravan had continued its journey without him. He then begged leave to accompany his generous deliverers to Mosul, to which they agreed, and liberally furnished him with a conveyance.

On entering the city, Abu Neut perceived all the population in motion, and on inquiring the reason, was informed that they were hastening to the great square before the palace, to see the beheading of a physician, who had failed in attempting to expel a demon who had long possessed the daughter of the Sultan, and that this had been the fate of many unhappy men who had tried their skill upon the unfortunate princess. Upon this intelligence he

hastened with all speed to the palace, and having obtained admission to the Sultan, made the usual prostrations, after which he offered to expel the demon, and begged as part of his reward the life of the unsuccessful physician. The Sultan consented to delay the execution, but declared that if Abu Neut should fail in his undertaking, he would execute them both together, as ignorant pretenders to their art. Abu Neut then begged that the trial of his skill might be deferred until the next Friday, which he requested of the Sultan might be solemnly observed, as the devout prayers of all true believers would draw down a blessing on his operations. To this the Sultan agreed, and the unfortunate physician was released from the executioner, and commanded to be kept in the palace, in which Abu Neut had likewise an apartment allotted to him. Proclamation was then made throughout the city for the strict observance of religious worship on the approaching Friday, under pain of the royal displeasure on those who should neglect it.

When Friday arrived, and the whole city was assembled at prayers, Abu Neut prepared the infusion of wormwood as the afreet had mentioned. Being introduced into the apartment of the princess, who lay in a melancholy stupor, he poured the infusion upon her feet, when a loud yell was heard

near her, and she started up as if from sleep, and called to her attendants to assist her in rising. News was immediately conveyed to the Sultan of the princess's recovery, and he came, overjoyed to find that her senses had returned. He commanded public rejoicings to be made, distributed large sums in alms, and desired Abu Neut to demand what he chose for his important services, at the same time ordering the unsuccessful physician to be set at liberty with a handsome present.

Abu Neut, who had been captivated by the beauty of the princess, asked her hand in marriage as his reward. Upon this the Sultan consulted with his viziers, who advised him to dismiss the petitioner for the present, with orders to return in the morning, when he should receive the Sultan's decision on a request which demanded much consideration. When Abu Neut had retired, the viziers represented to the Sultan that it was fitting that the husband of his daughter should at least possess great wealth ; for although Abu Neut had expelled the demon, yet if he could not support her in a manner becoming her rank, he was not worthy to marry her. They therefore advised him to select a number of his most valuable jewels, to show them to Abu Neut, and to demand as a dowry for the princess some of equal value. If he could produce them he was ready to

receive him as his son-in-law, but if not he must accept a compensation for his services more suited to his condition than the royal alliance.

When Abu Neut appeared at court next day, the Sultan displayed the jewels, and made the proposal advised by his viziers. But Abu Neut looked upon the brilliant stones before him with the utmost indifference, and assured the Sultan that he would next day present him with ten times the number, of superior value and lustre. This astonished the whole court; for it was well known that no prince possessed richer gems than those belonging to the Sultan of Mosul.

Abu Neut took leave of the Sultan, and proceeded to the poultry market, where he bought a cock which was entirely white and free from blemish. He carried it to his lodgings, where he continued till the rising of the moon, when he walked out of the city alone, and hastened to the mound of bluish earth which the afreet of the well had mentioned as containing invaluable hidden treasures. Having arrived at the mound, he ascended it and cut the throat of the cock, and as soon as the blood began to flow the earth shook and made an opening, through which, to his great satisfaction, he perceived such heaps of inestimable precious stones of all sorts as are not to be adequately described. Abu Neut now returned



The earth shook, and made an opening.

to the city, where, having procured ten camels with two panniers on each, he returned and loaded them with his treasure, which he conveyed to his lodging, having first filled up the opening in the mound.

In the morning Abu Neut repaired with his loaded camels to the palace, and, entering the court of the divan where the Sultan sat expecting him, he made a profound obeisance, and exclaimed: "Descend for a moment, my lord, and examine the dowry of the princess."

The Sultan rose from his throne, and descended the steps of the hall. The camels were made to kneel, and he examined the panniers, and was so astonished at the richness of their contents, being jewels far surpassing his own in size and lustre, that he exclaimed: "By Allah, if the treasures of all the sultans of the world were brought together, they could not afford gems equal to these!"

When he was a little recovered from his surprise, he asked his viziers how he should now act towards Abu Neut, when they all cried out together: "By all means give him your daughter!"

The marriage was immediately celebrated with great splendour; and Abu Neut conducted himself so well in his high station that the Sultan, his father-in-law, committed to him the giving public audience

in his stead, and the decision of all appeals three days in each week.

Some days after his elevation, Abu Neut was giving audience in the magnificent hall of one of his country palaces, when he beheld a man among the crowd of a sorrowful aspect, who cried out : " O true believers, O charitable gentlemen, relieve the distressed ! "

Abu Neut sent one of his attendants to bring him to his presence, when he immediately recognised his treacherous companion who had left him in the well. Without making himself known, or betraying any emotion but that of compassion, he ordered attendants to conduct him to the warm bath ; and after bathing he was arrayed in a magnificent robe and again brought to the divan. Abu Neut then retired with him into a private apartment, and said : " Do you not know me, my old friend ? "

" No, by Allah ! " replied the other.

" Know then," returned he, " that I am Abu Neut, your benefactor and companion, whom you treacherously left in the well." He then related all his adventures, and added that so far from resenting his treachery, he regarded his conduct as the impulse of fate, and as the means by which he himself had attained to his present dignity and affluence, which he would share with him.

But the envious heart of Abu Neuteen was unconquerable; and, instead of thanking the noble-minded Abu Neut for his forgiveness and liberality, he exclaimed: "Since the well has been so fortunate to you, why should it not also prove so to me?" Having said this, he hastily rose up and quitted the palace, without even taking leave of Abu Neut, who would not punish his rudeness.

Abu Neuteen then hastened with all speed to the well, and, having descended by a rope, sat down, impatiently expecting the arrival of the two afreets, who alighted on the terrace above about midnight. They sat down by the well and began to inquire into each other's adventures.

"Since we last met," said one, "I have been rendered miserable; for a cunning Muslim found out the means of overpowering me, and has married my princess, and I cannot revenge myself, for he is under the protection of one of the converted genii, whom the Prophet has appointed to watch over him."

"I have been just as unfortunate as yourself," replied the other afreet, "for the same man who has married the princess discovered my hidden treasure, and keeps it in spite of my efforts to recover it. But let us fill up this abominable well, which has been the cause of all our misfortunes."

Having said this the two afreets immediately

hurled the large stones from the terrace into the well, and crushed the ungrateful and envious Abu Neuteen to atoms.

Some days afterwards the good Abu Neut, finding that he did not return, visited the well, and seeing it fallen in, ordered it to be cleared, when the discovery of the body proved to him that the malicious spirit of the wretch had been the cause of his own destruction. He exclaimed reverently :

“There is no strength nor refuge but in Almighty God. May He preserve us from envy, which is destructive to the envious alone !”

Abu Neut returned to the capital, where his father-in-law, the Sultan, soon afterwards died, and left him heir to the kingdom. His succession was disputed by the husbands of the two elder sisters of his wife ; but the ministers and people being in favour of the Sultan's will, they resigned their pretensions and submitted to his authority. But when two sons were successively born, the sisters bribed the servants to make away with them, and accounted for their disappearance by some idle tale. On the occasion of the birth of a princess, however, Abu Neut happened to intercept the servant who was carrying away the infant. The two other children had been thrown out at the gate of one of the royal palaces, but were taken up by the gardener and his wife, who brought

them up as their own. A few years afterwards Abu Neut visited the garden with his daughter, who showed an instinctive affection for them. From this, and from observing their martial sports (for they had made themselves horses of clay, bows and arrows, etc.) he was led to ask the gardener if they were really his own children. Upon this the gardener told him that he had found them exposed at the gate of the palace; and further inquiries resulted in the discovery of the royal birth of the children, and in the disclosure of the whole plot. But Abu Neut, though informed of the wickedness and imposition of the sisters, left them to be punished by the pangs of their own consciences, convinced that envy is its own severest tormentor. The two young princes were acknowledged as the sons of the good Abu Neut, who had the satisfaction of seeing them grow up to follow his example.



THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

 HERE was once a fisherman's son who caught a large fish, which his father proposed to present to the Sultan, in hopes of receiving a great reward. While the father went to fetch a basket, the son, in compassion, threw the fish back into the water ; but fearful of his father's anger, fled from the country to a distant city, where he obtained employment as a servant. Strolling through the market one day he saw a Jew purchase a cock at a very high price, which he sent to his wife by a slave, with orders to keep it safely till his return home. The fisherman's son suspected that the Jew would not have given so high a price for the cock unless it possessed some extraordinary property ; and resolved to obtain possession of it. He therefore bought two large fowls and carried them to the Jew's wife, whom he informed that her husband had sent him for the cock, which he had exchanged for the fowls. She gave him the cock

which he took home and killed, when he found a magic ring in its entrails. He rubbed it, when a voice proceeded from it, inquiring the commands of its possessor, which should be immediately executed by the genii who were the servants of the ring.

The fisherman's son was rejoiced at his good fortune, and while meditating what use he should make of his ring, passed by the Sultan's palace, at the gate of which were suspended many human heads. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that they were those of unfortunate princes who had been put to death for failing to perform the conditions on which the Sultan's daughter had been offered them in marriage. He resolved to demand the princess's hand himself, hoping for better fortune with the aid of the ring. He rubbed it, and asked for a magnificent dress, which was instantly laid before him. He put it on and repaired to the palace, and being introduced to the Sultan, demanded the hand of his daughter. The Sultan consented on condition that his life should be forfeited unless he could remove a lofty and extensive mound of sand which lay on one side of the palace, which must be done before he could wed the princess. He accepted the condition, demanding an interval of forty days to perform his task, which was granted him.

He then took leave and repaired to his lodging,

when he rubbed his ring and commanded the genii to remove the mound and to erect on the space it covered a magnificent palace, suitably furnished for a royal residence. In fifteen days the task was completed, when he was wedded to the princess and declared heir to the Sultan.

In the meanwhile the Jew whom he had tricked out of the cock and the magic ring, was making preparations to travel in search of his lost prize, when he was informed of the wonderful removal of the mound, and of the erection of the palace. He concluded that this must have been done by means of his ring, and he devised the following stratagem to recover it. He disguised himself as a merchant, repaired to the palace and cried some valuable jewels for sale. The princess, hearing this, sent an attendant to examine them and inquire their price, when the Jew asked in exchange only old rings. When this was reported to the princess she remembered that her husband kept an old shabby looking ring in his writing stand, and as he was asleep, and she did not wish to disturb him, she took it out and sent it to the Jew, who knew it to be the ring which he had so long sought for, and eagerly gave for it all the jewels in his basket. He carried off his prize, and having rubbed the ring, commanded the genii to carry the palace and all its inhabitants, except the



He commanded the genii to carry the palace to a desert island.



fisherman's son, to a distant desert island, which was done instantly.

When the fisherman's son awoke in the morning, he found himself lying on the mound of sand which had again covered the spot. He arose in terror, fearing that the Sultan would put him to death in revenge for the loss of his daughter, and fled to another kingdom as quickly as possible. Here he lived a miserable life, subsisting on the sale of some jewels which he happened to have about him at the time of his flight. As he was strolling through a town one day, a man offered him a dog, a cat, and a rat for sale. He purchased and kept them, diverting his melancholy with their tricks and uncommon playfulness. These supposed animals proved to be magicians, and in return for his kindness to them they promised their master aid in the recovery of his lost prize. He eagerly thanked them, and they all set out in search of the palace, the ring, and the princess. At length, after a long journey, they reached the ocean and perceived the island where the palace stood, when the dog swam over, carrying the cat and the rat on his back. When they reached the palace the rat entered and found the Jew asleep upon a sofa, with the ring laid before him. He took it in his mouth and returned to his companions, upon which they began to cross the sea

as before ; but when they were half way over, the dog expressed a wish to carry the ring in his mouth. The rat refused, lest he should drop it ; but the dog threatened to dive and drown them all in the sea if he would not give it him. The rat, fearing for his life, complied with the demand, but the dog missed his aim in catching at the ring, which fell into the sea. When they landed and informed the fisherman's son of the loss, he resolved to drown himself, when just as he was about to execute his purpose a great fish appeared with the ring in his mouth, and swimming close to shore, dropped it within reach of the despairing youth, exclaiming :

“ I am the fish whom you released from captivity, and thus reward you for your generosity.”

The fisherman's son returned overjoyed to his father-in-law's capital, and when night fell he rubbed the ring and commanded the *gēnii* to convey the palace back to its old site. This being done in an instant, he entered the palace and seized the Jew, whom he commanded to be cast alive into a burning pit, in which he was consumed. From this period he lived happily with the princess, and on the death of the Sultan he succeeded to his dominions.

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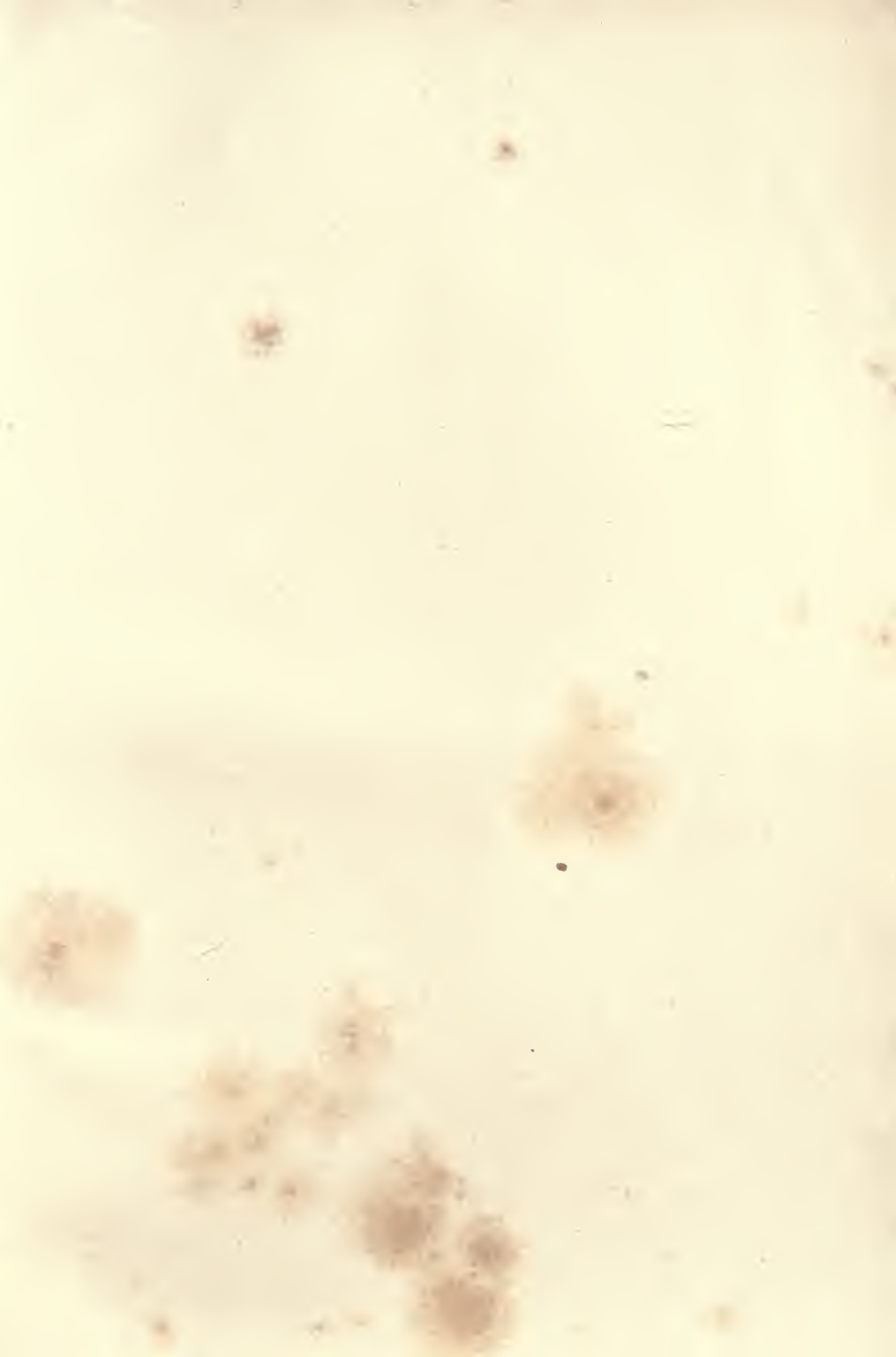
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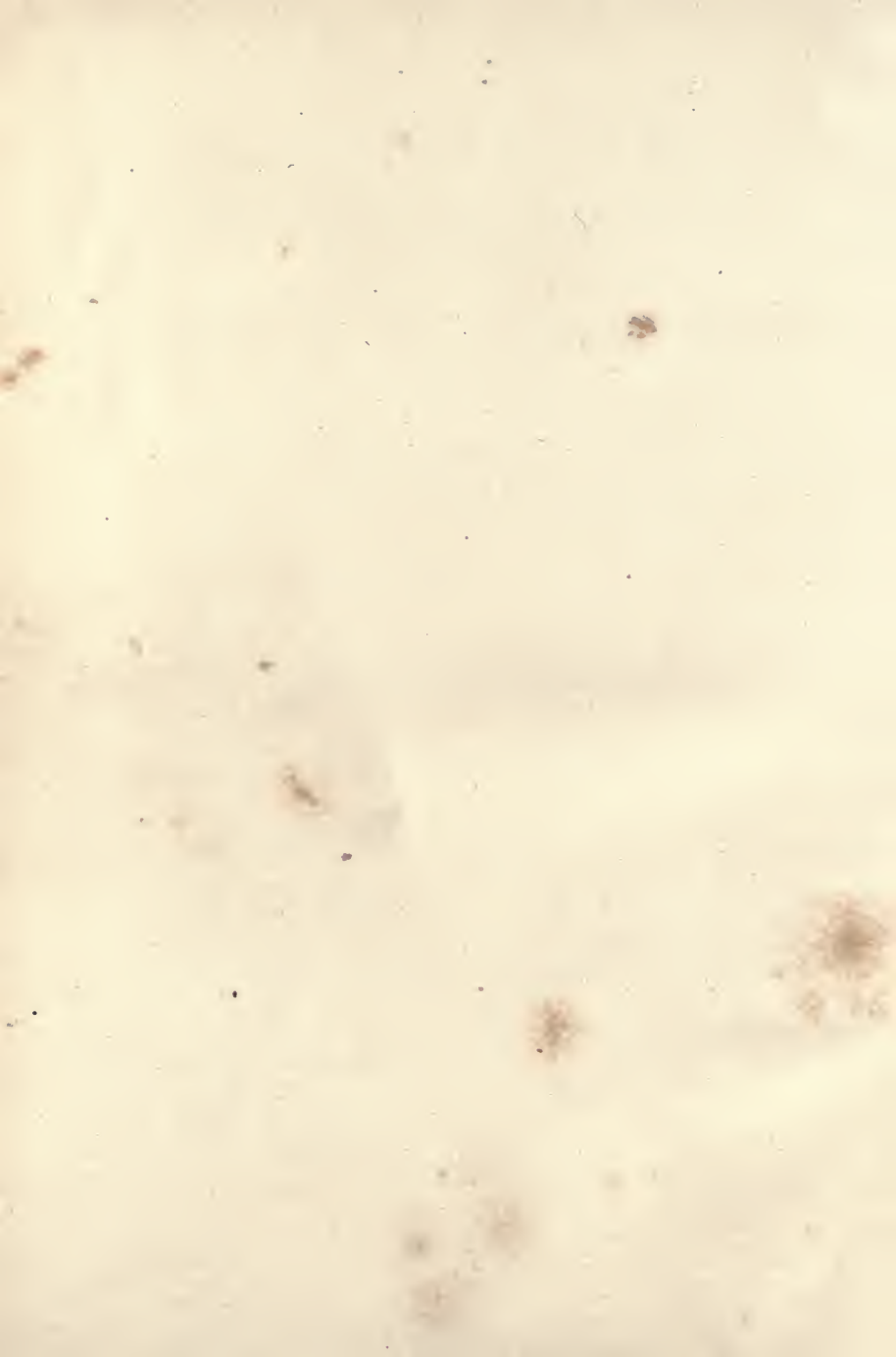
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